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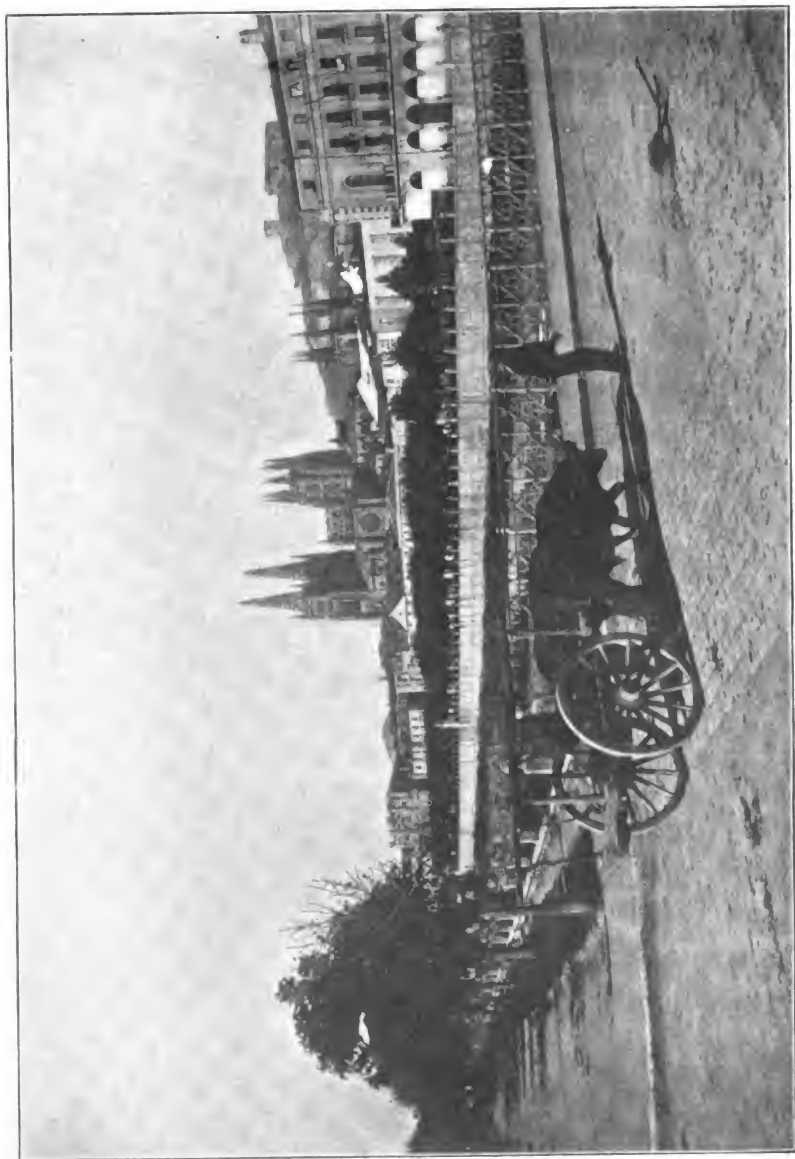
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RIGHT REV. MATHIAS LORAS, FIRST BISHOP OF
DUBUQUE.

BY MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, D.D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.



BISHOP LORAS displayed in his missionary labors the ardent and enduring zeal of the great apostles of the church. It was zeal, the desire to make conquest of souls for Christ, that first brought him from the land of his fathers to a strange land; it was zeal that sustained his heroic courage amid the severe and ever-recurring trials which beset him in a new and sparsely settled region, where obstacles were many and helps were few. His singleness of purpose was admirable; how to advance the interests of religion and gain souls to Christ was the one great thought of his mind, dominating his whole life. He labored incessantly; never refusing work that offered itself, and seeking out work when none pressed upon him. It can be truly said that with him work for souls was a passion, and for that work he was filled with the enthusiasm of youth even in old age. It is easy to begin with ardor; to keep up one's ardor throughout one's whole life, despite trials, despite opposition, despite failures, to see always beyond the present, so often darkened by heavy clouds, into the bright distant future of God's eternal realm, is the supreme effort, of which the multitude is incapable, which is possible only to the chosen few.

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VOL. LXVIII.—I

The intelligence, the high-mindedness, the far-reaching vision characterizing the episcopate of Bishop Loras deserves to be noted; those qualities of his episcopate show that he was a great man, as his virtues show that he was a great saint.

He understood quickly and fully the circumstances of place and time, and the duties which they imposed, and rose without the slightest hesitation to the plane of those duties.

A foreigner by birth and education, he had freely chosen America as his field of labor, and once in this field he harmonized himself with its conditions, and became a thorough American, a lover of American institutions, an exemplar of American citizenship.*

In his flock were people of different races and of different languages: he was "all things to all men," without the least sign of favoritism or discrimination. He was absolutely devoid of the spirit of sectional nationalism. He recognized in those entrusted to his charge only souls, only children of Christ, and they were all the same to him in Christ. It was a most remarkable incident—Bishop Loras, a Frenchman, and his priests, nearly all Frenchmen, debating as to who should be named his coadjutor and successor. The bishop had cast his eyes towards a French priest—the pastor of the Cathedral of St. Louis, Father Paris—not, we can well believe, because he was a native of France, but because he was, as we know, a holy and learned priest. But the clergy of the Diocese of Dubuque suggested that a bishop of another nationality might, all circumstances considered, be more useful in the Lord's vineyard and bring more easily to completeness the edifice of religion, the foundations of which they, the pioneers of the faith, had laid in the wilderness. Bishop Loras readily consented to the wishes of his clergy, and the name of Rev. Clement Smyth was forwarded to Rome for the approval of the Holy Father. The early missionaries of the Northwest, assuredly, were not animated with the spirit of foreignism or of sectional nationalism.

The church in the Northwest depended at the time entirely upon the charity of foreign countries for the priests needed to do the work of religion. Fortunately, men were found in those

* The following extract is taken from a beautiful letter to the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, written by Bishop Loras on the 18th of July, 1839:

"On Thursday, the sixty-third anniversary of the Independence of the United States, I was (at Fort Snelling) before the altar offering my prayers to heaven in favor of my adopted country. . . ."

countries willing to leave their homes and to give themselves to the distant missions of America. Bishop Loras himself, one of those devoted missionaries, understood that the church is never fully established in a country until it has its clergy recruited in the country itself, and the dearest wish of his heart was to have a clergy to the manner born. He spared no efforts to discover and cultivate vocations among the youth of Iowa. Several noted priests of the Northwest, two of whom have become bishops, were the fruits of his zeal. Mount St. Bernard's Seminary cost him much more than he could spare; he was compelled after some years to close it, but the memory of it remained to attest his strong desire to have in the diocese of Iowa a native priesthood.

Two movements, in which Bishop Loras was a most active and earnest worker, evinced in a special manner his intelligent devotion to the interests of religion. There was nothing of the routine in his ministry, he was not afraid of the new; rather he sought the new whenever it was apt to serve religion, even when the adoption of it was likely to bring criticism upon him. The movements I speak of are colonization and temperance.

The greatest misfortune that fell to the lot of Catholic immigrants coming to America forty or fifty years ago was that they were allowed to be huddled into cities, where, as a rule, nothing was possible to them but to be made hewers of wood and drawers of water, instead of being induced to occupy the fertile lands of the Western States, where independent homes were to be won with little cost and little labor. The immigrants either were ignorant of the blessings that those lands held in store for them, or were incapable without the counsel and aid of leaders to form settlements upon them. The leaders that were needed seldom came forward, and their efforts, such as they were, often met with strong opposition even on the part of men whose position and intelligence should have promised better things. It is to-day beyond a doubt that had the enlightened views of D'Arcy McGee and those who took part with him in the famous Buffalo colonization convention of 1856 been duly encouraged and pushed to a favorable issue, the Catholic Church would be immensely more prosperous in all the Western States than ever again she can hope to be, and tens of thousands of Catholic families would have gained happy homes and an honorable competence upon the

land, instead of having gone down to ruin in the fierce maelstrom of large cities.

Bishop Loras at an early date in his ministry perceived all the advantages that would accrue to Catholics if they settled on the lands of the West, and he labored continuously to make known to them those advantages. He wrote many letters on the subject of colonization to the Catholic papers of the Eastern States, especially to the *Boston Pilot* and the *New York Freeman's Journal*, and urged priests and laymen of his diocese to write similar letters. In one of his letters to the *Pilot* he writes: "It is as well to say something more on our favorite topic of Catholic emigration to Iowa. Letters for information come to us every day. . . . We answer them as much as possible individually. It seems to us that we can hardly do anything better than to write to Catholic families to come to us, to partake of our freedom in the practice of our holy religion, and in the temporal advantages to be found in our young and flourishing State." When the Buffalo convention was to be held he sent to it as his representative one of his priests, Rev. Jeremiah Tracy, and after it had been held he organized throughout Iowa societies for the purpose of co-operating with the chief directorate established by it, and aiding in giving practical effect to its resolutions.

An extract from another of the bishop's letters to the *Boston Pilot* shows some of the difficulties which he had to contend with, and gives reply to the objection to Western colonization made by Archbishop Hughes—that priests were not at the time sufficiently numerous in the West to attend to the spiritual wants of immigrants: "I must, in the first place, try to correct a mistake under which many immigrants are laboring. They say, 'We must have Congress land; the land must be rich, well watered and timbered; there must be a Catholic church and a school in the vicinity; there must be a priest; and some would almost say, he must be supported by his bishop! Besides that, there must be a market for our produce at a short distance from our land.' Now, my dear sirs, these conditions are incompatible in ordinary cases. The immigrants must submit to some and many privations in the beginning, even in a religious point of view, if they wish to settle in a new country, and, in course of time, make it Catholic. That motive is truly noble and worthy of the Apostles, whose function they, in some measure, perform when, by immigration from Catholic countries, they try, although mere laymen, to plant the faith

of Jesus Christ in these wild regions. There is no doubt that the Almighty supplies, by His Divine Providence, this want of clergymen and churches for a time."

The result of Bishop Loras's colonization labors was the founding of numerous Catholic settlements throughout Iowa, and even beyond the limits of his own State, in Southern Minnesota and Eastern Nebraska. He was in this manner a public benefactor to the West, and a true friend to his co-religionists. There was no surer way to lay wide and deep the foundation of the Catholic Church in the West.

We shall not waste words in telling of the importance of the virtue of temperance to the people of America, and among them to the children of the Catholic Church. If we were to speak here of temperance, we should only express our wonder that they who see this importance are the few, or at least that they are the few who have the courage to confess that they see it and to take action in favor of temperance. Bishop Loras, rather than many others, should be excused if he had not become an advocate of temperance. He was a native of France, where wine is a daily beverage among all classes; he was a stranger to the people of America, whose ideas and needs he could not understand as easily as one who had spent his whole life among them. Yet Bishop Loras became a most ardent advocate of temperance; this was due to his power of mental vision to understand his surroundings and to his power of will to do whatever those surroundings seemed to require of him. At once, in the first days of his episcopate, he set to work, taking himself the total-abstinence pledge and forming among Catholics total-abstinence societies.* Upon his priests he constantly urged the need of preaching by word and by example total abstinence; before promoting young men to the priesthood, he exhorted them so strongly to total abstinence that none failed to take the pledge. A correspondent of the *Boston Pilot*, writing from Dubuque in 1845, tells that there was then in the young city a Catholic Total-Abstinence Society of three hundred members; and the Dubuque society was only one of the many organized by the good bishop throughout Iowa. The bishop went farther than the personal practice of total abstinence and the establishment of total-abstinence societies.

* One of the earliest impressions in favor of total abstinence received in his youth by the writer of this sketch was the oft-repeated story, heard by him during his student years in the Seminary of Meximieux, France, that when Bishop Loras, returning from America in 1850, revisited the seminary he had edified professors and pupils by his faithful observance of the total-abstinence pledge.

He became an active prohibitionist, and we will not say that in this he went too far. For whatever we may think of the practicability of prohibition in large centres of population, we should not deny this practicability in a sparsely settled region such as Iowa was at that time; nor should we deny the utility of prohibition in a new State where every penny was needed by the immigrant to open up a home for himself and his family. In his pastoral letter for the Lent of 1855 the bishop wrote to his clergy: "We request you also, sir, for the interest of our holy religion, and for the temporal and eternal welfare of our Catholics, for whom you shall have to answer at the bar of the tribunal of God, to use publicly and privately all arguments in your power to persuade them to vote, on the first Monday of next April, in favor of the Iowa Liquor Law. This last measure may appear objectionable to some persons, but they must bear in mind that we are most unjustly accused of being careless about enforcing the practice of the holy virtue of temperance; and that, if we do not avail ourselves of this favorable opportunity to show our great esteem for anything that may counteract the heinous crime of intemperance, as this Liquor Law may do, we shall undoubtedly supply our enemies with some pretext to believe us to be guilty."

What Bishop Loras was doing for colonization and temperance in Iowa, Bishop Cretin was doing in Minnesota. The latter wrote numerous letters to papers in the Eastern States, pressing Catholics to avail themselves of the opportunities offered by the West. He was a most active laborer in the temperance movement; he was himself a total abstainer, and did all he could to promote among Catholics total-abstinence organizations. He labored hard at one time with the friends of temperance of all religious creeds to secure the passage by the Minnesota legislature of a "Maine Liquor Law," and when the enactment was voted he ordered the cathedral bell to be rung in joyous approval. Verily the founders of the church in the Northwest were men to whom the reproach could not be made that they locked up religion in sacristies, and knew not how to go out to wrestle with the world on its own ground for the triumph of religion and morality, and to put to profit all its available resources for the benefit of the sacred work of their ministry.

Meanwhile Bishop Loras was unwearied in the more direct work of his holy ministry. The ministry for him was that of

the simple priest no less than that of the ordinary of the diocese. Priests were then few in the Northwest and the spiritual needs of the faithful called forth all the activities of the chief pastor. In a letter addressed August 22, 1839, to the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, Bishop Loras writes: "Next Sunday I shall have no other clergy at my cathedral in Dubuque than four choir boys. I shall be obliged to celebrate two Masses, to preach in the morning in English and in the evening in French, and afterwards to set out for Galena, a town five leagues distant, to open there a mission for eight days." In a subsequent letter to the *Annals*, dated January 6, 1840, he writes: "For six weeks preceding Christmas, with the help of a priest, I gave a mission in Galena. The Catholics were zealous in approaching the Sacraments; the Protestants assisted in large numbers at our instructions. For the first time a midnight Mass was celebrated in Galena. The church was brilliantly lighted and was crowded with people. The previous day I had been occupied in hearing confessions the whole day and a greater part of the night. One hundred and thirty persons approached the holy table, many of them for the first time. On St. Stephen's Day I received the abjuration of a Protestant, and on the following day I had to go on horseback a distance of thirty miles to visit a poor woman who was dying. I afterwards returned to Dubuque across the great river, which was covered over at the time with large masses of floating ice." What Bishop Loras wrote of his labors in the early years of his episcopate, he could have written of his labors during his entire episcopate. He left no work undone that zeal could do. For him episcopal visitations, which he often made without the companionship of a priest, usually meant the calling together of new and widely scattered settlers, the administration of all the Sacraments save that of holy orders, the selection of a site for a church, and the taking of a subscription to erect the building.

Indeed, had Bishop Loras confined his labors to episcopal direction and episcopal functions he would have had but little to do in the new Diocese of Dubuque, and he might well have complained that the establishment of this diocese had been altogether premature. And yet had the establishment of the diocese been delayed for some years longer, how much loss would have come to religion from the absence of an authoritative guide in that formative period of the church's history in the Northwest! At first sight it does seem somewhat strange

that early church councils of America often erected into dioceses territories where they had discovered some hundred Catholics attended by a few priests, sometimes only by one priest.* And yet such action was that of wise men, able to look beyond the present day into the morrow; provided, of course, that over the new dioceses the proper men were placed—men ready for all the labors of the present day, while sufficiently far-seeing to lay plans for the developments of the morrow. According to this measure, no mistake was made by the prelates of the Third Provincial Council of Baltimore when they chose as first Bishop of Dubuque Mathias Loras.

That Bishop Loras, while laboring earnestly as a missionary priest, attended to his higher duties as the ordinary of the diocese, is proven abundantly by simple statistics. When, in 1837, he was named Bishop of the Diocese of Dubuque, there were within the territory assigned to that diocese three churches and one priest. Even the one priest, Rev. S. Mazzuchelli, did not belong properly to the diocese; for, although caring for the Catholics residing west of the Mississippi, he had his principal residence in Galena, whither he had been sent by the Bishop of St. Louis, and not long after the arrival of Bishop Loras in Dubuque he withdrew altogether from Iowa to labor in South-western Wisconsin. When, however, Bishop Loras passed to his heavenly reward there were in the Diocese of Dubuque forty-eight priests, sixty churches, and forty stations, or places where Mass was celebrated at stated times in halls or private houses. Meanwhile there had been an increase in the Catholic population of the diocese from a few hundred to fifty-four thousand, this increase being due very largely to the bishop's own labors in aid of Catholic colonization.

Religious communities of men and women had been introduced into the diocese—the Trappist Monks, the Brothers of the Christian Institution, the Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the Sisters of the Visitation.

Through the coming of communities of brothers and sisters bountiful provision was made for the religious education of Catholic youth. Bishop Loras and the pioneer priests of Iowa were zealous workers in the cause of Catholic education. From earliest days in several parishes Catholic schools had been opened, taught by pious laymen, or even, as notably in the

* There was but one priest, Rev. S. Mazzuchelli, in Western Wisconsin, Northern Illinois, and the entire territory reaching from the Mississippi to the Missouri, when in 1837 Bishop Loras was named first Bishop of Dubuque; and only one priest, Rev. A. Ravoux, in all Minnesota, when in 1850 Bishop Cretin was named first Bishop of St. Paul.

parish of the devoted Pelamourges in Davenport, by the priest himself. With the encouragement and under the direction of such leaders the educational orders of brothers and sisters made rapid progress in Iowa, and offered, in the chief centres at least, ample opportunities to parents to give to their children a truly Catholic education. Of the communities introduced into Iowa by Bishop Loras, the sisterhood of the Blessed Virgin Mary established its mother-house near Dubuque, and its members to-day are widely scattered over the country, taking rank among the most prosperous and successful of the educational orders in the American Church.

Nor did Bishop Loras forget the temporal interests of the church in the territory of which the spiritual interests were entrusted to his care. The temporal cannot be totally divorced from the spiritual; and where it is sought, not for its own sake but for that of the spiritual, it may well become the object of the prudent forethought of the wise and holy householder in God's kingdom. Bishop Loras anticipated the rapid growth of the Northwest, and while real estate was yet to be had at cheap prices he sought, by purchasing or soliciting, to secure in existing or prospective towns or villages, as much of it as might be afterwards useful to parochial or diocesan institutions. Writing, in 1842, to the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, he describes in quaintest manner the platting of the infant town of Bellevue and the public sale of its lots, and adds in all simplicity that he himself appeared among the crowd of purchasers. "The Protestants," he continues, "were numerous; nevertheless, the Catholic bishop was received with marked favor. . . . The commissioners offered me immediately two spacious sites upon the quay that runs along the river. . . . I shall build there immediately a temple to the Lord." The results justified fully the bishop's foresight. In few dioceses of America is religion better provided with well-chosen sites for churches and institutions, and with other valuable properties, than in the two dioceses in the present State of Iowa, Dubuque and Davenport; and this fortunate condition is due to the foresight and the personal disinterestedness of the first Bishop of Dubuque and to the prudent policy initiated by him. Bishop Loras was always thinking and planning for the future. He left, it has been said, a map of Iowa, upon which numerous crosses were traced, indicating what at the time was wilderness, but what he believed would some day be towns, villages, or settlements, where property would be needed for religious

purposes; and when the map is now studied with the subsequent development of Iowa in view, the crosses upon the old map indicate, in nearly all cases, important groupings of population. He was a prophet in his intuitions of the future of the Northwest.

All elements in the population received his most earnest attention. No bishop in America understood better the charge of the Master, "Teach all nations," and no one, so far as circumstances permitted, sought to obey more faithfully the charge.

Bishop Loras availed himself of all opportunities to address non-Catholics and to win them over to religious truth by a temperate explanation and maintenance of Catholic doctrine. Indian tribes were quite numerous in the territory embraced within his jurisdiction, and out of the small number of priests at his disposal some were spared for the evangelization of the poor savages. Missions were opened among the Sioux by Rev. Augustine Ravoux, and among the Winnebagoes by Rev. Joseph Cretin, while the tribes near the Missouri River were receiving the ministrations of Jesuit fathers from St. Louis. The constantly rising tide of immigration, the consequent need of priests among the white population, and the paucity of material means did not allow the full development of the bishop's plans for the conversion of the Indians. The work, however, was never totally abandoned, and the fruits of the labors of priests sent to them by Bishop Loras have remained fresh and strong to this day among the Sioux and the Winnebagoes.

The Diocese of Dubuque was not the only field over which Bishop Loras expended his energies. Until 1844, when the dioceses of Chicago and Milwaukee were established, he had care of Northern Illinois and of Wisconsin. A most interesting letter, dated "Milwauki," June 24, 1840, describes the visit which, on his homeward journey from Green Bay, he paid to the Mennominie Indians, in Central Wisconsin, then under the charge of a zealous German priest, Father Vandebrook. The letter concluded: "'The little children even,' said one of the chiefs to me in bidding me farewell, 'have rejoiced and will never forget your visit.' 'But,' I replied, 'to be truly Christian your fervor must be lasting.' 'So it will,' he answered, 'and when you return amongst the Mennominies you will find us such as we are now.' 'Yes, yes,' added all, with loud and energetic voices. On quitting those excellent savages,

I was not only consoled at what I had witnessed, but was also convinced that it would be easy to effect much good amongst the other tribes." And whatever was the occasion of his visiting Arkansas, we find the bishop preaching missions in 1842 through several parts of that territory. Surely his all-consuming ambition was to spend himself and to be spent for Christ and for souls. In zeal for the interests of God, in self-sacrifice, in plenitude of love for souls, Bishop Loras was the Apostle Paul, living anew in the nineteenth century, and breathing over the prairies and forests of Western America the spirit of heavenly charity which long ago won to the Master the plains of Asia Minor and of Achaia.

Bishop Loras died in 1858, "full of days," and well ready to make the tender of his soul into the hands of his Master and Redeemer. Human knowledge of the divine Judgment is at fault if, as death approached, he was not entitled to repeat the words of his apostolic prototype: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just judge, will render to me in that day."

How much the condition of the church in the Northwest has changed since the days of Bishop Loras! When he took possession of the see of Dubuque the bishops nearest to him, South and East, were those of St. Louis and of Detroit. Before the close of his episcopal career he had seen bishops established in Chicago and Milwaukee, and a new diocese, that of St. Paul, formed out of a part of the territory at first included in the Diocese of Dubuque. To-day Chicago and Milwaukee are metropolitan sees; so, too, are Dubuque and St. Paul. Around those four metropolitan sees are grouped numerous flourishing suffragan sees, with priests numbered in the thousands, and faithful Catholics numbered in the millions, with scores of convents, charitable institutions, schools, colleges, and seminaries. Good Bishop Loras oft conjured before his mind the vision of coming things in the Northwest, but never, we may well believe, did he think possible before the end of the century what we to-day behold. Providence has great designs upon the church in this great land. May the instruments of Providence in the execution of those designs be as worthy of their parts as Mathias Loras was of his part!

The dioceses of Dubuque and of St. Paul will ever look back with especial pride and affection to Bishop Loras as their

patriarch and first builder. What he was to the diocese of Dubuque through his own immediate labors, he was to the diocese of St. Paul through the labors of Bishop Cretin, the disciple and counterpart of the first Bishop of Dubuque. These two men, Loras and Cretin, were, as no two bishops whom we have known or heard of in America, alike—alike in zeal and saintliness, alike in thoughts and plannings, alike in works and in methods. How much of the growth of religion in the dioceses of Dubuque and of St. Paul is due to the zeal and the wisdom of Loras and Cretin, we shall not undertake to measure; but that very much of it is due to these great missionaries we must say, if we but speak the plainest truth. And we must add, in the expression of our deep convictions, that this growth will continue amongst us so long as the names of Loras and of Cretin are remembered and their spirit survives and waxes strong in priesthood and laity.

Bishop Loras was a wise and great builder of God's Church in the new Northwest. But he was more: he was a saint. "The saintly Loras"—this is the traditional name of the first Bishop of Dubuque, and all that we can know of him as we go back to a close examination of his life proves the justice of the name.*

* A tragic interest attaches to the writing of this sketch. It was begun at the instance of Rev. Louis De Cailly, of Fort Madison, Iowa, who had gathered into a volume his recollections of Bishop Loras, and was only awaiting this sketch to be printed as the introduction before giving the volume to the public; and, just as the last paragraphs are being written, the sad news is received of the death of the good priest, from a railroad accident, within a few miles of his home. Father De Cailly was a nephew of Bishop Loras, one of the few clergymen of Bishop Loras's ordinations surviving to the present year, a worthy pupil and representative of his saintly uncle.



A HERO OF THE REAR.

MAJOR LAGARDE, THE ARMY SURGEON AT SIBONEY.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.



OT every hero was out in front
Facing the battle's deadly brunt :
Not those alone who fought and
fell
Loved and served their country
well ;

Heroes there were without sabre or gun
Who many a noble triumph won—

Doing their work, with never a fear,
'Mid the fever and wounds of the army's rear.

Back, in those deadly days in July,
Back to Siboney, ready to die,

With few to succor and few to mourn,
Many a Yankee lad was borne—

Many a lad who, at break-o'-day,
Eager and dauntless had met the fray.

Many a form that had faced the foe
Writhed and burned in the fever's throe—

Writhed and burned 'neath the fierce attack
Of the deadly, tropical "Yellow Jack."

But one there was in that stricken place
Who met the danger face to face,

Thoughtless of self as a valiant knight
Going forth to the challenged fight—

With the heart of pity, the soul of sense,
To heal and to conquer the pestilence.

Here is a lad from Tennessee
Stricken to death! close by, you see:

And a Southland mother is thinking to-night
Of the perils her lad will meet in the fight;

And out on the cape of the Old Bay State
Two eyes and a heart will watch and wait.

Over them both, in the half-light there,
A form is bending with tender care—

Bending and working his doctor-plan
With the hands of a woman, the strength of a man—

And never a case too small or too hard
For the heart and the brain of Major Lagarde!

Wherever the sick and the wounded lie
Is the resting place of that good gray eye:

And that round, full face, with its hope and calm,
To the fever-toss'd is a stay and balm.

Never a bandage has been forgot—
Never a cry from the soldier's cot,

In the midnight hour or the blazing noon,
But Lagarde is there with his saving boon!

"Raise him up, Chapman,—yes, cool his brow";
"Hold the arm, Johnson,—be gentle, now!"

"More antiseptics—I hope they've been sent"—
"You'll find the lint down there in the tent,"—

So his message ran, so he plann'd and worked,
And never an errand of mercy shirk'd:

So many a heart that had braved the foe,
Had given and taken blow for blow,

Was succored and saved in Siboney town
By a modest hero, in faded brown—

By a modest hero, who knew not fear
While he served the Flag in the Army's rear!



ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY.

CATHOLIC LIFE IN ST. LOUIS.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.



WHILE the French flag still waved over the vast territory of the Mississippi Valley in 1764, when Louis XV. was king and Marie Antoinette was a sunny-haired, sunny-tempered little girl at the Austrian court, the Marquis de Lafayette a lad of seven, and Washington a gallant young colonel in the service of George III., a company of French traders, led by Pierre Linguet Laclede, established themselves on the site of what is now the city of St. Louis.

Being French, these pioneers were Catholic, so that it may be said that the history of the Church in St. Louis is the history of the city itself. For many years the place was a trading post, and nothing more. Within less than forty years it owed allegiance to three different governments: from 1768 to 1800 it was under Spain, returning to France by the cession of Louisiana, and becoming a part of the United States by purchase in 1803. In 1809 St. Louis was incorporated as a town, and in 1822 it became a chartered city, with a population of five thousand souls.

In 1840 the population was 16,000, and in 1850 it had

grown to nearly 80,000; in 1870 there were about 350,000, and in this year of our Lord the mark is not far from three-quarters of a million. Statistics are usually uninteresting, but they are sometimes necessary in order to give a sense of values, since concrete knowledge is comparative.

During its early years St. Louis was under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of New Orleans, a thousand miles away—not as the crow flies, but as winds the Mississippi River. In 1826 the city was erected into an episcopal see, and in the following year welcomed its first bishop, the saintly Rosati.

The Right Rev. Joseph Rosati was a native of Naples, and a member of the order founded by St. Vincent de Paul, the indefatigable Lazarists.

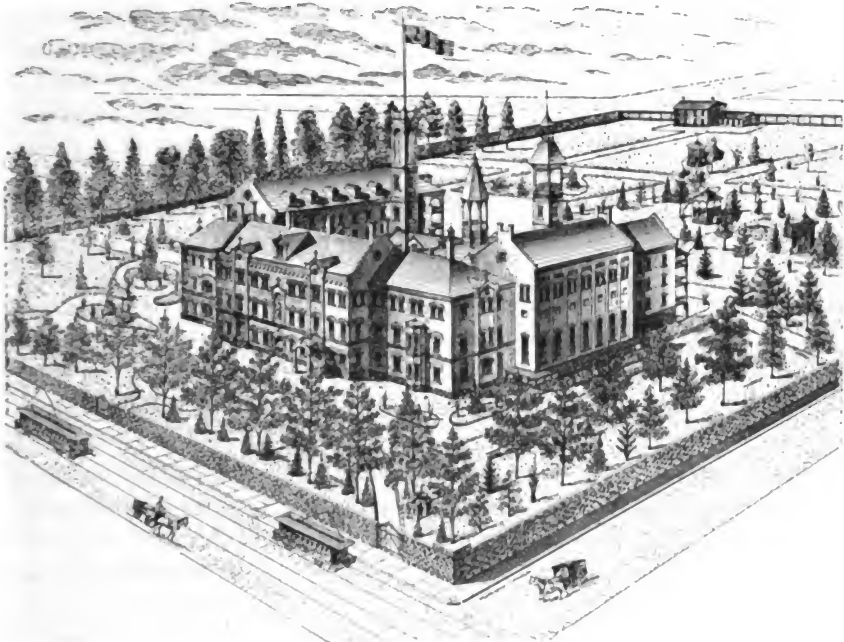
A story quite to the point is told of the future bishop. When a very young priest he was one day walking with a *confrère*, who asked him, "What are you doing with yourself these days?"

"I am preparing some sermons and studying Hebrew," was the reply.

"Hebrew! Put that aside, and study English." The young priest did not dream that English would ever be of any practical use to him, nevertheless he obeyed this counsel. Shortly afterwards Bishop Dubourg, then administrator of New Orleans, went to Rome to procure priests for his large diocese. He applied to the superior of the Lazarists, and received three priests, among whom was young Rosati, afterwards to be the first Bishop of St. Louis.

After serving an apprenticeship, so to speak, in the episcopacy, as coadjutor in the see of New Orleans, Bishop Rosati was transferred to St. Louis. A vast and virgin territory was awaiting his zeal. There was but a handful of people, a wilderness around him, and no churches nor schools worthy of the name.

His coming marked the beginning of a new and glorious era. 1834 saw the completion and dedication of the Cathedral of St. Louis. This church even now has a dignity and beauty all its own, with its grand entrance through a portico supported by Doric columns, and its stately nave and sanctuary; and in those days it was as marvellous in its setting as the Milan cathedral would be in the new St. Louis. It was dedicated under the patronage of France's sainted king, Louis IX., and Louis XVIII. sent a fine oil painting of its patron. When



KENRICK SEMINARY.

the cathedral was built the neighborhood, Third and Walnut Streets, was quite in the suburbs. Now the city has gone miles and miles beyond it, and the high-back pews, once filled by the wealth and fashion of the city, are given over to the poor and the lowly, with here and there a bearer of an old name who returns for the sake of the memories that cling to the sacred edifice.

But Catholics in St. Louis may well reckon events, as the Mohammedans count from the hegira, from the coming of one man, a man who for fifty years stood for the church in St. Louis, who towered a giant among giants in the episcopacy, and who reached and passed his golden jubilee as a bishop, and in reaching it made the city unique in America, and almost in the world; for only one other bishop has so far lived to celebrate the ending of fifty years under the mitre.

In 1841 Peter Richard Kenrick began his life-work in St. Louis as the coadjutor to Bishop Rosati. The young prelate had arrived in America from Ireland a few years before to labor as a missionary under his brother, then the administrator of Philadelphia, and later the able and distinguished metropolitan of Baltimore.

Some day a great biographer will adequately record the

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debt of the American Church to the Kenricks. The mitre meant then, even more than it means now, the call to untiring work, the learning of a sage and the zeal of a saint. At that time, in a population of twenty thousand, eleven thousand were Catholics. The cathedral was as yet the only church, although there was a chapel in connection with the Jesuit University, which proved the nucleus of the parish of the Jesuits, now flourishing like the bay-tree; and another chapel for the colored people, the early care of Bishop Rosati.

Bishop Kenrick, whose natural tastes were those of the scholar and the ascetic, was forced by circumstances to be the man of business. So well did he acquit himself in this arduous and uncongenial *rôle* that he won from a great banker the encomium, "The archbishop is the best business man in St. Louis." If the city is now dotted with splendid monuments in the way of churches, schools, and institutions of charity, the fact is largely due to this same devotion to business on the part of the great archbishop. He is, perhaps, the only example of a man who was at once both bishop and successful banker. At that time there was no national currency, and "wild cat" banks were the terror of people with a little money and no ready field for safe investment. In this predicament Catholics and others placed their savings in the hands of the archbishop. For many years he invested largely in real estate, built business blocks and dwellings to rent, and thus secured a revenue for churches and charitable institutions not possible in any other way.

In 1891 bishops and priests came from all parts of the continent, with a courier from the Pope bearing gifts and congratulations, to do honor to Archbishop Kenrick on his golden anniversary in the episcopacy. The whole city was *en fête*, and a week was given up to the festivities. These fifty years had been years of marvellous growth; for the one church at the beginning of this period there were now nearly seventy. The jubilee was really an epoch in the history of the American Church. And the serene old man, still mighty in intellectual vigor, still performing unaided the work of his vast diocese, must have felt an echo in his heart of the jubilant "Te Deum," not for himself—he was too great to be affected by the praise or the dispraise of men—but for the work of which he had been the instrument.

Five years later, and the bells tolled for the great metro-

politan dead. Had he survived but one year longer he would have been fifty years an archbishop.

To-day his successor, Archbishop Kain, is ably carrying on and extending the work of the church; in him every worthy enterprise for religion and charity finds a potent friend.

The city has been fortunate in having ever a learned and zealous body of clergy, and because of these and the numerous religious orders, their heroic co-workers, Catholic life is full of vigor, with a treasury of work accomplished which belongs to maturity, yet with all the strength and beauty of youth.



MOST REV. J. J. KAIN, D.D.

A name that is linked gloriously with charity and religion in St. Louis is that of John Mullanphy, who, with his wife, was the good angel of the church in its pioneer days. He brought the Ladies of the Sacred Heart to the city and generously endowed their institution; founded the Mullanphy Hospital, giving it over to the Sisters of Charity; the Mullanphy Orphanage, in charge of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, for the training of indigent girls of the better class; and the Widows' Home. He provided a fund for poor immigrants, which still exists. His daughter, Mrs. Biddle, founded the Infant Asylum, the Girls' Orphanage, gave the ground for St. Patrick's Church and for the old Visitation Convent, and was foremost in many other charities. As a prominent St. Louis lady has said of John Mullanphy and his wife: "They were fifty years in advance of their times and environment in the true Catholic concept of being stewards of the Lord." Their descendants to-day are among the representative people of the old Catholic city, or intermarried with the French nobility and living in France.



MRS. MULLANPHY.

As education is the shibboleth of the age, and ever the dearest care in all ages of Mother Church, the institutions of learning in St. Louis, all worthy of its Catholic traditions, must needs head the roll of honor.

The earliest is the St. Louis University, under the Jesuits. This has grown with the city's growth, shared its hardships and its triumphant prosperity. For half a century the university was at Ninth Street, near Washington Avenue. The tide of fashion, then of population, ebbed from it, and commerce knocked at the door. Now it is housed in a splendid pile of buildings stretching from Pine Street to the spacious Lindell Boulevard, and facing Grand Avenue. It has all the appliances which human ingenuity has invented to eliminate discomfort, and is equipped with the latest apparatus for scientific research.

The Christian Brothers, those able and progressive educators, have a fine college, with over 400 students, at Cote Brilante, a suburb fast losing its suburban character. It has a boarding department, and many States are represented there by students. These sons of Blessed De La Salle were also among the pioneers, and their old college in Cere Street shared with the university the work of training the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation.

First in importance is the Kenrick Seminary, recently established for the training of priests. For many years the Theological Seminary was in Carondelet, now a part of the city, but still retaining its old name on the tongues of the people. Afterwards the students were transferred to the Lazarist Seminary at Cape Girardeau, some hundred miles down the river, and to St. Francis' Seminary, near Milwaukee. Now St. Louis again has a training school of its own for the clergy, and one that promises



JOHN MULLANPHY.

to equal the older seminaries throughout the country. An institution bearing the revered name of Kenrick could aspire to nothing lower than the best.

There are five boarding-schools for girls, and two private day-schools, besides the schools for day-pupils attached to the academies.

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart were the first in the field. For many years they trained the belles of the rising generation in their convent in the old French quarter, but the encroachments of business sent them to beautiful "Maryville," their present home overlooking the Mississippi.

The Visitandines established themselves in St. Louis in 1844, having been driven from Kaskaskia, Ill., by the flood. Their first school was at Sixth and Pine Streets, whence they removed to Cass Avenue, only to wing a third flight, after the lapse of years, to their present magnificent structure in Cabanne Place. The old Visitandine Monastery is now the Kenrick Seminary.

The pupils of the Visitandines are noted for thoroughness, refinement, and genuine piety. Successive generations of the same family are numbered on their rolls, and gray-haired grandmothers speak with loving reverence of their convent school. The Visitandines of St. Louis are an offshoot from the celebrated convent in Georgetown, and they have preserved the traditions and much of the prestige of the older school. They have 160 pupils.

The Sisters of St. Joseph from Lyons came to Carondelet in 1836. They began very humbly in a log cabin, but this grew in time to a spacious convent with hundreds of girls from the South and West. It is the mother-house of the order in America, and the work of the sisters in many fields of usefulness, notably as teachers of parochial schools, can never be adequately estimated.

The Sisters of Loretto, founded in Kentucky by Father Nerinckx, came to the diocese nearly sixty years ago, establishing themselves first at the Barrens, and later removing to St. Louis. They have a flourishing school in Pine Street, and a boarding-school at Florissant, a few miles out of the city.

The Ursulines, that ancient saintly order, were brought to St. Louis in 1849. Unlike nearly all other institutions, the convent of the Ursulines still occupies its original site, but it has been added to and improved until few could recognize in the imposing buildings the first modest structure. They also have

a thriving boarding-school in the beautiful valley of Arcadia, some eighty miles south of the city.

The Sisters of Charity, who make themselves "all things to all women" for the good of souls, conduct an academy for day-



URSULINE CONVENT.

pupils in Grand Avenue. Further westward, following the course of beautiful homes, there is another select day-school in charge of the Visitandines.

All these colleges and academies, occupying as they do a place that nothing else could fill, are yet but the vanguard to a noble army; for in the parochial schools lie the conservation of moral strength and the hope of the future. Nearly every church has its school, and many of these schools are second to none of their kind. The Christian Brothers teach several of the boys' schools, and the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Sisters of Notre Dame are foremost in the schools for girls.

Grand as is the work of education, it is in the field of charity that the divine tenderness of the church is made most manifest. Wherever human misery or misfortune is found, there also to alleviate and soothe is the church in the heroic members of the religious orders.

The first to appeal to Christian charity in the hamlet of St. Louis were the friendless orphans. John Mullanphy gave a plot of ground and \$20,000 to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart on condition that they care perpetually for twenty orphans,

and the same year that saw the beginning of their work of education saw also the opening of an orphanage. There are now several institutions for the bereft little ones.

St. Ann's Foundling Asylum and Maternity Hospital, in charge of the Sisters of Charity, and carried on after the same general plan characterizing the asylums in New York and Chicago, shelters 150 infants, besides giving a home to a score of indigent widows. The Sisters of Charity also have charge of St. Mary's Orphanage, the Home of the Guardian Angel, and of St. Philomena's industrial school for girls, the three having about 500 inmates. Some of the best dressmakers in the city were once orphan girls trained to their calling in the latter institution.

The Sisters of St. Joseph have charge of the orphanage for boys. These are now housed in a commodious building in Grand Avenue where 250 boys are cared for and educated.

For many years the Christian Brothers managed the Catho-



ST. JOSEPH'S ORPHAN ASYLUM, GRAND AVENUE.

lic Protectory for boys at Glencoe, where the waifs were taught trades and placed when fitted for them in good positions; but the noble institution was destroyed by fire, and has not been rebuilt. It owed its prosperity to the indefatigable labors of Bishop Hennessy, of Wichita, then the pastor of St. John's Church, St. Louis. The orphans of German parentage,

200 of them, are in the charge of the Sisters of Christian Charity.

There are two institutions for the training of the deaf and dumb, both in the charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Three homes are open to working-women, and to those who have no friends: the Home of the Immaculate Conception, with the Sisters of St. Joseph in charge; the annex to the Pius Hospital in O'Fallon Street, with Franciscan Sisters, and the House of Mercy in Morgan Street. In connection with this home the Sisters of Mercy maintain a Night Refuge for women, where 1,500 on an average are annually sheltered, and an Employment Bureau.

The Little Sisters of the Poor, those angels in human form, take care of the friendless old people, begging from door to door for food and clothes for their charges. The insane are provided for by the Sisters of Charity in St. Vincent's Institute, where there are over two hundred patients.

Nor are the fallen left without a helping hand. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd have labored for fifty years in St. Louis in their heroic sphere of reclaiming the lost ones of their sex. Recently, through the generosity of Mr. Adolphus Busch, a South Side millionaire, and other benefactors, they have secured a commodious institution in the Gravois Road, where 250 penitents and 50 Magdalens are sheltered.

There are seven hospitals in St. Louis to minister to the needs of the sick: the Mullanphy, in charge of the Sisters of Charity, where 800 patients were received during the past year; the Pius Hospital and St. Anthony's are under the care of Franciscan Sisters; the Sisters of Mercy have St. John's; they also maintain a free Clinical Dispensary, and nurse the sick in their homes; the Sisters of St. Mary have a hospital and go out as nurses. The Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word have charge of the Missouri Pacific Hospital. The Alexian Brothers have a large hospital exclusively for men, and average fifteen hundred patients.

The Oblate Sisters of Providence, colored, have been long established in the city and are doing a great work among their own race. They have an orphanage for girls and a large school. The Carmelites have been established for some years in Victor Street, praying and doing penance for a sinful world, and, incidentally, producing exquisite embroidery and needlework to be used at the altar. At Normandy, a few miles out of the city, the Passionist Fathers have a monastery; these



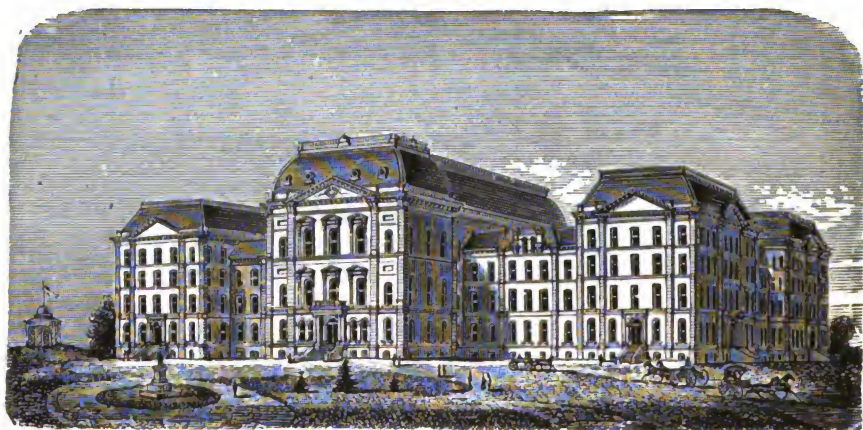
ST. LOUIS MULLANPHY HOSPITAL.

devoted missionaries have been untiring and most successful in their chosen field. The Franciscan Fathers have a monastery and a church in Meramec Street.

If the religious orders are the mainstay in good works, they are ably seconded by the exertions and the generosity of the laity. In addition to furnishing the sinews of war, the necessary funds, the laity are not chary of personal service. Nearly every church has its St. Vincent de Paul Society, and men from all walks of life are in its ranks.

Among the organized charities "The Queen's Daughters" are doing a noble work. This society was organized a few years ago by a band of zealous gentlewomen. They maintain sewing-schools for the poor, where mothers of families and others are provided with materials and taught to fashion them into the needed garments. The "Daughters" also provide suitable apparel for first communicants among the children of the poor. Recently they have established a cooking-school. Several benevolent ladies started a *crèche*, or day nursery, a few years ago.

For the normal family, for those who through the providence of the good God are well and happy and sheltered and independent, the parish church is the centre of activity in the spiritual life. The city is dotted with large churches, several of them very beautiful. Each parish has its societies: the sodalities of the Blessed Virgin for young women and for young men, sodalities for married women and for married men, temperance societies under various names, the Catholic Knights of America, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Altar Society, in many parishes a Reading Circle. But the organization of a thriving Catholic parish is very much the same everywhere; all are rich in good works. St. Louis, too, is the home of the Knights of Father Mathew, a sturdy tem-



CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' COLLEGE.

perance organization, with helpful insurance features, numbering over 2,500 men.

The old cathedral was not used for pontifical functions during the last years of the life of Archbishop Kenrick; the newer St. John's, more conveniently situated, served as a pro-cathedral. Now Archbishop Kain proposes to have a cathedral worthy of the dignity of the old Catholic city, and already a large sum of money has been collected towards the erection of a beautiful edifice in the heart of the fashionable district. The new church of the Jesuits, in Grand Avenue next to the university, dedicated this year with imposing ceremonies, is one of the most splendid in America.

The Church of St. Alphonsus, near beautiful Vandeventer Place, popularly known as the Rock Church, is under the ministrations of the Redemptorist Fathers.

The Annunciation Church, built by Archbishop Ryan before the dignity of the episcopacy came to him, and modelled in a way after the beautiful church of Our Lady in Genoa, was partially destroyed by the terrible cyclone which swept the city with destructive fury two years ago. It has been quite satisfactorily restored. The tornado did much damage to other churches and institutions, but the people, not discouraged, at once set about the work of restoration.

Some of the costliest and most beautiful churches have been built by the German congregations, of whom there are many in the city. The Poles have two churches, St. Casimir's and the church of St. Stanislas Kostka. The churches of St. John Nepomuk and St. Wenceslaus belong to the Bohemians. The colored Catholics have a church of their own, St. Elizabeth's, under the pastoral charge of the Jesuits.

For many years there were two vicars-general, one for the English-speaking congregations and one for the German; but since the lamented death of the self-sacrificing Father Brady his office has remained vacant, and the Right Rev. H. Muehlsiepen, recently created a monsignor, the foster-father of the Germans, alone serves in that capacity.



RT. REV. H. MUEHLSIEPEN.

St. Louis might be called the mother of bishops, so many have been the mitres conferred upon her sons. The first consecration was that of Bishop Bruté for Vincennes, which took place two days after the dedication of the cathedral, Bishop Rosati officiating. Then followed that of Bishops Miege, a Jesuit, as Vicar-Apostolic for Kansas; O'Regan, for Chicago; Duggan, Coadjutor for St. Louis, transferred to Chicago. The year 1859 witnessed three consecrations: of Bishops Whelan, O'Gorman, and Grace. The consecration of Bishop Feehan—now the beloved Metropolitan of Chicago—for Nashville in 1865, was the last to take place in the old cathedral.

Although the consecration of Bishop Hennessy for Dubuque occurred in that city, he belonged to the church in St. Louis, having been a professor in the ecclesiastical semi-

nary, and was afterwards assigned to pastoral work in the diocese.

In 1868 two bishops received the mitre at the hands of Archbishop Kenrick: Bishop Melcher, for Green Bay, and Bishop Hogan, for Kansas City. Four years later the golden-tongued Bishop Ryan was raised to the episcopacy as Coadjutor for St. Louis, and in 1885 he was elevated to his present dignity as Archbishop of Philadelphia. Bishop Bonacum was consecrated in St. John's Church for Lincoln in 1887, and one year later, Bishop Hennessy for Wichita.

The social side of Catholic life in St. Louis is, in one way, just what might be predicted of a city where for generations the leaders have been Catholic; French traditions and French customs were long dominant. Many of the prominent families are of Irish descent, and the intermarriage of French and Irish have given a young generation of most winning charm. On the other hand, its civic history presents the anomaly of a community where numbers, wealth, and prestige are on the side of the church, yet given over to the rule of the church's bitterest foes, the party of the A. P. A. Twice have these elected the mayor. This can be explained in part by the well-known apathy of the busy American to politics. He forgets to vote, and then wonders the day after an election how it happened that the wrong party won.

In its purely social side cosmopolitans who know St. Louis claim that it is not surpassed by any city in the world.

There is one name that will long stand for unusual intellectual culture welded to sterling piety—that of Miss Elizabeth Eustace, a relative of Archbishop Kenrick, with whom she made her home. A woman conversant with Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian, the higher mathematics, scholastic philosophy, theology, and the best in literature, is notable even in this age of broadening culture; Miss Eustace was all this and more, and her influence, making for a higher Christian culture, was strong until the day of her death.

Some dozen years ago Mr. Peter L. Foy, the Hon. R. C. Kerens, and other representative Catholic gentlemen formed the Marquette Club, a vantage-ground for Catholic social life. Quite recently, however, it has been disbanded, but it is to be reorganized on a somewhat different plan.

The streets of the city perpetuate the memory of its Catholic pioneers, some of them sadly fallen from their pristine glory: Chouteau Avenue, Laclede, Lucas, Christy, Lindell Boulevard,

Papin Street, Biddle, O'Fallon, Mullanphy, Greene. Beautiful Lafayette Park seems a fitting tribute to the young hero-soldier in a French-American city. But St. Louis is now more German than French; on the South Side that sturdy race, is especially numerous.

"Old settlers," in a reminiscent mood, will tell you many interesting bits of civic history; of the awful cholera visitation in 1832-33, and again in 1849, when the city had no nurses for the thousands who were ill or dying, and the Sisters of Charity came to the rescue; of the Know-nothing riots, when armed mobs went through the streets threatening death to priests and destruction to churches, and how Father Henry, now gone to his reward, stood at the head of a faithful band of Catholics at the entrance to St. Patrick's Church and kept at bay the rabble; they will tell of the days when Chouteau's pond covered the squares where now towering business blocks line the way, and French grand dames

went in their carriages from country homes as remote as the present Sixteenth Street to the cathedral to hear the "young" bishop preach. Their descendants from town houses six miles beyond Sixteenth Street wept with bowed heads at the "old" archbishop's funeral. They tell of the days when priests on horseback came in from their missions two hundred miles away; of the morning that Father De Smet said good-by and departed to carry the faith to the Indians. Familiar names come to their tongues of the benefactors of religion and charity: of John Mullanphy and his daughter, Mrs. Bid-



P. L. Foy.



HON. R. C. KERENS

dle; of Mr. Thornton, Jeremiah O'Connor, Mrs. Hunt, *nde* Lucas, and Mrs. Patterson. And Mrs. Patterson, but a few years dead, not only ly all her life, the luxuries tune might but in dying had to the poor.

northward to the Mississippi see beautiful tery, once a "Clay farm," Archbishop a relative of And drives in will show many tures surmount-cross, that fa-

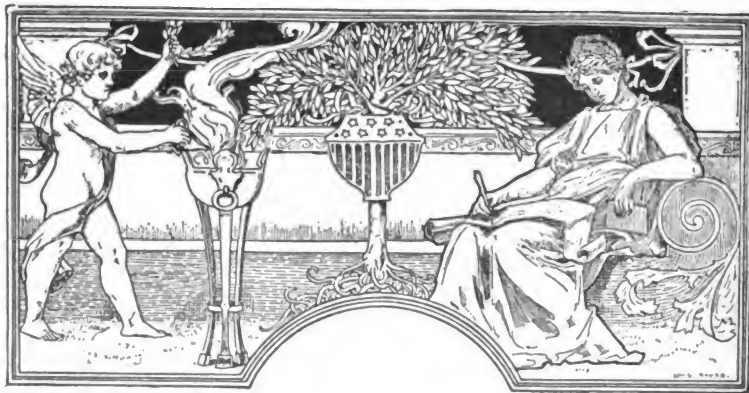
that gladdens the Catholic heart—structures that tell of the flourishing condition of religion in the namesake city of a saint.



MRS. WINIFRED PATTERSON.

gave generous-denying herself her large for-have procured, gave all she church and the

If you drive the bluffs of River, you will Calvary Ceme-part of the purchased by Kenrick from Henry Clay. every direction grand struc-ed with the miliar emblem



THE YELLOW CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BY CUTHBERT.



HE Widow Tolmin sat on her farm-house porch, her fingers busily knitting warm hosiery against the cold of the coming winter. Near her was a well-built barn comfortably filled with garnered golden grain; in front of the house lay a sloping sheep pasture, and beyond the farm-hands were busy carting and hauling in the turnip crop. Farther off was a field of winter wheat, rich and green, and in the distance stretched a belt of timber land now rich in autumn foliage.

Mrs. Tolmin loved the house, the fields, the woods. They were her little world, and they had witnessed the joys and sorrows of her life-time. Of sorrows she had had her share, and, looking into the face of the kind old housewife, one could see the wrinkles they had left and the lengthened "crow's-feet" about her eyes. A stranger would judge that there was an abiding sorrow there, and those who knew the circumstances wondered why it did not leave its tell-tale marks more plainly.

The late afternoon was unusually mild for October, and along the western horizon the clouds had piled themselves up in huge masses, and were now stained with glorious colors by the setting sun. Mrs. Tolmin watched the beautiful colors change and fade and form again, and for a time the click of her steel needles ceased and her hands lay listlessly on her lap.

It was on such a night as this, thirty-five years ago, that Nathan Tolmin had brought her to her new home. It was on such a night as this, eleven years ago, that the neighbors brought her Nathan home from a "chopping bee" with a crushed skull. She remembered, too, how her boy had come home from the great city to his father's funeral and stayed only a few hours, returning as soon as the sad ceremony was completed.

Tears trickled down her face at this remembrance, for it was to her the bitterest pang of all. At the time of her husband's death she seemed to have enough strength and fortitude to bear up against the catastrophe which had made her a widow, but her strong yearning heart relied on her only boy for that

meed of sympathy which was hers by the right of a mother's love. This she did not find. His cold and formal kiss, his commonplace words of condolence, cut and wounded more than his absence would have done. At the funeral and after she bore all this in silence, offering her heartsoreness and her agony to One who heareth the widow's cry. But all the same this was the sorrow that had made her old.

This afternoon, in the crimson sunset, her thoughts, she knew not why, ran on her boy Austin and the day of his First Communion. There in the garden close by grew the same yellow chrysanthemums as then, mere yellow buttons guiltless of any special development by horticulture. Austin was fond of these flowers as a boy, and she remembered, as if it were yesterday, how she pinned a spray of them on his coat as he was setting out for the church. She remembered them in connection with her own arrival at the farm, for they were in bloom then; in connection, too, with her husband's death, for she had filled the coffin around his silent form with their beautiful golden eyes. She loved the flowers for their association with the principal events of her life.

What if they added to her grief when she remembered her boy? Her boy! Could it be possible that he, in his successful medical career in the great city, could absolutely forget her? No, she would not, could not believe that. He was busy in his practice, but he must remember her kindly occasionally, at least, in his moments of leisure. But why had he never come home to see her? Why had he never written? Mother-like, she made excuses, but her heart was wrung in so doing.

Long she gazed this afternoon at the yellow flowers in her garden patch. They seemed to form a connecting link between her and her boy. The more she gazed at them the greater her longing became to see her son. A long time she sat looking at them. Gradually a look of determination settled on her kindly old face.

"Yes," she said to herself, half aloud, "I'll go. I'll take some of those yellow 'santhums'; and when he sees them he'll remember the 'old times,' for he's my boy still, and surely—"

She did not finish the sentence. A great pain was at her heart—the mother's heart hungry for love.

Will Dr. Tolmin remember the "old times"? Will her love be satisfied?

About four o'clock the next afternoon a Western express

train backed into the great city depot. The escape of steam, the ringing of numerous gongs, the shouts of the newspaper sellers and of the porters who wheeled along immense piles of trunks for the outgoing trains, the hurry of every one to get out of the depot with the utmost expedition, produced a bewildering sensation in much better travellers than was the Widow Tolmin.

It was growing dark, and the dust of the journey lay thick upon her shawl and old-fashioned black silk bonnet; the fatigue of the journey had already taken much of the expectant light from her eyes, and for the moment she looked faded and older than usual. The roar and rush of the great terminus confused her.

She stood on the platform, holding a large bunch of yellow chrysanthemums in her hand, not knowing where to go or what to do next. Like most country folk, she had vague notions of a great city, and her sense of loneliness now nearly overcame her. It had never entered her head but that every one would know her Austin. Was he not a doctor?

She looked frightened, old, and anxious. Seeing her perplexity, a good-natured, red-faced policeman came up to her.

"Waiting for some one, mother?"

"No, sir; he don't know I'm coming."

"Who?"

"Who? Why, my boy Austin! He's a doctor. Don't you know him?"

"Dr. Austin?—let—me—see. No, I don't know any doctor of that name."

"Do they call doctors by their Christian names here in the city?" asked Mrs. Tolmin in some surprise.

"I guess not, mother. But you said his name was Austin."

"Yes, I did. That's his first name. His other name is Tolmin."

"Dr. Tolmin!" said the good-natured official reflectively. "Let's see. Doc-tor Tolmin—n—no. I don't know such a one."

"Don't know my boy? Why, he lives here in the city! And her voice expressed unfeigned surprise.

"Maybe so, mother, and so do several hundred other doctors. But haven't you his address?"

"Yes, yes; why didn't I think of that before?"

After a few moments of fumbling, from under her thread glove she drew forth a small card on which was printed

AUSTIN TOLMIN, M.D.,
2428 Fay Street,
Near Euston Boulevard.

The policeman read the name and address, and then looked at the plain countrywoman doubtfully.

"You say he's your son?"

"Of course he's my boy, and they do say he's a great doctor now. I haven't seen him in years, and I thought I would drop in on him unawares-like, an' give him an old-fashioned surprise"; and the old lady's eyes brightened once again at the prospective joy of seeing her son.

Officially, dutifully suspicious, the officer in this instance appeared to be satisfied. At least, if he were suspicious at all it was not with regard to the genuineness of her story, but he was—quite unprofessionally—wondering what the meeting would be like between this dusty, shabby-looking old countrywoman and a prominent physician who could afford to live in one of the most select and private streets of the city.

"This place is a long way from here—at least five miles. It will be quite dark before you get there. However, we must make the best of a bad job. I'll put you on a street-car, and tell the conductor to let you off at the nearest street to this address. You can find the way then."

"God bless you, dear, for being kind to an old woman," said Mrs. Tolmin quite simply, as they left the depot. Her spirits revived and she became chatty again.

"I just picked these 'ere 'santhums' for Austin. Won't he be pleased with them? He was always fond of these yellow flowers, and then it's years since I saw him. Oh! I do love my boy so. Got a mother yourself, sir?"

The question was as sudden as unusual in the policeman's experience, and the burly official's heart acted in a most unprofessional, unofficial way, for which he could have found no instructions at headquarters. It actually gave a great thump against his ribs.

"Yes"—he spoke slowly and with even an approach to huskiness—"but she lives far away in old Ireland. God bless her!"

"Amen!" said Mrs. Tolmin, simply and piously.

"Here's your car, mother," said the policeman, and he helped her to the platform. "Good-by, and success to ye"; and before she could thank him the car had whirled onward

and was half a block away. To this day there remains in the city guardian's mind the belief that, had there been time, the old lady would have leaned over the end of the car and kissed him.

"God bless the dear old face, anyway," he said to himself as he watched the car out of sight.

It was a long journey on the electric road for the old lady. The novelty of it pleased her at first; but there soon began a down-pour of fine mist, and the weather had turned quite cold. The excitement of the day's journey was already beginning to tell on the doctor's mother. The narrow streets and tall business houses, and the noises of trade, rather terrified her, but as she rode farther out of the city the houses began to have patches of ground in front of them, and finally she saw residences situated in large and well-kept lawns.

Several times she asked the conductor whether she had not passed Fay Street. He was surly, and at last she was afraid to ask him any more, and began to think he must have passed it and was now taking her to the end of the line, and would let her off at the proper place on the return journey.

Suddenly the bell rang, the car stopped, and the conductor, between a bark and a growl, announced "Fay." Barely allowing her time to touch the ground, the car whisked off again. Mrs. Tolmin was left standing in the middle of the street, not knowing which way to turn. Asking another policeman where No. 2428 was, she found, to her delight, that it was close at hand.

Her dress and shawl were quite damp from the heavy mist and she was now thoroughly tired; but soon, looking up, she was rejoiced to see the name of Austin Tolmin, M.D., on the glass transom of the great front door.

Mrs. Tolmin had at length arrived at her destination. The house she saw before her was one of the largest in the city, and from every window poured forth a flood of light into the now gathering darkness outside. Could this be her son's house—*her* boy's house? They had told her that he was now a great physician, with a large practice, but who could have believed that he could live in such a grand house as this? Then a sickening thought came to this woman of simple habits. Perhaps, after all, he would not be pleased to see her, and would say that she had better have remained at home!

After a moment's thought her simple love told her this was

impossible. She still held the now dripping chrysanthemums in her hand, and as she perceived their resin-like odor she took courage. Surely when he saw these flowers from the old home-stead garden he would be her boy again. That sickening fear that just now came upon her was only a passing, foolish fancy. These flowers—a talisman of youthful memories—would bring him to her arms. Why had she frightened herself? Nevertheless it was timidly and tremblingly, and with a strange sinking at her heart, that she rang the great door-bell.

The big door instantly opened as if by magic, and two uniformed men-servants stood before her as if to bar her entrance.

The wife of Dr. Tolmin was one of the great society leaders of the city, and that night she was giving a reception which she hoped would place her on the pinnacle of social eminence. This accounted for the sudden opening of the door, as well as for the bright lights in all the windows. Of course the little black-dressed traveller knew nothing of all this, and was as much surprised at the sudden opening of the door as were the two men at sight of her.

"What do you want, ma'am? The doctor doesn't see patients after office hours," said one of the men. "You can't see him now," continued this pampered menial, "because we have a reception this evening and can't see anybody."

"But I'm his mother, sir, and he will see me," said the overwhelmed Mrs. Tolmin, now tired, faint, and bewildered.

"Oh, come! that won't do. That game won't go, you know," said the man of whiskers; "you had better clear out of here before the doctor comes."

"I tell you he is my son. Go and tell Austin—Dr. Tolmin—I am here," replied the widow with considerable dignity. The doorkeeper hesitated.

The other servant whispered something to his companion, which elicited a remark part of which Mrs. Tolmin caught. It was something to the effect that "it may be true, you know, and it's better to do as she says."

"You can't sit here with all the guests coming, ma'am," said the footman in an altered and more respectful tone; "you had better come into the ante-room, and I will call the doctor."

He showed her into a small chamber off the main hall, and she sat down, trembling violently. Several times, while she waited, the bell rang and guests were ceremoniously ushered into the great reception-room, from whence she could hear the animated hum of conversation and laughter. All seemed a

strange wild dream to her. How she longed to be back at her own fireside in peace!

The minutes wore on, yet no one came. Again and again she looked at the bunch of golden eyes she held in her hand, a love-offering for her boy. Would he never come? Did he refuse to see her? She looked again at the chrysanthemums and said that was impossible.

At last she heard the rustle of silk along the mosaic pavement of the hall and the tread of a man's feet. Her heart beat wildly. After long, long years of separation she was going to see her boy again and clasp him to her fond old heart.

But her joyful anticipations were soon checked.

"I must insist, Austin," the old lady heard a voice say, "that your poor patients do not come to the house. If your practice interferes with our social relations you must give it up. This is intolerable, and on my reception night too! I have given James strict orders to admit no one on reception nights in future." And again the widow heard the soft rustle of silk as the doctor's wife rejoined her guests. In leaving her husband she passed the portal of the ante-room, and for the first time in her life Mrs. Tolmin saw her daughter-in-law.

She was elegantly dressed, diamonds and flowers were in her hair, and she was faultlessly beautiful; but the widow saw that she was a cold, hard, ambitious beauty.

Mrs. Tolmin had determined to become the reigning queen of society in a city of many reigning beauties. To attain this position was no easy matter even for a woman beautiful, talented, and possessed of an enormous fortune. Unfortunately, in following her ambition she had not hesitated to assume "advanced," and even infidel, positions and had for years given up the practice of her religion. Her course of action had insidiously, although almost imperceptibly, influenced her husband, who, while he held to the faith of his early years, was gradually losing sight of the practical side of his religion. The separation between theory and practice was, with him, becoming wider every day.

There was a slight pause after the speech of his wife before Dr. Tolmin entered the ante-room, during which the widow could actually feel her heart beating. She was becoming afraid of her successful son. At last he stood in the doorway.

"Austin!"

The mother had risen. Both hands were stretched out.

Her whole soul was in her eyes, which looked longingly, hungrily for love. The son remained standing in the doorway, one hand nervously stroking his mustache, the other in the pocket of his evening dress-coat.

"Austin!"

Once more she called her boy's name, her arms still extended. Then, as she realized the horrible truth, that her embrace was refused, she let them fall. Dizzy with hopeless disappointment, she would have fallen too, had she not leaned heavily against the table. The world seemed turning to dust and ashes. She was tasting a bitterness worse than death.

"This—eh—this is a very unfortunate visit just at this time. My wife is holding one of her fashionable receptions to-night. I did not know, really, that you were coming, or I would have writ—"

"No, no, I thought I would surprise you. I haven't seen you for so *many* years, and, Austin, I have brought you some of the yellow 'santhums' you were so fond of when a boy at home."

"Yes—eh!—thanks very much—very much; but you know how it happens that I cannot entertain you to-night. I have fully explained, I believe, and—" he paused.

"*Entertain!* entertain his own mother!" thought Mrs. Tolmin. What did she know about the opportuneness of her visit? All she realized was that her son, her boy, her Austin, did not want her! Her lips turned white. She felt herself becoming dazed. The difficulty of gaining access to him, and his embarrassed, heartless reception benumbed all her faculties, as one is benumbed in the presence of great horror. She felt a leaden weight at her heart, and was conscious of a presentiment of further troubles. Beyond this she could not at the moment be said to reason.

"As I have said," Dr. Tolmin continued, not altogether heartlessly, for there was a certain quaver in his voice, "I cannot entertain you to-night. Could you not manage to come some other time, when we have no company? I am awfully sorry it is so, but you see how the case stands, do you not?"

"Yes, yes, I see, I see," answered the mother in a dazed kind of way, conscious only of the deepening pain at her heart.

"I know you will excuse me," he continued, as he walked to the front door, "when I tell you that I am required in the reception-room at once. In fact, I have been too long away. Awfully sorry, really."

The door was now wide open. The son was about to offer a sacrifice to the Moloch of fashion, and the victim was—his mother!

"Yes, yes, I—I go," said the poor dazed creature, as she stood on the wire mat outside. Her mental agony deepened, the pupils of her eyes dilated, and for the moment she was literally choking with grief.

"Good-by," he said, not unkindly. "Wait, though, a moment. I will send some one to conduct you to a hotel."

He left her on the doorstep, and a servant passing a moment after, and perhaps not knowing that she was there, closed the door. The poor woman stood motionless for a moment or so after the door had closed. She scarcely breathed. She felt stifling. She had a dim consciousness that grief would kill her. Her temples throbbed and her anguish was an actual physical pain. With a low moan, such as a human creature can give once and live, she put her hands over her face and for a moment tottered and seemed about to fall. Whether she had heard the offer to conduct her to a hotel or not, she was too much occupied with her sorrow to heed it. She went unsteadily down the steps. "Denied by my own boy! Turned away!" she moaned again and again convulsively. Her grief was too great for tears, but she uttered a low, crooning sound, like some poor dumb animal in pain.

Motion she felt to be imperatively necessary, and she moved on out into the darkness and the cold starlight. Whither she went she knew not, nor cared. She had money, but that was useless, for she knew not where to go. A servant—an extra servant, hired for the night's festivities—passed her searching for some one, but he did not recognize the bowed old creature as the person whom Dr. Tolmin had asked him to conduct to some hotel.

The poor, tired woman, weak and faint from contending emotions, walked on and on, until she came into a less aristocratic portion of the city. At length her strength failed her, and she was compelled to sit down on the steps of a small but comfortable-looking house. This was the last thing she remembered for many a long day.

As Dr. Tolmin was returning to the brilliantly illuminated reception-room his butler met him, holding a bunch of common yellow chrysanthemums. He started as if he had been stung.

"Take them to my study," he said surlily, and passed on.

"Now, deary, do just take a sup of this beef-tea. It'll do ye good," said a kind, motherly woman, as she stood at the bedside of the Widow Tolmin, and watched the old lady slowly regain consciousness.

When Mrs. Tolmin became unconscious she fortunately fell into the hands of a good Samaritan. Mrs. Langley was a kindly, middle-aged woman, who had known sorrow and suffering in her time. To time and inclination to do good she united the rare quality of being a natural nurse. Her children, now all grown up and flown to other nests of their own, used to say that it was worth while getting ill "just to have mother nurse us back to health." Her husband, holding a responsible position in a wholesale house, had plenty of means to enable his wife to ride her hobby unmolested, much to the satisfaction and alleviation of the misery of the immediate neighborhood. She was delighted to have a case of nursing right at home, and was perfectly in her element.

"Take a sup of this broth now," she said to her patient.

"Where am I?" asked the widow, as her eyes wandered around the neat little room.

"Ye are in good hands, deary," said the nurse soothingly, "and when ye are stronger I'll tell ye all about everything."

This comprehensive promise was not destined to be even partially fulfilled for some time. With the sick woman's returning consciousness came the remembrance of the treatment she had received. With that same low moan she murmured:

"He would not own me! He does not love me!"

The exhausted sufferer sank back into a state of semi-coma.

Mrs. Langley was perplexed. Bodily ailments she could manage, but she was scarcely competent to minister to a mind ill at ease, and she was satisfied that this was the chief cause of her patient's illness. This state of coma lasted many hours, and the good nurse was getting frightened. She determined to send for a physician.

Gray streaks of dawn were in the eastern sky before the last of the guests had departed from the Tolmin mansion. The master of the house did not even then retire to rest, but repaired to his study. Lighting a cigar, he sat down before the fire and fell into a train of thought. Silently the cinders dropped through the bars of the grate, while he smoked and thought. Were his thoughts pleasant ones? Judging from the heavy wrinkles on his brow, they were not. After some time his valet brought him the morning papers. Yes, there was the

account of the most brilliant social event of the season. His wife had gained her point; she was now the recognized social leader of the city.

And he? Was he satisfied with his wife's and his own success? No, a thousand times no, he told himself. In these still morning hours arose ever and anon in his memory the image of that careworn face beneath the old silk bonnet. Like a nightmare his mother's pathetic look came before him again and again. He could not rid himself of it, do what he might. He tried to argue himself into the belief that he could not have received her at such a time. Had she come a day later or a day earlier, all would have been well. Surely no one could blame him. But conscience, in spite of all arguments, did blame him, and told him that he had crushed out her life's love beneath the Juggernaut of fashion and a desire for social pre-eminence.

At all events, she was safe and probably sound asleep at some neighboring hotel. What a goose that hired waiter in the supper-room had been not to come and tell him the name of the hotel before he left the house. However, he would send his man to examine the registers and find out where she was. Then he would go and see her, bring her home, and all would be right. Nevertheless, he could not get rid of that strange fancy that in some way or other her life had been crushed out beneath the terrible Juggernaut.

"Rubbish!" he said to himself. "Nonsense! I am exhausted and nervous with the fatigue of last night's party. I will take a bromide and a bath, and then I shall be all right."

Leaning back in his arm-chair, he caught sight of the yellow chrysanthemums his man-servant had placed in a vase on the high mantel-piece. Ah, those flowers! How they spoke of his neglected mother! They brought before him his years of neglect and forgetfulness of her; her love for him, her loneliness, her sorrow. And these simple country flowers!—were they not tokens that her love still endured? that she was still hungering for his love? And how had he shown that love? But how unfortunate that she had come at such a time. Could he, should he have followed a different course of action? Expediency told him no; his own heart said yes. He rose and paced the floor in nervous haste.

In his tense state the golden-eyed chrysanthemums seemed to look down at him, as if every eye were intelligent and could read his soul. They recalled his First Communion day—yellow

flowers always did that. They recalled his earlier life at home. How simple and how good it had been! They recalled the quiet Sunday Mass in the little country church—how great a difference in him now!—the taper-lit altar at the Benediction service on those peaceful Sunday afternoons; the country twilight deepening into night, the return to the house with his mother, the quiet evening meal and the pleasant home-life of those long-ago Sunday evenings, and he remembered how like an angel's appeared to him the voice of that mother whom, last night, he had refused to receive, not because she was his mother—no, thank God, not that!—but because she was dowdily dressed and not presentable to his fine friends!

Then there came a terrible thought. If any harm had befallen her! Could it be possible that by his cowardice he had become morally her—no, he could not pronounce *that* word. His nerves tingled; great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He again restlessly paced the floor.

Just at that moment of agony a rap was heard at the door.

"Mrs. Langley, the nurse, sir, would like to see you as soon as possible," said his valet.

"Is she sick?"

"The servant did not say, sir; but I think not."

"Very well. I will go at once. Tell the messenger. You need not get the carriage. I will walk over."

The short walk was beneficial to Dr. Tolmin. It was a crisp, cold day and he enjoyed the bracing air. He was on a professional call, so he tried to put all unpleasant and personal thoughts from his mind. It was characteristic of him, and the secret of his professional success, that he gave his whole attention to one thing at a time.

"Good morning, Mrs. Langley. Who is fortunate enough to fall into your hands this time?"

"A rather strange case, doctor. She seems to have nothing particular the matter, but there is some trouble on her mind, sure. She do be raving sadly at times in her sleep. I thought I would call you first, before I sent for a priest."

Dr. Tolmin was shown into a darkened room, and coming from the bright sunlight, for a few moments could see nothing distinctly. Then he saw a white hand outside the coverlet, and long gray hair spread over the pillow in the confusion of delirium. The noise of some one entering the room aroused

the patient, and as she turned her face toward the visitors, her eyes brilliant with fever, once more Dr. Tolmin was face to face with his mother!

The physician staggered backward as if he had received a blow. At that moment he felt all the bitterness of the brand of Cain, for he considered himself to be the cause of this sickness which would in all probability prove fatal. His practised eye told him that she was in a high fever, and the chances of her recovery slight indeed.

Getting Mrs. Langley out of the room—to this day he has no recollection how he accomplished that—he knelt at the bedside, and wildly, passionately kissed the withered hand.

“Mother! mother!” he cried in an agony of grief, “speak! Say you know me! I was wrong; I was cruel; but say you know me!”

“How tall these houses are! Ah! there’s my kind policeman; you will tell me where my Austin lives. Surely everybody knows my Austin. What a crowd of people! Where are they all going? Tell William to drive the cows back to the creek to water. Austin, my Austin! my boy is coming to-day. They say he didn’t love me! Ha! ha! They don’t know my Austin! Don’t touch those ‘santhums.’ They’re for Austin when he comes for his First Communion. What!—not here? Turned away! Oh! oh! he—would—not—own—me! Mother of mercy, hear my misery! Oh! it is so cold—so dark! Hail Mary, full of—” and the poor broken creature’s delirious mutterings sank into silence.

Austin Tolmin knelt at the bedside and buried his face in the coverlet. There are moments that occur in each one’s life in which one appears to live years. Through such an experience was he passing now. Viewed in this light, of what value were all the successes of his life; of what value were his brilliant and wealthy marriage, and his success in his professional career, or his eminence in society’s whirl? He would give all, ay, and much more, to see the light of reason return to those sunken eyes, and to hear words of forgiveness from those thin and grief-worn lips.

His professional skill added to his torture, for it told him most plainly of the slight chance there was of recovery. In the bitterness of his soul he reviewed his past life. What carelessness in respect to his religious duties! Had he not helped and fostered his wife’s agnostic principles? And here on this bed before him was the one that should have been

the dearest and most cherished of all beings, stricken, at death's door, crushed by his own hand!

Was not this a culmination of years of little unfaithfulnesses? Rapid thoughts surged through his brain, now almost reeling in its anguish, and towering above all others, dominating his whole being for the time, was the one of his moral responsibility.

Rising from his knees, in his agony he uttered an intense prayer for forgiveness. Then, conscious that more was required of him, in the presence of the unconscious being who had given him life, holding her listless, unresponsive hand in his, he uttered a vow that, if her life were spared, he would return to the practice of his religious duties as became a faithful son of the church, and henceforth render to his mother all that filial love of which his nature was capable.

At this turning point of Dr. Tolmin's life a timid rap at the door was heard, and Nurse Langley entered. She had been awed at the physician's unusual mode of conduct in sending her from the room.

"Is she so very bad, doctor?" she inquired, under her breath.

"An extreme case," he replied. "Watch her closely. I take the keenest interest in this case, and will explain more by-and-by. I will send her an opiate, and as soon as she recovers from its effect, send for me at once. It is gratifying to know that she could not be in better hands."

Mrs. Langley looked gratefully at the great physician. Praise from him was reward indeed. As he was leaving the house the doctor said:

"I think I know the cause of this sickness. I have one request to make of you. I wish that you would procure every day, at no matter what expense—for that will be mine—a fresh bunch of bright yellow chrysanthemums, and have them placed on a table near the bedside so that the patient may see them at her first lucid moment. I also wish you to send for a priest as soon as it will be of any use to do so."

Mrs. Langley's good nursing and Dr. Tolmin's patient skill were finally victorious in the struggle against death. For days the old lady lay between life and death, but one morning she opened her eyes and sighed heavily. Turning her head wearily, she caught sight of a bunch of chrysanthemums near her bed. At first she thought she was dreaming. Finally she realized that they were real flowers.

"Who put them there?" she asked in a weak voice.

"Never mind, dearie ; we'll talk about them by-and-by when you are a wee bit stronger."

"Who put them there?—I *must* know."

Mrs. Langley saw that it was better to tell her all she knew. When she learned that Dr. Tolmin, whose name the nurse had incidentally mentioned, had ordered the flowers, a happy light came into her eyes. With a gratified sigh she sank back into a happy and peaceful slumber.

The great physician was hastily summoned. The nurse had long since suspected that there existed something more between them than the relation of physician and patient. When he arrived she was not surprised at seeing him visibly agitated. She managed with fine tact not to be in the room when he first entered. Half an hour elapsed, and thinking the doctor had suddenly become imprudent, she made some pretence for entering the sick-chamber. Through the steam of a bowl of broth she saw, as she entered, the widow's hand lying in her son's, and a happy smile on both faces.

From the hour of the reconciliation the recovery was slow but sure. When good Mrs. Langley heard the story, she, weeping and laughing at the same time, embraced both mother and son.

The beautiful and fashionable wife of Dr. Tolmin never learned of the crisis through which her husband had passed. She regarded it as an unaccountable whim of the doctor's when he insisted that his mother should come and live with them. She put up with this "notion," if not very good-humoredly, at least silently. Yielding on all other points, he was adamant on this one.

It may easily be believed that there was little sympathy between these two women, whose characters and tastes were so diametrically opposite. But the widow was content with the love and devotion of her son, and being a sensible body, there soon arose a tacit compromise which amounted to this: that when the fashionable five-o'clock teas and the now celebrated Saturday-night receptions occurred, the mother should remain in the seclusion of her rooms.

The doctor had been true to himself and to his vow. He was now a practical Catholic. On grand "company nights" he always made a point, once or twice during the evening, of stealing away from his wife's guests and spending a few minutes in his mother's room. She did not exact more, and was happy in his attentions. On Sundays, too, however late the party

over-night, he always managed to take his mother to an early Mass, or if she preferred, to the late Mass, at the parish church.

She was happy with her son. The love-light came back to her old eyes and she even lost many wrinkles from her face. Her one regret was that she saw her daughter-in-law gradually losing her faith—sacrificing it to the Moloch of social position.

In the meantime the mother hoped on and prayed. One morning the mistress of the house did not appear at the late breakfast. She sent word to her husband that she felt unusually tired and would sleep. The doctor returned from his office in the evening for dinner, and learned that his wife was still in bed. This was so unusual with her that he became gravely alarmed and ran to her room. There was an ominous hectic flush on her cheeks. Nature had given way under the strain put upon it. The patient was in a high fever.

It was then that the true nature of Austin's mother showed itself. She would allow none to nurse her son's wife but herself; she appeared positively jealous of good Nurse Langley's proffered service.

Spring and summer had already come and gone, and the physician's wife had not yet ventured out of doors. One day, when her patient had been carried down to the drawing-room and had been propped up with pillows, she dozed off from sheer weakness. The Widow Tolmin sat near her busily telling her beads. She was so engaged in her devotions that she was not aware that the other had awaked from sleep and was busily watching her. Presently the sick person spoke:

"Mother, are you praying for me?"

The doctor's wife now frequently called the old lady by that name, to her great consolation.

"I am, my dear, for indeed you need prayers."

There was silence for a considerable time.

"Mother!"

"Well, dear?"

"Do you not think me very bad, very wicked?"

"No; why should I judge you? You have been neglectful, but cannot that soon be repaired?"

"But I have doubts about the faith."

"No, you have not, my dear."

"But I have."

"But I am sure you have not. Your doubts, as you call them, are no doubts at all."

"How do you mean?"

The widow drew her chair closer to the lounge.

"Now listen, daughter. You know you have neglected your religion for a long time. You believe as well as I do, but you don't practise. There's the difference. Take my word for it that one good confession will dispel more doubts than a hundred controversies. That is what you want—confession. With a conscience at ease you will find all your doubts, if you have any, melt away like mist before the morning sun. Straighten out your accounts with God, dear, and you'll have no doubts to clear up."

The old lady was eloquent, yet withal she was judicious. She had, she knew, said enough, and like a wise woman knew when to stop.

There was another long silence, broken only by the rattle of the widow's beads as they slipped between her finger and thumb. Employed as she was, she was not unobservant of the conflict going on in the soul of her patient. She did not interfere, but let grace do its own work now.

"Mother, I would like to see a priest."

The grace of God had triumphed, and the widow's heart overflowed with thankfulness and joy. At the happy family breakfast on the following Sunday morning Dr. Tolmin had had the table decorated with a profusion of common yellow chrysanthemums, and the doctor's wife then learned for the first time what an important part they had played in her husband's life during the last few months.





HOMEWARD.

"There remaineth a rest."

BY H. T. GANSE.

THE day dies slowly in the western sky ;
 The sunset splendor fades, and wan and cold
 The far peaks wait the sunrise ; cheerily
 The goat-herd calls his wanderers to the fold.
 My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
 Take comfort ; evening bringeth all things home.

Homeward the swift-winged sea-gull takes her flight ;
 The ebbing tide breaks softer on the sand ;
 The red-sailed boats draw southward for the night,
 The shadows deepen over sea and land.
 Be still, my soul, thine hour shall also come ;
 Behold one evening God shall lead thee home !

AN EXILED ARTIST.

BY J. O. AUSTIN.



CLING fast to your ideals. It may cost heart-burning and many a tear, but relinquish them not. Yes, even in this great, horrid city, where artists starve for want of inspiration and lack of sympathy, you should enlarge your heart with longing for the ideal.

Remember, I am not bidding you be untrue to duty. While the trial lasts, be you found faithful. Even the bitterness of soul-starvation is to be faced manfully and confidently. Why doubtful, O you of little faith? Exile from the land of poem and color, busied with things basely material, wondering if the future hides studios, and masters, and models, and inspirations, and accomplishment, seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you. Forget not that the highest sentiment is the appreciation of a great divine order, running through and controlling all things narrow and wide; and that sublimest art is in the harmony of correspondence to God's voice indicating our painfully insignificant task. Think of Newman, the immortal, carving meat for twenty hungry youths at the Catholic University of Ireland, and Gerald Griffin at the blackened fire-place of Pallas, bending over burned fragments of verse and prose that had made him an Irish Burns and Scott combined. For, knowing what passion is in love of letters, I can appreciate the sublime heroism that transformed a dawning star of English literature into a humble and obscure Christian brother. And so I say:

"Do you your part; there all the honor lies."

Think me not a Philistine. I can feel for you. I can value the thrilling of your heart, and the surge of your pulse to sing a note that will add some little to the everlastingly beautiful harmony of art. Child of the light am I, and I know my kin. May you never cease to love and adore your divine patroness; but likewise may you never forget that who is faithful in little things shall be set over greater and greater.

Commonplace, conventional, am I? Wrong me not. Flesh and bone of my century I am, but no traditionalist. The *Zeitgeist* has breathed upon me, and I have longed to be

chorister of the swelling strains. And if my lips were never opened, that is not because I was dogged and unenlightened, but because the times seemed unripe for battle-song, and I felt I had better be a plodding swain than a warrior overwhelmed.

No, I think it was not ignoble. Let us consider.

Do you know, I misdoubted the value of publicity from the first! That is why I betook myself from the field of war into a less conspicuous quarter. To me, the real greatness of a Savonarola lies in his private influence for good over the life of some obscure Florentine that neither you nor I ever heard of. "Annealed in martyr flames," the white-robed monk shines beautifully grand and true, but *cui bono?* The world was moving, and would move on when the hour struck. Poor Fra Girolamo! what greater things he might have done. I can look out of my window and see; back through centuries the pendulum is swinging now hither, again thither. Out of the bondage of a dead past we are emancipating ourselves as the plumb swings toward freedom of thought and individualism. I see that ideas plead for propagation, and notions for application and that the fulness of truth has not yet come. And have I girded on no armor? Ah! yes; but I stayed at home for a work that was surer of fruit. Coward? No. Utilitarian? Well, leave it thus. As to these battles, *cui bono?*

I will tell you how it seemed to me:

Away back in the Pagan days the world of sense was uppermost, and thither the pendulum was swinging. Music, art, and letters were of the flesh, fleshly. And when mediæval asceticism ruled, methinks the pendulum tended contrariwise—that sometimes the spiritual imagination ran riot. And, woe is me that I should say it! but the glorious blooming of the spiritual in the century of St. Francis and Dante had its aftermath in a sensual renaissance, the day of the Isaurian, of religiously cloaked paganism and carnal worship. After that, Revival, or Reformation—call it which you will—fettered again in tighter gyves the spirit longing to be free. And then, when centuries had passed, with the advent of Democracy the pendulum returned again, and again sense began struggling for a despotic rule of its own, is still struggling to-day—ay, and freeing itself, and the world grows easy and happy again, though barometer and weather-vane already prophesy the coming change that will swing us over into humanitarianism.

Carlyle was wrong when he chose romance as Goethe's crowning activity. Heine the Greek, Heine the volatile, strong, pathetic, tender, bitter, unquenchable, ideal, in his conflicts

with the Philistines prosecuted the struggle toward victorious termination, and demonstrated the living power and motive of modern letters, and proved that Goethe's multiple genius was greatest in its militant aspect. Goethe and Heine died; dead are Byron and Shelley, and many an English warrior in the Liberation War; but already I hear the shouts of a moving army and see the sun-tipped lances of armed knights spurring to the rescue, and the heart-born, confident cry of dying heroes bodes no good for rampant Philistinism.

And if all this be significant, of what tremendous import is it to the Church of Ages? Shall we not bridle Pegasus, loosed of his trammels, as he soon must be, and ready to burst from all restraint? Must we not, each of us, do yeoman's work, forming into line, that with victory's hour we may command a hearing? Allies must we be, not Philistines; children of dawn-ing light, not defenders of the superannuated and the historic; ready to improve upon custom, rule, institution, that appeals for support, uncredited by modern reason, and all the more because the un-Christian trend of progress is so apparent. We must not stem its rising tide, but turn it into our channels, dike and sluice it, and yoke it to our mills. Ah, the grist!

And why have I borne no weapon, played no part? 'Tis not that the ideal was crushed out of my life and my soul was choked. There are things around us that you dream not of; under the innocent aspect of this fair world is hidden another universe, and my ideals must have their working out in that hidden unknown country. I have done nothing that you know of, nor shall my name be remembered, and yet,—though see that thou tell no man,—God, through me, has saved lives from untimely ending, cleansed souls of filth, developed a wayside seed—precious but trampled down—soothed sick and weary, drawn the sting of bitterness, and poured water of Lethe and balm of Gilead over bruised heart and memory defiled. I have lived not in Philistia. There are two Lands of Promise, and my dwelling lay in that which is more real, although—and perhaps because—unseen.

But for you, so God has preordained, there is but a single world of art and beauty. Live in it, feed upon its ambrosia, drink of its flowers,—when the moment comes. But now, though heart sink, be noble in humility, sublime in commonplace, artistic in noisy, ugly, humdrum Philistia, by being faithful. When God calls, his voice will be heard. Shall he not say to you:

Euge, quia in pauca fuisti fidelis,
Supra multa te constituam?

THE ART OF INDIAN BASKETRY.

BY CLARA SPALDING BROWN.



FROM earliest ages baskets have been in use. The Israelites were commanded to offer unto the Lord, as soon as they came into possession of the land of Chanaan, "the fruits of the earth" in baskets. The ancient Britons were so expert in the manufacture of these useful articles that their work was greatly admired by the Romans. Aboriginal races all over the world are wonderfully apt in the art, employing the natural resources about them with a wisdom and thrift that the civilized races might profitably emulate.

Women are everywhere the basket-makers. Long before pottery was known, the negro women in Africa made a kind of coiled basketry. When they were transported to tropical America as slaves they used the palm-leaves in their new homes for the continuance of their work, and they taught the art to their daughters. Indian women throughout the Pacific Coast, Arizona, and New Mexico search out the raw material near their rude abodes and develop it in their crude but pains-taking way, until it becomes an object of admiration to connoisseurs of fine handiwork.

The primitive forms of expression in these baskets had principles in common, the same forms appearing over and over again in widely separated regions. A development of the conventional followed upon this strange fact. The first aim of the basket-maker is uniformity. In thousands of stitches there is no difference in the size of the mesh. The next thought is beauty. The weaver makes geometrical figures, in colors, by introducing fillets from the fern root, or shoots of other plants which give the desired red, black, or brown, varying the pattern by counting the stitches. The figures are sometimes conventionalized and intricate. Many of the patterns, through their perfect accuracy, have become classic, and are copied by jewellers and modern weavers. Needle-women and lace-makers of the present day work on forms originated by their primitive sisters and utilized by pattern-makers.

The modern straw hat is a survival of savagery.

The tools of the Indian woman are of the simplest, varying according to the style of work, but an essential one is the bone awl, found always in the graves of savage women generations ago. There are two sorts of baskets, the woven and the sewed, with many sub-classes. The woven ones are built up on a warp, in either plain or twined weaving, or in wicker work. The method followed by the Panamint Indians, in Death Valley, on the Mojave Desert, will serve to show the dexterity of these brown-skinned daughters of nature.

The weaver selects the year-old shoots of tough willow, the year-old shoots of aromatic sumac, the long, black horns on the pods of the unicorn plant, and the long, red roots of the tree yucca, thus securing light, black, and red colors. She removes the bark from the shoots by biting it loose at one end and tearing it off. The woody portion is scraped to remove all protuberances, and allowed to dry. These rods form the foundation of coiled basketry work. Then splints for sewing are prepared; the squaw breaks off the slender upper part of a shoot and it starts to split into three equal parts.



"THE FIRST AIM OF THE BASKET-MAKER IS UNIFORMITY."

These she carefully divides, then splits the pith and bark off, leaving a strong, flat, pliant strip. Two of them become the filling of twined basketry, or one serves as a fillet in sewing coils together.

In Arizona the yucca-leaf, when split, is dark green on the outside and whitish-green inside, and the Moqui woman makes a pretty design by turning first one side of her splint and then the other outward.

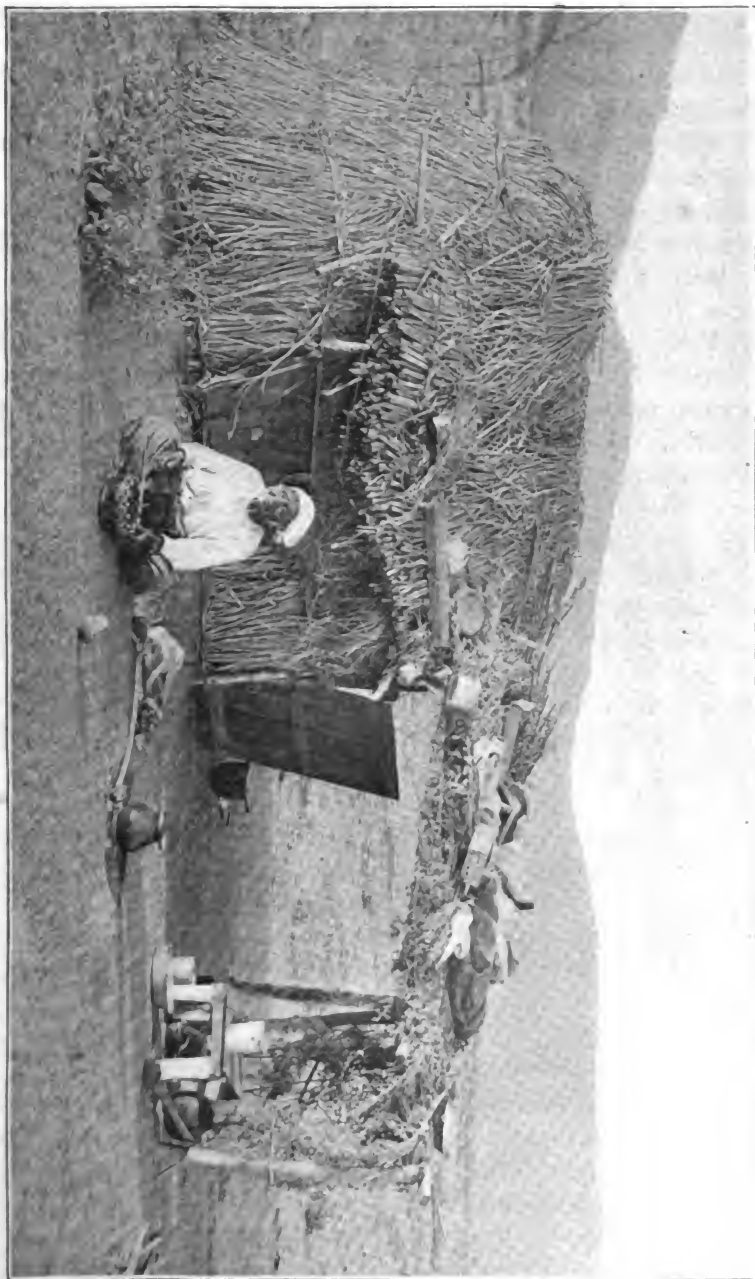
Before white people discovered the artistic beauty of the Indian basket—in its form, its coloring, its pattern, and the delicacy of its manufacture—the weaver's best efforts were religiously employed in its construction. Slowly, patiently the task progressed for months, with no thought of pecuniary gain, only the satisfaction of performing incomparable work. The Indian woman loved her basket beyond all other possessions. With great difficulty she was persuaded to exhibit it to invaders of her wigwam.

It is now well-nigh impossible to procure a genuine old basket. Collectors and dealers have scoured the country for them, and the spirit of greed has captured the simple people at last. Coarse, hasty work is turned out for sale to the uninitiated, and the few valuable specimens that remain in the hands of their makers, or their descendants, perchance utilized for everyday domestic purposes, are concealed from the eyes of visitors. Never more will this fine art be prosecuted in its perfection, consequently the would-be collector of good old baskets must first have at command a plethoric purse.

The most valuable, though not the largest, collection of Indian baskets in the United States, and probably in the world, is that of Mrs. Belle M. Jewett, of Lamanda Park, near Los Angeles, California. Let me transport the reader to her beautiful home.

It is situated on the high land at the foot of the Sierra Madre Mountains, with the lovely San Gabriel Valley—"the garden spot of the world"—spread out below, and the long, purple-veiled range of mountains rising abruptly close at hand. Semi-tropical trees, shrubs, and flowers make the spacious grounds a delight to the eye. Within the cozy villa are numerous tokens of a culture gained by extensive travel; but we must not linger in the lower rooms. Our hostess—a middle-aged woman with a bright, determined face—invites us upstairs, and we enter perhaps the most unique room on the continent. It is ceiled, lined, and carpeted with Indian mats.

"THE INDIAN WOMAN LOVES HER BASKET BEYOND ALL OTHER POSSESSIONS."



Thickly hung over the walls, piled in the corners and on shelves, and covering the tables, are baskets of every size, shape, and pattern imaginable. Through the broad, open case-ment, over the tops of the orange-trees, we see the grandeur of the mountains, while we listen to the enthusiastic words of a basket-lover.

"There is not a basket here which the Indians supposed, when it was made, would ever be owned by whites, nor have I added one to the collection for five years past. Nothing like them can be bought now. I did not obtain any of them from a dealer, but by going among the Indians in out-of-the-way places, sometimes by living among them.

"You cannot bargain successfully with a squaw if her man is about. If she is purely Indian, she will let you examine her wigwam, peep under the bed, and into boxes, for her hidden treasures. She would be equally free if she were in your house, without realizing any lack of courtesy. But if she is of mixed blood, you must ask permission to do these things. In buying you usually have to take all the Indian has, whether you want it or not, in order to get the basket that you covet.

"Each squaw has a way of marking her basket in the making, so she can always tell it. When the Art Loan Exhibition was held in Pasadena, an old squaw was brought from San Gabriel to illustrate the weaving of baskets. She saw this," pointing to a fine, large specimen mellowed with age, "and burst out crying, for she recognized it as her own work years ago, when she lived up in Humboldt County, among the Modocs. During the ten days that the exhibition lasted she kept the basket by her side, and repeatedly kissed it.

"It takes from six months to two years to make a fine basket, according to the care spent on it. Nowadays they scorch baskets in ovens to make them look old.

"Here is one that has a story to it: A Digger squaw ran away to the Washoes, sixty miles across the Sierra Nevadas. After awhile a Washoe squaw bought this basket of the Digger, by some barter, and was soundly thrashed by her husband for it. One day she took a notion to have her hair crimped, just like white folks, and tramped many miles to reach a milliner, offering her this basket for a curling-iron, some bits of ribbon, and one dollar. She was thrashed again by her lord and ruler for selling the basket, and vainly tried to curl her bushy locks without heating the iron.

"This big basket came from the Coahuillas, and was used

for a granary sixty years. It was made of poison oak, by an Indian woman who lived to be one hundred and four years old. Over half a ton of grain was emptied from it when it was sold to me, and three good-sized women have sat in it together while they were photographed.

"Here is one that I found under a bed, full of bits of broken china and other trash. This unfinished buck-plate, of Moqui



INDIAN BASKET MADE OF POISON OAK.

weaving, is the same in design as one obtained in East India that is now in Washington, D. C. No Indian woman is allowed to finish one of these except in a child-bearing period, though she may be married or single.

"This rare, narrow-necked basket, made by the Chicos, was

widened and narrowed as crocheting is, in a fern pattern. The work on all, you see, is alike on both sides.

"The Modocs used to do the best work. The brown shades of this diamond-backed rattlesnake pattern, and others, were created by soaking the splints in bird-guano water, the depth of shade being regulated by the length of time they were left in soak. Wild strawberries produced the red stain. This very valuable basket is called 'the little men.' The first row of complete human figures the maker, a Yokut squaw, called Indians. Her coloring material fell short, so the next row had to be made without heads, and she said they were whites who had been scalped by the Indians.

"These deep baskets with a hole in the bottom were used to pound acorns in, set on a hollowed stone. This is a gambling-board," taking down a circular piece of weaving, three feet in diameter, "made by the Tulares, and valued at \$500. The dice are wild walnuts, split in two and stuffed with *brea*, in which six pieces of wampum are pressed. On this board a game called "Ha" was played, and the sailors who came from Boston in the early part of this century learned it of the Indians, and played it with shells.

"These wide, shallow baskets with winged gods in the centre, surrounded by fine geometrical designs, were the work of Pinas. My little 'three generation' basket, about the size of a pocket you observe, was bought of a squaw over ninety years old, and belonged to her grandmother. They were Tehachepi Indians, and used it to keep money in. It is the oldest basket in my collection. The squaw had it hidden away when I visited her, showing me baskets which I did not value, and it took much coaxing to convince her that she possessed anything more than was in sight.

"These big, conical baskets were made by the Yokiapomas for carrying loads, and here are cap-baskets used by the Modocs, Tulares, and Klamaths to protect their foreheads when bearing loads strapped on their backs. These are Alaskan Indian hats, worn by old women. This basket from Cook's Inlet shows the Greek key and Roman cross. How shall we puzzle that out? The same symbols are found in Peru. It would seem to support Ignatius Donnelly's theory that this country is the oldest of all. Every known tribe in the world has had an idea of the Christian cross and Trinity, working them out only in baskets and vessels to be used for sacred purposes. The Eel River Indians weave exactly like the



"MANY OF THE PATTERNS HAVE BECOME CLASSIC AND ARE COPIED BY JEWELLERS AND MODERN WEAVERS."

Japanese, who are said to be the finest weavers in the world."

All this and much more, falling from the lips of our genial hostess, converted us each and every one to the worship of Indian basketry, and we were ashamed that we had ever thought it an uninteresting subject. On account of financial reverses this unrivalled collection must pass out of the hands of its owner, for whom every basket has precious associations.

"It shall never be divided," she declares. "It must go as a whole, and would that I were able to present it to some institution, where it would be preserved intact for the instruction and pleasure of future generations."

A PORTRAIT OF ST. ANSELM.

BY MARTIN RULE, M.A.



OR the writings of the history of a nation something more vital is required than a mere digest of its annals, and the like is true of biographical literature. If it be true that a biography is the story of a life, it is also true that a life-story without vitality of presentment is no more a biography than a *hortus siccus* is a garden. Now, for vitality of presentment two things are, above all others, needed; one, which corresponds to composition and perspective on the painter's canvas, and the other to color and atmospheric effect. The first is achieved by a trained instinct for avoiding the unknowable, for paying due regard to all that makes for the completeness and historic truth of the picture, and for so arranging and colorating the several details that each of them shall have its due proportion, its rightful prominence, and its proper place. The other is the outcome of a trained instinct for evolving by a few felicitous touches of word-painting the intellectual conception or the physical *mise-en-scène* which the writer desires to submit to the judgment or the imagination of his readers, and for doing this aright he must himself first see things as they were.

For the adequate record of a true and just perception of principles, motives, and objects, qualifications are needed of which I here say nothing, for the simple reason that I think it inconceivable that any sane and honest man should be either unaware of them or inclined to underrate them. But, for an adequate realization of concrete facts, it may be, and I think must almost always be, of incalculable service to visit the very places in which those facts occurred. Not only are skies, mountains, rivers characteristically the same now as they were in bygone ages; the student will not improbably find that unsuspected local characteristics still subsist in full vigor, characteristics such as may, by their very suggestion of the brevity of time, help to exorcize that feeling of unfamiliarity and dismay which, though salutary enough as a moral and intellectual discipline, is only too apt, if uncorrected or unduly indulged, to enervate a biographer's efforts instead of bracing them. For instance, to this very day the houses of the peasantry in the neighborhood of Le Bec are built as they were built eight cen-

turies and a half ago ; but, until I went there and saw things for myself, I had been unable to understand how, with neither hewn stones nor bricks, with neither mason nor bricklayers, Herlwin and a few friends could have built themselves a monastery at Bonneville with their own hands. Again : Herlwin's bread-oven at his first monastery at Le Bec had long been a puzzle to me ; I mean the bread-oven he was constructing when early one morning a stranger, who had been tied to a tree in the forest by robbers over night, and who afterwards turned out to be the great and learned Lanfranc, came unexpectedly upon the scene and asked to be admitted as a postulant. That bread-oven had been a great puzzle to me, but my first ramble up the valley of Le Bec solved the mystery. The ovens in that part of Normandy are, obviously, at this very moment the sort of structures that Herlwin and his contemporaries used. Lanfranc's introduction of himself to Herlwin at early morn while Herlwin was building himself his oven of mud was one of the most famous, the most eventful, and the most fruitful episodes of mediæval history ; but I could never have realized it as I do—could never have realized it at all—had I not visited the scene of the occurrence, and thus been enabled to make for myself a picture which I know to possess all the necessary elements of verisimilitude. The benefit of such an experience is simply incalculable. Just as the telescope by abbreviating distance enables the astronomer to see for himself the moons of Jupiter, so does an experience such as I am now mentioning foreshorten the chronological interval between a biographer and his subject, and give a grip to his intellectual cognizance of things which could never be secured by an exercise, however diligent, of the uninformed imagination. And, indeed, a still greater benefit ensues. Experiences such as I have described give him a confidence in his authentic sources—a *scio cui credidi* in regard to the writers whose lead he follows—and lends the charm of certitude to his own presentment of facts.

Other results, moreover, follow, such as I had best illustrate by an experience of my own. I never peruse the *Cur Deus Homo* without calling to mind a very delightful visit to Schiavi, the place where the treatise was written. Before me at this moment is a fragment of Roman tile picked up on the site of the house in which Anselm elaborated that immortal work. I went there, however, not in quest of Roman tiles, nor merely to breathe the very air which Anselm breathed, and see the very sky which Anselm gazed upon, while employed in perhaps his best known flight of speculative theology. I went

there hoping thus the better to realize the motive and the moral *entourage* of the effort. Nor did I go in vain.

Eadmer, the companion, disciple, and first biographer of St. Anselm, gives special attention to one very salient feature in the individuality of his master. It is, that when worn with trouble and anxiety he found a sovereign assuagement of his woes in the solution of some philosophical problem. Not only the history of his discovery of the ontological proof of the existence of God, but the whole texture of the saint's graver treatises assure us of the tenacity with which a subject once taken in hand was discussed and sifted; and the intense concentration of thought exacted by these endeavors would seem to have been the only efficient means for calling him off from a too protracted contemplation of his troubles and for averting the physical prostration which otherwise would have ensued from it.

As distinguished from this intellectual peculiarity a chief moral characteristic of St. Anselm was the adroitness with which, for the spiritual good of those with whom he was thrown into contact, he lent himself to their speculative prejudices, their intellectual difficulties, and the prepossessions in regard to revealed dogma which had been engendered in them by education and habits of life.

And if we seek for a chief physical characteristic of the man, there cannot be a doubt that it lay in the highly developed nervous susceptibility of a very finely strung organism.

It is when I think of Schiavi that I seem to be more thoroughly in touch with the complex and complete individuality of St. Anselm than at any other time. And, curiously enough, it was at Schiavi that I found the first visible presentment of him that seemed to have about it the charm of that undefinable *je ne sais quoi* which we associate with the stamp and seal of verisimilitude. Go, by all means, to Aosta if you would realize the heaven-blest childhood of Anselm; go, by all means, to Le Bec if you would realize the happiest years of his adult life. But at neither place look for a portrait of the man. At Le Bec you will see a modern daub too meaningless to leave any definite impression on the memory. At Aosta you will behold in the cathedral the picture as of some full-bodied and coarse-featured rustic in all the prim neatness of a Roman collar; and, in a church higher up the valley, that of an old man with a beautiful gray beard, which the curling-tongs have made still more beautiful. But at Schiavi there is a piece of sculpture which looks as if, in some

way not now ascertainable, it might be a genuine likeness of the saintly prelate. I mean the small full-length image that stands in the niche or wayside chapel by the *pozzo di Sant' Anselmo*. Old as it is, local tradition asserts it to be the copy of a still older statue which once, time out of mind, fell to pieces. It seems to me to be full of individuality, and I shall presently give incontestable confirmation of my good opinion of it. It represents St. Anselm as a person of slight figure but dignified mien, with an unusually long neck and sloping shoulders. There are few, if any, strangers to the vicinity besides myself who have ever seen it; but what makes me the more anxious to mention it is the fact just now intimated, that, interpreted by the verbal descriptions left on record by contemporaries of the saint, it was the first visible impersonation which seemed to show him as he was.

Schiavi—otherwise known in these days as Liberi in Formicola—is a village ensconced in the crater-like summit of a conical mountain overlooking the plain in which lies drowsy Capua. There it was that Anselm spent the summer of his first exile from England, dwelling in a small country house which an old friend and disciple of his had placed at his disposal, knowing how ill-fitted he was to endure the heats of a summer in Rome. No retreat could have been more congenial to a temperament like St. Anselm's than was the villa Sclavorum, for "at Schiavi"—if I may be permitted to quote myself—"there is nothing to distract; and Schiavi, secure from intrusion by its lofty elevation, is as invariably forgetful of the world as the world of it." As the saintly philosopher wound his way up the mountain, "his eyes rested ever and anon on the distant pyramid of Vesuvius and its eternal smoke, and in middle distance on Capua, with all its busy history; when, just as the wide prospect was at its best and fairest, a turn in the bridle-path brought him within the *enceinte*, and he was alone—alone on a verdant plain vivid with clearest light, freshened with sweetest gales, and bathed in heaven." *

Scarcely, however, was he settled in this new home when Duke Roger of Apulia, who had recently encamped himself outside the walls of Capua, invited him to pay him a visit—a visit which he turned to the spiritual profit even of the Saracens who were there in the service of the duke's vassal, Roger of Sicily. But he had not long enjoyed Duke Roger's hospitality when a second and more important guest appeared on the scene in the person of Pope Urban II.

* *Life and Times of St. Anselm*, vol. ii. page 182.

It was during this brief sojourn of pope and archbishop under the walls of Capua that Urban received a letter from William Rufus, the perusal of which made Anselm feel how cruelly contrasted was the issue of his efforts for good in England with the outcome of his endeavors elsewhere. In his own proper sphere of labor his message from God to king, to barons, to churchmen had been scorned, as was that carried by the servant in the parable to his lord's invited guests; but no sooner had he left his proper sphere than not only princes and prelates, but the nameless and collective crowd, offered a spontaneous welcome to his words; whilst now and here the very disciples of Mohammed invaded his pavilion to gather from his lips the exposition of a theme till then unattempted in Christian theology, and hear him elucidate the majesty of the seeming ignominy of the Cross, the grandeur of the seeming littleness of the Crib, the wisdom of the seeming folly of the central verity of the faith, the intrinsic *reasonableness* of the doctrine of the Incarnation of the Divine Word and of man's restoration to the favor of God by the obedience of the God-Man.

But that mischievous letter from the Red King did more than emphasize this painful contrast. It recalled to him the day of his election to the primacy and the terrible vision in which, beholding with prophetic certitude the main outlines of all that had since come to pass, he saw himself driven into his present exile. The whole of that vision had been verified; what next? The prophecy was even now fulfilled; what was now his duty?

Disheartened thus by the record of a barren past, and agitated by the problem of an inscrutable future, he, before taking leave of the pope, implored him to set him free from the burden of the archbishopric. But Urban refused the request and forbade him to repeat it, merely mitigating the decision by bidding him remain out of England till the meeting of the council which had been summoned to assemble at Bari in the coming autumn.

Then it was, and thus, that, returning to the villa Sclavorum, Anselm resolved on beguiling the suspense of the next three months by the most effectual of exorcisms, a steadily prosecuted effort of the reason in vindication of the revealed word of God. I doubt if in the whole of Christian literature there be a more daring and adroit endeavor to bring the truths of revelation into focus with the legitimate scepticism of strangers to the Christian faith. I doubt if in the whole wide world there can have been a spot more congenial than was the villa Sclavorum to so novel an enterprise of the speculative intel-

lect. The environment, I venture to think, was precisely worthy of the work. A completer solitude or a more profound seclusion could scarcely be conceived than Schiavi. The crater whose exhausted ashes have in the countless lapse of time been overspread by a slowly accumulating carpet of verdure is so girt round with a rampart of rock as to be, though in the world, not of it. So effectually does that titanic parapet exclude all sight of the lower earth that between it and the unfathomable sky there is no horizon. "*Hæc requies mea?*" was what St. Anselm said of it. *O beata solitudo, O sola beatitudo*; still, sacredly still, save haply for the clear carol of the lark by day and by night the weird clarion of the tempest. At Schiavi, therefore, one seems not only to recognize St. Anselm in the moral and intellectual pose most typical of the man, but also to find him environed by accessories absolutely fitting; and, as I have already intimated, it was at Schiavi that, by a beneficent disposition of Providence, I first saw what, to me at least, was a true presentment of his physical individuality.

Not that the Schiavi statue which so happily supplied me with an ideal portrait of the saint, any more than the Jumièges miniature of which I shall speak presently, can, even when fresh from the chisel, have caught the full inspiration of so transcendently beautiful a countenance as was his. I am not now thinking of the mere face and features, although these were such as to wake into song the lyre of contemporary poets,* but of that moral *magisterium* which alone can transfigure physical loveliness into an anticipation of the glorious day when all the saints, though differing each from each, shall have been transformed into the likeness of their common Lord. My readers have no need to be reminded that a few weeks before Anselm came to Schiavi he was accosted on his journey Romewards by a man of rank whose purpose it was to plunder him, but who no sooner saw him than, smitten with sudden shame, he hung down his head and blushed, saying nothing, and who afterwards protested that the face on which he had gazed was not a man's face, but an angel's. Nor need I say that, a few months later, a band of ruffians hired to waylay him in the streets of Rome, overawed at their first sight of him, flung away their weapons, and, falling upon their knees, begged him to bless them.

That the physiognomy was full of individuality as well as full of charm, we cannot doubt. The face, once seen, was not

* Reginald, a contemporary monk of St. Augustine's Canterbury, wrote some rapturous verses on the subject. They are in MS. at the British Museum.

to be forgotten. Hence the wisdom of the device concerted prior to his departure from Rome some six months after the end of his summer's sojourn at Schiavi. If William of Malmesbury may be believed—for at this part of the story Eadmer, our usual guide, is curiously silent—the antipope sent an artist to Rome to paint Anselm's portrait on a board; the said portrait, as I understand the story, being then passed on for inspection from halting-place to halting-place along the route which it was supposed the fugitive—for fugitive he was—would take on leaving the Eternal City; in order that, thus recognized under whatever disguise—"quocunque se habitu effigiet"—he might be seized and kept in custody.

Inspiring, therefore, as was the Schiavi statue, and suggestive as I felt sure it was of the build and figure of the man, I could but hope sooner or later to find, not indeed the antipope's painted board, but something nearly, if not quite, as ancient; something that should justify the value I had set on the Schiavi statue as confirmation and supplement of those slight verbal descriptions of St. Anselm which one or two of his contemporaries have handed down to us.

What I sought was unexpectedly found. I had some years previously asked the curator of the Public Library at Rouen if he had a portrait of St. Anselm among his treasures, and had received, not only a negative reply, but a sufficiently broad hint that in hunting for the portrait of "*un vieux moine*" I was amusing myself with a wild-goose chase. Undaunted by the rebuff, I made a fresh attempt some few months after my happy day at Schiavi, and found the "*vieux moine*" arrayed in full pontificals and seated on a cathedra, with a cowled attendant on either side of him, one holding a missal, the other a "canon missæ." The group form a very delicately executed miniature enclosed, as in a frame, in the circle of an initial "Q," the first letter of the Monologion.* The manuscript now, at Rouen was once at Jumièges, and was executed in the eleventh century; and there are literary peculiarities of text about this copy of the Monologion which prove it to be derived from what we should nowadays call an early edition. The tail of the Q is a winged but quiescent dragon—meant, it may be, for Roscelin or his heresy—which lies prone beneath the buskined feet of "Anselm," as the seated celebrant—no mention made of "Abbot"—styles himself.† The saint's feet rest on the head

* The press-mark of this volume in the Rouen Library is A-366.

† This is very remarkable. See what he himself says on the subject in a letter to Archbishop Hugh of Lyons. Ep. ii. 11 (Migne, clviii. 1160 c).

of the monster. The figures of the two attendants are on a reduced scale; and they have faces, such as all of us have seen, which are unlovely enough to be portraits. The colors of the miniature are conventional and are admirably blended; but it is the execution of the line-drawing which claims the entire admiration of the beholder. Nothing finer, firmer, or more full of life and feeling, could be desired than the birds' heads and talons which terminate the supporting framework of the cathedra; whilst every fold of alb, dalmatic, and chasuble is rendered with a delicacy and a decision which are simply enchanting. Absolutely delightful is the way in which the sleeve of the alb clasps the right wrist—the hand is uplifted as in the act of blessing—as is that in which the dalmatic drops from the forearm. The folds of the chasuble so fall as to betray with unmistakable fidelity the sparseness of the princely figure, as well as the long neck and drooping shoulders which I have mentioned as characteristic of the likeness at Schiavi. The splendidly white hands are slight and sensitive, but very firm; and are chiselled to an absolute grace of compact and harmonious modelling. But the character which the artist has revealed in that perfect hand is to me not more worshipful than the intellectual sovereignty which informs the head of the figure. I confess that, to understand the portrait, I have in one respect, but only in one, to make allowance for the limitations of artistic skill in dealing with such a physiognomy as we know St. Anselm's to have been. The sensitive mouth has baffled the limner; but, save for that exception—nay, because of it—the more intently we study the miniature, the more intimate does the conviction become that it is no fancy sketch. The eyes, which with their cast of abstract speculation seem to be looking at us from the page, recall to us at the first glance all that William of Malmesbury tells us* of their fascination and fire; whilst the complex and yet harmonious characterization of the snowy hair, of the towering, domelike skull, of the line of thought on the brow, of the hectic glow on either cheek, of the stately neck and tall but slightly modelled frame, convinces us that we are inspecting not merely a conscientiously executed portrait, but a speaking likeness of the philosopher, statesman, saint, in whom were exquisitely blended qualities the most worthy of the admiration, the reverence, and the gratitude of mankind.

* See *Gesta Pontificum* (Rolls edition), p. 122.



BURGOS: THE CITY OF THE CID.

BY E. C. VANSITTART.

IN these days of modern civilization and travel there are but few countries left in Western Europe where old-world garb can yet be found. Spain is one of them, for it seems to possess to a wonderful degree the power of standing still in the midst of the great river of time. The traveller must be prepared for utterly novel experiences throughout the country, but it is at Burgos that he will realize how far behind modern ideas the peninsula is. There old customs, habits, superstitions, and traditions reign unchanged—the very buildings seem unaltered; if we were settled in this ancient, slumbering city, we too should lose all count of time, for it is essentially a relict of the middle ages.

Never can I forget my first impression of Burgos, as seen on a brilliant morning towards the end of March. We had arrived the night before, and owing to the lateness of the hour had put up at the *Fonda del Norte*, the nearest inn. We were prepared for much discomfort on account of the bad re-

port previously given us of its accommodation, but were agreeably surprised at finding a quaint, old Spanish house, with broad wooden staircase and labyrinthine passages; the rooms small indeed, but offering all the necessities, if not the luxuries, of life. The owners were most civil and obliging, everything was scrupulously clean, the food very good, though not exactly first rate when judged by our English standard of taste. Through the long hours of the night the watchman's cry had sounded in the silence like a plaintive wail: "*Ave Maria! Purissima! son las once! Sereno!*" etc., and the deep cathedral bells struck the passing hours.

The next morning we strolled out and took a general view of the place, and found it a lonely, wind-swept, bleak old town, stretching along the banks of a dry water-course, once the flowing Arlanzón; tall poplars guarded the river-bed, their leaves shivering in the bitter east wind, which blew across the wide, treeless plain in which the town stands. So keen was the air that Siberia might have envied its power of discovering all the weak points of the muffings worn by the inhabitants as they faced the icy blast. As one wandered through the narrow, silent streets, or under the arcades, and looked up at the strange houses with their carved doorways, wrought-iron balconies, and swinging lanterns, one felt as if one had gone back five centuries. Women veiled in long, black *mantas* glided in and out of the churches; men wrapped in their *capas* or wide cloaks, so suggestive of the old Roman toga, and with gay silk kerchiefs round their heads, stepped about in a lordly manner; the very beggars might be *hidalgos* in disguise. Files of mules, with gaudy trappings and jangling bells, came clattering round the corners; country-women in bright yellow flannel skirts and red bodices passed by with baskets of fruit and vegetables poised on their heads; public letter-writers sat under gigantic green umbrellas in the Plaza; priests in enormous shovel hats crept about like phantoms—all together forming a mass of gay color, strangely contrasting with the sombre streets and gray houses which met the eye on every side and made a fit setting to the brilliant scenes. Beggars in picturesque rags swarm around in perfect armies, waylaying one at all sorts of unexpected corners, pulling one's clothes, clutching one's arm, using terrifying gestures, accompanied by fierce scowls. The only way to get rid of them is to say courteously, "Excuse me, my brother," or my sister, as the case may be; this acts instantaneously like a talisman with adults, but fails to rid one of the importunate boys, who hoot, scream, and dance round

the unfortunate stranger like so many fiends, making themselves objectionable in every possible manner.

Whenever we asked the way, the crowd volunteered to accompany us, no one apparently having any business or duties to attend to, in this desolate town where time seemed of no account to its inhabitants. In our wanderings we came to the splendid Gothic gateway of Santa Maria, leading on to a bridge covered with castellated ornaments and statues of former grandees of Burgos, each in its own square niche.

Memories of the Cid, "the child of Burgos," haunt one at every step. Of his house nothing now remains but a bit of



'FILES OF MULES WITH GAUDY TRAPPINGS AND JANGLING BELLS COME CLATTERING ROUND THE CORNERS.'

marble pavement and three carved stone shields. It was to Burgos that his body was carried back from far-off Valencia, on his gallant war-horse Baviaca, to be laid to rest in the Church of San Pedro de Cardeña, five miles outside the town, where his tomb and that of his faithful wife, Ximena, are shown. Recumbent statues adorn it; the figures are in fair preservation—that of the Cid clad in coat-of-mail, the brave right hand grasping a sword—but their bones have been removed to a glass case in one of the halls of the *Ayuntamiento*, where they may be seen in perfect



"THE MOST PERFECT GOTHIC STRUCTURE IN SPAIN."

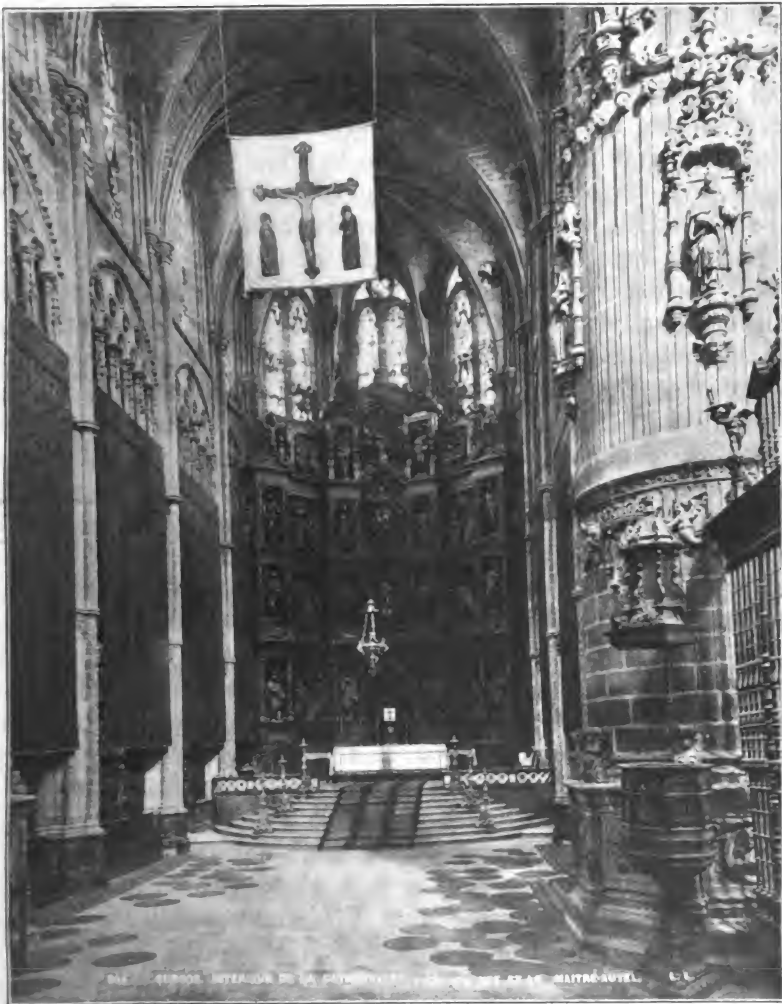
preservation by the curious and credulous, for modern authorities deny that the Cid was ever buried at Burgos. In the same museum stands his brazier, and a wooden throne, nine hundred years old, used by him and his ancestors when they administered justice in the town.

Much has been said and written about the Cathedral of Burgos, the most perfect Gothic structure in Spain, dating from the fifteenth century, but real justice can never be done to its beauties. The external effect is considerably marred, as the building is shut in by wretched, squalid houses; nothing,

however, can spoil its two beautiful spires, shooting up three hundred feet into the clear air, with their delicate outlines, exquisite pinnacles, and lace-like carving standing out against the blue sky. Inside it is grand with its fourteen chapels, each the size of an ordinary church, each richer than the other in splendid bas-reliefs, and the tombs or monuments of some king, prince, or bishop; perhaps the finest of all is the "Condestable," belonging to the Dukes of Frias, hereditary constables of Spain, adorned by a beautiful sculpture of the fourteenth century.

The light throughout is dim and many-hued as it struggles through the magnificent rose windows. Before the high altar Edward I. of England kept his knightly vigil, as did also St. Ferdinand, while over it hangs the banner taken by the Black Prince from Henry of Trastamare at the battle of Najara in 1367, when he was assisting Peter the Cruel of Castile to recover his throne, usurped by Henry at the instigation of France. The choir stalls are exquisitely carved in oak, now black with age, and are only excelled by the door leading into the cloisters—a marvel of carving, representing purgatory—over which is a stone head, the reputed portrait of St. Francis. The sacristy possesses various treasures; among them may be mentioned a Magdalene, a masterpiece of painting, by an unknown artist, in the style of Leonardo da Vinci. Such mingled love, rapture, and anguish as is expressed in that upturned face has surely seldom been better rendered by a painter's brush. There is also a beautiful small crucifix, formerly always carried in war, and credited with wondrous powers of self-navigation. The celebrated chest which the Cid, in time of dire poverty, filled with stones to simulate weighty treasure, and thereby was enabled to raise a loan of eight hundred marks, to prosecute his war, and to return triumphant, hangs against the wall of the Sala Capitular. While we were in the cathedral a crowd of priests in gorgeous vestments filed out of the choir in procession amidst clouds of incense, bearing crosses and banners and chanting solemnly. Suddenly the music changed, and the clear, plaintive, thrilling tones of boys' voices broke into a psalm, whose alternate verses were taken up by the deep tones of the assembled clergy, mingled with those of the congregation of black-veiled women, the echoes lingering long under those vast arches.

There are two interesting monasteries outside Burgos, both well worth a visit. One—the Cartuja de Miraflores—is reached



"BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR EDWARD I. OF ENGLAND KEPT HIS KNIGHTLY VIGIL."

after a drive of five miles through the bleakest, dreariest country imaginable. As our antiquated carriage lumbered on, drawn by a couple of strong mules with marvellous yellow trappings, the monotony became oppressive; long lines of poplars alone broke the sameness, not a dwelling did we pass on our way, and only one human being—a shepherd muffled up to the eyes in a ragged brown cloak, looking more like a satyr than a fellow-creature, as he watched his flock of long-coated sheep and goats. Yet, with all its lonely dulness, there was a certain charm in that mournful plain, and the air, though piercingly

cold, was laden with the scent of rosemary and thyme, which scantily clothe the slopes of the surrounding chalk hills. At last we reached the ancient monastery, formerly one of the most populated in Spain, but now the refuge of three monks, the miserable remnant of its departed community, a picture of desolation and neglect, the wind howling weirdly through the long-deserted cloisters and grass-grown courts. The church, once rich and beautiful, now stands cold and bare, with its magnificent royal tombs and effigies of Carrara marble.

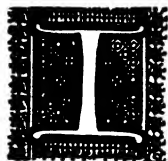
On the other side of the town is Las Huelgas, the home of another equally famous community. Here twenty-six nuns still remain, and the former life seems to linger round. Its foundation dates from the twelfth century. The church is half Moorish, half Byzantine; the choir, hung with very ancient tapestries, encloses the tombs of thirty-one kings, not to mention queens and infantas. No visitor other than a bishop is allowed to enter its precincts, so the ordinary traveller must be satisfied with a distant view of the tombs through the iron grating which separates the choir from the body of the church.

Near Las Huelgas is another convent of strictly cloistered nuns. After some conversation through a kind of barrel with an invisible sister, a key was slipped out, by means of which we were able to let ourselves in at the convent gate, and a lay sister led us to the church, where, through a double grating, we saw the famous banner taken from the Moors, A. D. 1212. It is in a state of entire preservation, and of wonderful workmanship. The centre is an intricate mosaic design of small bits of silk and velvet. The border is formed of Arabic characters in gold embroidery, declaring that Mahomet is Allah's prophet, and other sentences from the Koran.

We leave this city of the past, where, wrapt in the remembrance of his ancestors' glorious deeds, the modern citizen sees no cause to alter the monotony of his life; he stands enveloped in the traditional cloak of a Spanish grandee, metaphorically, as actually, too proud to work, not ashamed to beg! He even allows the handiwork of former generations to fall into ruin, so that these noble buildings, now comparatively perfect, will in a few years' time have become mere shells for lack of care and attention, and Burgos itself will be but a memory of bygone days.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE AND THE IRISH-AMERICANS.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



WAS tempted to call the alliance proposed by certain persons between England and America "the Chamberlain-American Alliance"; but stating this thought will answer the purpose of such a heading. I take the subject up as a parable, now that the Local Government Bill for Ireland has passed the lower House.* The eventualities before it in the House of Lords may be lightly dismissed—we take it as the first-fruit of the imperial policy which Mr. Chamberlain promised would do more for Ireland than Mr. Gladstone's Home-Rule Parliament. In connection with the proposed alliance and with regard to the attitude of Irish-Americans concerning it, the memory of Mr. Chamberlain's plot to overthrow Mr. Gladstone must be rejuvenated; and of his breaking loose from the alliance with Mr. Parnell, to which he had voluntarily and officiously bound himself.

THE KILMAINHAM TREATY.

This latter branch of the charge of treachery may need explanation. I am not in a position to say there was a reciprocal treaty between him and Mr. Parnell, but there was a great deal more of the relations of formal alliance than could be found in what the Tories used to call the Kilmainham Treaty. On no other supposition could Mr. Chamberlain have gone to Mr. Parnell to request his support in an attack on the leadership of Mr. Gladstone. It was one of those expedients of dark craft we read of in the court-history of Russia. Mr. Chamberlain, like an impatient czarovitch, was anxious to come to the empire. He spoke to the Irish leader on the question of dethroning the chief, and as a bribe such a measure of Home Rule as the first himself might choose to frame. Mr. Parnell refused support to this treason within the household. Mr. Chamberlain then asked letters from him to men in Ireland vouching for himself and Sir Charles Dilke, who with the seal

* July 20.

of such letters on their mission would make a political campaign in that country. Such letters Mr. Parnell declined to give. I am not greatly concerned about the rehabilitation of Mr. Parnell's political reputation, but I think those Nonconformists and Mr. Price-Hughes, who were so anxious to push Home Rule to the side, ought to have recollected how much the Irish majority had done in giving up to their scruples the great and unhappy dead.

Assuming now that Mr. Chamberlain considered that an alliance with Mr. Parnell was the method to advance the reforms needed in England, but that the termination of the Castle rule and the suppression of the Irish bureaux were the conditions precedent to the reforms in England, he was bound in honor and conscience to adhere to such an alliance. It may have been a unilateral treaty; but the plain fact is, Mr. Chamberlain identified himself with the Parnell policy long before Mr. Gladstone took it up, and with an intensity of language far beyond anything ever expressed by the latter. It is unmeaning to say in such a case Mr. Parnell joined the Tories, and consequently Mr. Chamberlain was free to oppose his policy. It mistakes the reason of existence of the Irish party to regard it as one competent to enter into anything more than an alliance terminable at will; but it is surely the interest of that party to adhere to the side which espouses its views. The option to determine the alliance at will is the means by which fidelity to it may be enforced against the big ally, Radical or Tory. Now, it is clear as light that, although independence of English parties was the theory of the Irish representation, circumstances established an alliance with the Liberals which Mr. Chamberlain, playing the rôle of Radical leader, made a veritable and binding one on himself. To this he had bound himself in honor and conscience.

HONOR AND CONSCIENCE SHOULD RULE IN PUBLIC LIFE.

In public life these rule, or are supposed to rule, men's proceedings. I assume the reality and not the supposition of the governing motive. It is at least respectful to think the dictates of honor and conscience have weight with the right honorable gentleman; I therefore will not argue the question of his dealing with the Irish policy as if he had them not. If the standard of political morality be low in any country, still a person highly placed or aiming at high place is not excused if he breaks his word, violates a trust, bribes, betrays, enriches

himself at the public expense, fills the public service with his relatives and creatures in disregard of fitness. There is a limit to the delinquencies a public man may commit with impunity in England or in Italy. A revolutionary minister in Italy will not escape criticism because, being charged with high responsibilities, it is implied that he deserves to be greatly trusted. Now, it is known that English politicians are the pharisees of public life—they are not, like the rest of men, dipping in the purse of nations; not as that poor Italian there, not even as the transatlantic cousin; consequently they are to be tried by the standard of their own pretence, which in words is that of public decency and justice. Judged by decency and justice, such as those which animate respectable and honorable men or such as come trippingly to the tongue of those who seek to be thought respectable and honorable, Mr. Chamberlain's secession from Mr. Gladstone on account of his Irish policy was a transparent hypocrisy, his revolt from his own policy concerning Ireland was the meanest abandonment of principle connected with that unhappy country one can remember, his union with the strong and determined enemies of the masses of the people was the worst betrayal of party since Strafford joined the court against his former friends. It must not for a moment be supposed I compare him in ability or even in honesty with Strafford. The great renegade of the seventeenth century opposed himself to a vast array of influences backed by the hopes and passions of the people; in this he almost succeeded, despite the fettering cowardice of the cold and faithless master whom he served, but Mr. Chamberlain has left behind him only the fame of wrecking a government and delaying measures of popular reform.

TRUE ALONE TO HIS OWN AMBITIONS.

In recalling his action when Mr. Gladstone made Home Rule the cardinal measure of the Liberal Party and watching him since, one is amazed at the facility with which he played on the passions and prejudices of the working-classes. He came to the selfishness of the upper classes as a providential ally. In his desertion of the Radical party, the Nonconformists must have seen their hopes of equality with Churchmen postponed, while the landed gentry and the clergy could look for another term to the oft-threatened life of the Establishment. This was the result, and nothing could be more dishonest when confronted with the history of his public life.

The late Mr. Bright from time to time said bitter things about the parson and the squire, but in his strongest words he never reached the acrimonious malice of Mr. Chamberlain. Paley's pigeon would be recalled by Mr. Chamberlain's onslaughts on the aristocracy, but a deeper power was in the purpose of the latter with his cheering masses of working-men to treasure the pregnant hints scattered amid the flashes of his rhetoric. When he bent over the hands of duchesses and their daughters he forgot they toiled not, neither did they spin. He spoke no more the doctrine of ransom when hobnobbing with hereditary legislators—all was sent off to the limbo of forgotten pledges of reform.

DUPING THE WORKING-CLASSES.

That Mr. Chamberlain was worthy of the Liberal Unionists he led is clear, that no one ought to pity the wretched Irish landlords he duped is equally clear; but one regrets he should have succeeded in throwing dust in the eyes of the English working-men notwithstanding the proofs they had of Mr. Gladstone's devotion to their political and personal interests. It arose in this way: Mr. Gladstone, in introducing the Home-Rule Bill of 1886, announced his intention of bringing in with it a measure to enable the tenants to purchase the fee-simple of their holdings on terms similar to those contained in the Purchase Clauses of the Land Acts of 1870 and 1881 and the clauses of the Church Act of 1869. For this purpose he would require £50,000,000. I do not know of anything more unprincipled than the way Mr. Chamberlain and his allies handled this part of the scheme. First, £150,000,000 would be required; second, Mr. Gladstone was making a present of this immense amount of money to the Irish landlords, whom the Irish members spent their lives in denouncing and who were regarded by the Irish people very much as Indians do a man-eating tiger. I have hardly patience to go on with the story of this infamous jugglery, but there are important considerations for Irishmen and Americans which render it imperative for me to proceed. It must be recollected Mr. Gladstone announced that £50,000,000 would be sufficient, because by the time any more should be wanted a large part of the £50,000,000 would have been paid in and so on. The effect would be that the annual instalments payable became a revolving fund to meet all cases of purchase that might arise. Now, it did not follow that all landlords would sell; Mr. Gladstone thought only the hopelessly en-

cumbered ones would. Moreover, it was not a scheme of compulsory expropriation, so that as a matter of fact transactions between landlords and tenants would have to wait for completion until the recurring instalments would afford a fund. It imposed no risk at all upon the British taxpayer; yet upon this imaginary danger, evoked by the lurid eloquence of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Gladstone after his bill was defeated in the House was again defeated at the polls.

COERCING THE IRISH.

It was necessary to offer an alternative policy; so there came the promise of a Local Government Bill and the reality of a coercion act. The reader will remember that under it the majority of Irish members of Parliament served a term in prison, that the lord mayor of Dublin and some provincial mayors did so, that aldermen and town councillors by the score suffered in like manner, that hardly a newspaper proprietor or editor, except a Unionist, escaped a similar sentence, and that for the crowds of lesser notabilities the very numerous prisons with which Ireland is supplied as liberally as with barracks and poor-houses were almost inadequate. But the shameless pretence concerning the £50,000,000 surpasses belief. The Unionist government in 1886, and again that it is in power, has expended or appropriated that amount on schemes substantially identical with the rejected land-purchase proposal of Mr. Gladstone. It was well known that Irish tenants would make any sacrifice to pay the instalments of purchase-money. The present government now acts upon that knowledge, and acted on it when the measures known as the Ashbourne Purchase Acts were passed. Almost all the great Irish proprietors have sold out under their advances. It has enabled men like the Duke of Abercorn to invest the proceeds of the sale of their Irish estates in the South African Chartered Company, to employ in coercing the black "niggers" of that region the money of the white "niggers" of Ireland, to use the spoils of Irish serfs to raid the territory of freemen at the distance of two continents. So sure is the payment of instalments that Mr. Goschen and other friends of Mr. Chamberlain and enemies of Ireland bear their testimony. Mr. Justice Ross, who owes his seat on the bench to his strenuous zeal in the cause of the landlords, is ready to accept any offer of tenants, however extravagant. He knows that the self-denial of a tenant will accomplish anything in order to acquire the fee-simple of his holding. With an un-

scrupulous indifference to the security of the Treasury, he will accept a bid vastly in excess of the value of the land; and this he does for the benefit of landlords. Yet he and a host of others, in unison with Mr. Chamberlain, shrieked their chorus that Mr. Gladstone was robbing the British ratepayers for the benefit of that very class.

IN TOUCH WITH INTRANSIGENTS.

We may dismiss the small fry of Toryism and Liberal Unionism; for Mr. Chamberlain as a revolutionary radical in touch with the intransigents and nihilists, the communists of France, the anarchists of Germany, and the assassins of Italy, was the influence which precipitated on the English masses the effective forces of jealousy, prejudice, and fear. Wherever a stigma could rest on the people of Ireland because of their strong Catholicity, Mr. Chamberlain affixed it when appealing to what, in the highly figurative language of this age of shams, is called the Nonconformist conscience. With a face shameless as Agamemnon's in the estimate of Achilles, he called for protection of the loyal minority, though year after year no man incited as he had done the fiercest passions of Irish tenants against those whose oppressions made them children of death. He carried the masses with him in England. Mercy went down before the strength of revived racial and religious hate. Justice was banished as at other junctures when the masses were roused to fury, as in the cataclysm of the Popish Plot, or the insensate folly of the Gordon riots, and for awhile it became dangerous for an Irish laborer to work upon a farm, a factory-hand to be seen at his employment. To a length like this the Tories could have never led the people against the policy of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Chamberlain did so because he had been so long identified with their cause against the Tories. Nothing more sinister has happened since the great men of England succeeded in releasing the landed interest from its primary obligation of national defence and casting it upon the industry of commercial activity and the bread of industry.

LANDLORDISM A RECURRENT EVIL.

To make this clear I call attention to Mr. Gladstone's object in proposing a purchase bill with the Home-Rule bill. One difficulty which might most seriously confront the new legislature was that of Irish landlordism. It had ramifications in England extending into every nook and crevice of society and twining

themselves about the throne. A collision with it might spell disaster. In Ireland it was a power interwoven with the legal, judicial, and executive system so absolutely that the law thought as the landlords, the bench translated the thought into decrees and judgments and sentences, which the government carried out by hanging, imprisonment, or confiscation. This extraordinary social influence was old as the connection and the source of every evil. All the wars since the first adventurers landed in 1169 arose out of land-hunger. Wave after wave of invasion swept in upon the island so near the armed Lackland* of England. In time Anglo-Irish settlements began to enjoy in the Pale and in Palatine jurisdictions elsewhere sufficient security for a more or less successful development of the arts of peace; but newcomers drove such old English out into the Irish countries, and these in their turn pushed the natives upon the lands of other tribes. This is the beginning of the Irish land question, a problem which only grew in complication with each succeeding age, until we find in the last century the whole island three times confiscated, and parts so often confiscated that there is nothing resembling that shifting of possession save the incursive settlements of roaming Indian tribes in North America two centuries ago. To take this matter out of the way of a young parliament was a thought as generous as it was wise. It was worthy of the great heart that conceived it, but the men who stood against it honestly have done irreparable injury to Ireland and the empire, while those who corruptly stood against it ought to be looked upon in England as public enemies, in Ireland and America as enemies of the human race, and of these the most mischievous is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

DEFERRED PROMISES.

It is twelve years since he promised a Local Government Bill that would be more valuable than Mr. Gladstone's measure of Home Rule. Twelve years of trial and suffering have passed, but the promise is only on the road to be redeemed. It is in this stage after the expenditure of £50,000,000 in land purchase, several millions on congested districts, light railways, and a bribe of £16,000,000 to the landlords to let the Local Government Bill pass.† In addition the agonies of that land-

* Lackland the Norman Sansterre.

† Capitalized value of the grant of their share of poor-rate, estimated by themselves. This concession ought to be withdrawn by the next Parliament.

war which turned the country into a region traversed by hostile forces, when ambulance wagons for evicted persons dying of fever or hunger went as a necessary part of the train, or for the conveyance of such desperate men and women as in their madness flung themselves with naked, bleeding hands against the bayonets and volleys of soldiery and police. This is not a light-hearted recollection; and to Mr. Chamberlain it is mostly due, as are all those years of governmental terrorism under Mr. Balfour which in the violence of departure from constitutional forms recalls the court-martial system of rule so often disturbing the peace of India, and the exercise of which in Jamaica so alarmed the conscience of the British people that nothing save a bill of indictment against a governor could satisfy it. During that delay a million of the people have gone; and we still, thanks to a few fools or traitors among the Irish representatives, can see no prospect of a better era.

THE UNDYING HATRED OF CHAMBERLAIN.

There is one thing we may reckon on—the undying hatred of Mr. Chamberlain. It is the duty of Irish-Americans to make his influence a mockery in their country, to oppose with un-sleeping vigilance any power or authority that favors him, so that, disappointed and disgraced by failure, he may retire from the sphere of an influence only exercised to gratify his vanity, his ambition, his resentment. In looking at him dispassionately they still find him the betrayer of the Liberal party, the follower who tried to supplant his old chief, the intriguer now endeavoring to ruin the reputation of his present chief. Honest men will have no difficulty in judging the credit to be attached to any policy he starts, for one must eliminate from it every moral element by which a policy is made practicable. In society there are essential principles by which its cohesion is maintained, in international politics there are universal laws of right and justice which support intercourse. In this we are all agreed, but if a minister in private life has destroyed, as far as he could, the elements which hold together the state of which he is a member, and in public life trampled on the law of nations in a sense where it is the law of enlightened humanity, it becomes the duty of every one to treat him as beyond the pale of social and international courtesy.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

Such a man is Mr. Chamberlain. His proceedings to entrap

America and Germany into alliances have been characterized by one British statesman as "touling," by another as "begging." I am not so discourteous as his own countrymen, but I ask where is the advantage to America to spring from such an alliance? I have spoken of the subject with reference to Mr. Chamberlain; I shall discuss it in the abstract and show, if space permits, that such an alliance is based on the suggestion of an immoral compact, and is intended for the promotion of a wicked policy, the main advantage of which would be found to rest with England. The idea started is that the United States will give to England the part of the Philippines they do not mean to retain; and the justification for this is the Pecksniffian one that "British civilization and British rule will be for the benefit of the islanders." * It is hard to avoid reference to other islanders who have had a long experience of that rule and civilization. We are informed in this publication, which is sometimes favored with the lucubrations of Mr. Chamberlain, and never without glosses on his high policy by faithful hands, that "if it is any advantage to England to own a new Asiatic possession she can probably add to the empire without much trouble." This bid for an alliance in pursuance of Mr. Chamberlain's aims is audacious in its candor. It is made at the very moment the "touling" of the right honorable gentleman has become the subject of dignified and regretful criticism on the part of English public men and the raillery of the Continental press. The honor of the Radical section of the Liberal party is saved. It was that section which stood by America in the Civil War when the ruling and moneyed classes were equipping privateers to prey upon her commerce and trying to compel a recognition of the independence of the Confederacy.

DEEP-SEATED BRITISH ANTIPATHY TO AMERICA.

The same classes had no better name to describe Mr. Gladstone's agreement to refer the Alabama claims to arbitration than "surrender." This cannot be called ancient history, like letting loose Indians on the colonists, or like the War of 1812 to maintain a right to impress American seamen; but such points are properly borne in mind when, mingled with the nauseating gush of cousinship, comes the insolent attack of Mr. Chamberlain on the Irish defenders of America. How real this love let the Venezuela business prove, when, only a few

* *National Review*, June.

months ago, bitter invective on the platform, unscrupulous tirade in the press, rejoiced every Jingo heart. But even amid the notes of mutual admiration between the Anglomaniacs of America and their cosenous cousins of England ugly voices were heard. The ridicule which greets Americans in England, the imitation of American manners and accent upon which every young Englishman and Englishwoman of mimetic talents make it their business to enter for the amusement of the rest, the thinly veiled sneers with which Americans are listened to when speaking of the resources and institutions of their country, the libels on American life, conversation, and tone of thought published under the thousand and one titles of "Rambles," "Trips," "Tours," "Runs," "Fortnights," and so on, to inform the "intelligence" of England of the ways of Americans at home—all these matters should be digested before the Chamberlain alliance is attempted to be swallowed. The amount of prejudice, insolence, and lying which up to a very recent date was to be found in such effusions passes belief. Nor does it appear that the hospitality of Americans weighed one feather with those scribes who, like Dickens, used the opportunity so afforded as a voucher for the fidelity of the portraiture.

In the very heat of the Chamberlain fervor the *St. James's Gazette*, the organ of high Toryism of the mailed fist kind, wrote about the twaddle written and spouted by those shameless pretenders to disinterested love for the United States the following sweet and tender truths: "There is a great deal of billing and cooing among emotional Anglo-Saxons at present. In the United States there is a certain amount of gush, probably as sincere as the hysterical emotion excited by Bryan's flashy 'cross of gold' metaphor. Here there are always people who gush when America is concerned, but these waves of emotion come and go. Deep-rooted feelings of dislike and substantial interests don't." This leaves hardly anything to be demanded on the score of brutal John Bull impudence. The deep-rooted feelings of dislike have asserted themselves since the first moment of American freedom whenever a check, a humiliation, or a danger to American interests or policy was witnessed or threatened. Even in the congratulations so basely showered on the reverses of Spain there was a note of complacency sounded over the difficulty experienced in moving the American troops and landing them in Cuba. In connection with Canada that war had a peculiar interest both for the Dominion and the mother country. We are told that the military authorities of the

colony—doubtless acting under the inspiration of the colonial secretary who sees in this business something of a field for the talents which he deems will have full scope when Lord Salisbury goes,—we are told the authorities of the Dominion have carefully watched the efforts required to place the American army before the enemy. Now, if there be such love between the kindred peoples as Mr. Chamberlain and his echoes declare, why should such careful observation have been made by the Dominion military authorities unless they had some fears? and why should they announce to the Home Government—that is, to Mr. Chamberlain—that they had no longer need to fear an invasion by their neighbors at the south unless their careful observation of the difficulty in moving the American troops had reassured them? It all seems hollow as a soap-bubble, but for the sake of the most important interests of Ireland and America we wish to do our poor part in breaking the bubble; nay more, for the truest interests of the British Empire involved in them.

THE POSSIBILITIES IN AN ANGLO-AMERICAN CONFLICT.

To resume: Englishmen and Canadians have gloated over the length of time it took the American government to prepare a force of five thousand men to hold a base of supplies in Cuba. It has not been considered how far Mr. McKinley's policy may have been a drag-chain on the mobilization of the army; but there is one thing which has been considered, namely, that "Great Britain could send troops from England, Malta, Gibraltar, the West Indies, and India—picked troops, remember, who know what fighting means, and not raw levies," before an American force of one hundred and twenty-five thousand could take the field. The clauses in inverted commas taken from our favorite Anglo-American authority, Mr. Low, is the finest specimen of the rhetoric called *rigmarole* we have read for many a day. Not a soldier could be spared from one of the countries named, except Malta perhaps, if a war should take place between the United States and England. At the mention of such a war India would spring to arms. Not one hour would Russia delay in sending intelligence to that country that the United States army was over the Canadian frontier. Then would come the hour to exact payment for every deed of robbery, oppression, lust, and murder since the first moment the infamous trading enterprise called the East India Company aimed at being an absolute power. The invasions which broke

their states in pieces and humbled their kings beneath the feet of common clerks and petty officers of the army would rush upon the memory of Indians, the humiliations offered to their priests, the plunder of their temples, the outrages on their creeds, the famines that desolated their territories and the pestilences which carried off millions more than the famines, would all and each be an irresistible call to war to every one of them, whatever his descent and before whatever shrine he knelt. I need not go on; the folly of the supposition can be realized when one remembers a standing army must be maintained in Ireland, and that Irishmen marching to Canada under the American flag would not be the same as when trying to get there by dodging the authorities, military and civil, of the United States.

These considerations have been forced upon me by Mr. Chamberlain and his satellites. The desire for friendship with the United States has not begun with them. They are the centre of the gangs of Jingoism, they are the stormy petrels of the army and navy and the clubs for ever crying out for a war, an increased expenditure on the navy, and for expansion of the empire. It is believed that henceforth America must become a great naval power; so England, or Mr. Chamberlain, wants her assistance in the East against Russia, as he or England needs that of Germany in Europe. But he and his fellow-Jingos were of the kind that plotted, or whose "predecessors in title" plotted, the ruin of the Republic when the South seceded. It did not matter that the landed Tories and the moneyed Whigs would have secured the existence of a great slave power by such a policy. Cotton for Manchester, no rivalry of Northern factories, vast banking transactions for London, were more than a compensation for that political iniquity. If anything else were required as a salve to conscience, fresh missionaries and moral pocket-handkerchiefs could be sent to Central Africa.

THE CHINESE TRADE AN IMPORTANT FACTOR.

We shall conclude by mentioning another advantage to America from the proposed alliance; namely, that of securing England in the extension, if not the monopoly, of the Chinese trade. There is a fear in England that Russia will control the entire trade in the far East. It is believed by good judges that that need not have arisen, that there is room for Russia and England, but the jealousy of the latter country has the

kind of acuteness we observe in individuals who, having been permitted to enjoy a privilege, ultimately begin to think that they possessed it as of right, or at least that they now hold it as of right. The following figures are instructive on the question of the alliance with the United States against Russia, and to some extent with regard to that desired with Germany against France :

Cotton to China (including Hong Kong and Macao),
entered by the yard :

In the years	1887-91,	yards	2,706,147,	valued at	£27,910,000
" " "	1892-96,	"	2,359,238,	" "	£22,526,000

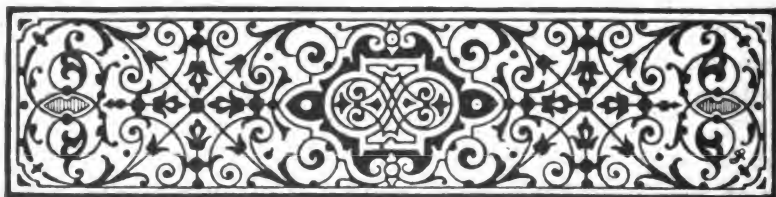
Again: Total value of export to China (including Hong Kong and Macao):

1887,	£8,706,000
1896,	£8,540,000

In 1866 there were only fourteen ports in China open to foreign trade; there are now thirty. Of these ten have been added since 1887, and besides the latter there are three others newly opened in the kingdom of Corea. The past year's statistics show a decrease of 97,600,000 yards of cotton, estimated at about nine and a half million taels, equal to \$5,950,000. That is to say, notwithstanding the immense opening to European trade since 1866, England is relatively losing ground in China, and has every reason to dread losing the Chinese trade altogether unless America can be induced to join in a policy of coercion.

It would have been easy to add to the figures given and to offer considerations showing that the decay of British trade in those lands is only a matter of a few years, unless England adopts a policy recognizing the rights of other nations to a share of what is going; and the right of the people of the far East to buy in the best and cheapest market, if they are to buy at all from foreigners. I do not deny that the outrage committed by France and England more than a quarter of a century ago upon China, when they bombarded her towns and plundered her palaces to compel her to abandon the system of almost absolute exclusion which had been one of her traditions, has been of great benefit to China and the world. British and other goods may now be landed at Chung-king, the great emporium in Sze-chuen, fifteen hundred miles from the sea.

The province itself, of which Chung-king is the mart, is of immense extent and limitless wealth, and by the opening of the great water-way it has been freed from the stagnation of cycles of Cathay. The same is true of other provinces, and is, no doubt, evidence of an advance in the civilization of the far East and must bring a reward to Western enterprise. But it was obtained by very questionable means. At any rate, it is clear a peculiar policy of coercion by which England would secure the trade with China against all rivals, and prevent native manufacturers from competing with her, is not the kind of action to be favored by the United States, to be supported by the United States, even though Mr. Chamberlain professes to hold an ascendant influence over the mind of America. We are at a loss to know on what basis this influence. It can hardly be on his marriage; but it is put forth as so great that at his behest the wishes of Irish-Americans are to be flung to the winds. However, to pull the chestnuts out of the fire in China is one of the advantages America is to obtain by the proposed alliance; and to me, indeed, the putting of it forward affords the clearest indication that the Secretary for the Colonies, notwithstanding debating talents of no common order, is incapable of forming a policy wider than the area of a borough, and unable to take the measure of relations and interests, difficulties and complications, larger than those which surround a scheme for lighting or paving a prosperous municipality in England.



AN ARCHBISHOP IN PERU :

MOST REV. MANUEL ANTONIO BANDINI.

BY A. DE LA TORRE BUENO.



HE passing away of Monseigneur Bandini, Archbishop of Lima, Peru, brings before us the vista of a very active, useful, and Christian life devoted to the service of Christ.

Monseigneur Bandini was a prelate of high mental attainments, a man possessed of a brilliant mind, of a kind and genial disposition, generous in the extreme, loving and loved by one and all, and a minister of Christ and his Holy Church in the fullest sense. He had the interests of Mother Church fully at heart. His whole life he devoted to the service of the church, to its advancement and welfare; nothing which lay in his power did he neglect doing if in any way it would be beneficial to the church or to his flock.

What changes have not occurred in the "Pearl of the Andes"—"la Perla de los Andes"—as Lima was styled, since its foundation in 1535 by the Spaniards! Not merely changes in the people, their habits and customs, but also in the church.

It seems as if with the advent of Monseigneur Bandini into the priesthood in 1842 the church received a new impetus. By his untiring efforts, combined with his bright mind, he has succeeded in placing the church on a better footing than it had been in years. Through his energy he infused new blood, and consequently new life, into the church. The needed repairs of the cathedral did not take ninety years to make, as it did take the Spaniards to build the church.

Lima was founded by Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, who personally laid the foundation stone on the 18th of January, 1535. He gave the city the name Ciudad de los Reyes—City of the Kings—because the site for its foundation was decided upon on the 6th of January, the day of the Epiphany.

The cathedral was erected, under the patronage of St. John the Evangelist, by bull of Pope Paul III., dated May 14, 1541, and published in Lima on the 17th of September, 1543.

The church is a magnificent temple of the Renaissance style. It is 162 yards wide and 150 long, has three naves and

a very pretty façade. The corner-stone was laid by Francisco Pizarro on the same day that the first stone for the foundation of Lima was laid, January 18, 1535. The construction of the building continued during ninety years. The delay was due to the earthquakes. The cost of the building was 594,000 pesos. It was consecrated on the 19th of October, 1625. In 1746 it was partly demolished by an earthquake, and was not again rebuilt till 1758. As it actually stands to-day, it has three large portals, each door opening into a nave, which runs the whole length of the church. These doors are of wood, very heavy, and beautifully carved by hand. The façade of the church looks like a piece of fine and delicate lace; this effect is due to the ornamentation and carvings which adorn it. Two tall steeples, one at each side of the main entrance, give the building an imposing appearance. In the left-hand spire is a large bell weighing thirty thousand pounds. This bell is tolled whenever an earthquake shakes the city. In the right-hand tower are placed two bells, both much smaller. The main altar is situated at the head of the centre nave; this nave is elevated, and is reached from the side by a flight of ten marble steps which run the whole length of the nave and on both sides of it. Beneath the main altar is a catacomb where for a long time reposed the remains of Francisco Pizarro, but since removed. Here the archbishops and canons are laid to rest. Sixteen handsome altars are placed along the sides of the cathedral facing the two side naves. In one of these altars or chapels the remains of Pizarro have been placed in a crystal casket, so that the curious may gaze upon the mummified body of the founder of Lima.

There is a magnificent organ, built in Belgium, in the cathedral, which was presented to the church by Archbishop Luna Pizarro. The cathedral can boast of some fine and rare works of art, principally some of the originals of the old masters. The Veronica by Murillo is one of the best known, though there are originals by some other Spanish masters.

All the churches in Peru are made from "adobe"—sunburnt bricks—and the façades and inside ornamentation are of stucco, which lends itself admirably for rich and beautiful decorative effects.

The figures of the saints which adorn the churches are still somewhat primitive, being nothing but a form on which actual vestments are placed. The heads are carved out of wood, and the lips, eyes, etc., are colored; the hair is natural, being sometimes the offering of some young girl or woman for a grace



VIEW OF LIMA FROM THE CATHEDRAL.

received. The vestments of the saints are rich in the extreme, being of silk and velvet adorned with fine lace, gold braids, gold and silver ornaments, and, in some cases, embroidered with real pearls and precious stones—as are the ones of the saints in the cathedral.

On feast days the inside walls of the churches are completely covered with rich velvet hangings fringed with gold braid. The churches are lighted entirely by vestas. Great chandeliers, some containing hundreds of candles, are suspended from the ceiling. It may seem strange to a New-Yorker to know that the doors of these churches, with all this wealth exposed to the public gaze, are never closed. The doors of the churches stand open day and night; no guardian protects these riches; no detective keeps watch, for such is the reverence of an entirely Catholic community that no man would think for an instant of entering a church with any other sentiment or feeling than one of devotion.

Among the different orders in Peru we find the Jesuit Fathers—who have been expelled from the country several times by the government—Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians, and some others.

The archbishop's palace, as it is called, is next to the cathedral. Both these buildings face the principal public square, "Plaza de Armas." This is a very pretty park. In its centre is situated a large fountain, while vases filled with plants of tropical beauty and marble statues help to make this one of the brightest spots in the city. The Government Palace and Municipality occupy two sides of the square, while the third is the dry-goods centre of the city.

Monseigneur Bandini's career was a very eventful one. During his life he not only occupied many and high clerical positions but he was also actively engaged in politics.

Born at Lima, Peru, eighty-one years ago, his father was Señor José Bandini, commander of the Spanish frigate *Reina de los Angeles*, a man highly educated and of a very good family. His mother was, before her marriage, Señora Manuela Manzueros y Capaz, daughter of one of the leading families of Arequipa, Peru.

In the year 1836 Monseigneur Bandini entered the University of San Marcos, the oldest university of the new world, having been founded in 1551 by royal charter. San Marcos was at one time as well the finest university of the new world, and competed favorably with centres of learning in Europe. The magnificent hall of this university is now occupied by the Chamber of Deputies. The ceilings of the main hall and other rooms of this building are noted for the handsome carved designs in hard woods which completely cover them.

Monseigneur Bandini encouraged the establishment in Peru of schools by American and French sisters, and as a result these schools are considered the best in the city.

The public schools of the city are in charge of the Society of Beneficence. In these schools, as well as in those under the fathers and sisters, religious teaching forms part of the curriculum.

After having completed his studies, in 1842, Monseigneur Bandini obtained a professorship in the University of San Marcos, a distinction conferred only on persons of great talent. In 1838, while still pursuing his studies at the university, he wrote a treatise on philosophy of such a high character and learning that, by decree of the national congress, a gold medal was awarded to him, and the degrees of licentiate, bachelor, and doctor of sacred theology were subsequently conferred upon him. In 1842 he was ordained by the archbishop, his Grace Fray Francisco Sales Arrieta. When but a young priest Archbishop Luna Pizarro, the successor of Mon-

seigneur Sales Arrieta, appointed him provisional curate of the parish of Huaura, a position which he held until 1845, when he obtained the curacy of the parish of San Lorenzo de Quintin, in the province of Huarochiri. After seven years,



EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

in 1852, he was transferred to the parish of Sayan, where, as in his former charges, he was also vicar.

As rector of the different parishes, Monseigneur Bandini not only devoted his time and energy to the spiritual but also to the corporal welfare of his flock. He opened credit and made arrangements with the different stores by which he could provide, at his own personal expense, the needy of his flock with the necessities of life.

Almost all the religious orders in Peru are monastic, having their private incomes from real property. The churches in Peru were at one time the centres of great riches, but in these latter years they have been rapidly losing their wealth and some of them to-day have incomes barely large enough to cover their expenses. This loss is partly due to the condition of the country and the depreciation in value of all real property, which is their chief source of wealth, and also to the confiscation by the government of some of the church property.

As the income of the churches has diminished, so also have the number of monasteries and convents decreased, a good many of them having to close their doors for lack of funds. It is a noteworthy fact that during Monseigneur Bandini's administration not one single edifice was closed, except the cathedral, and this only for the sake of making the necessary repairs. In fact, several of the buildings which had been forced to close their doors were reopened, some to continue their work, while two or three of the monasteries were converted into hospitals and placed under the charge of Sisters of Charity and other religious orders.

To a Peruvian entering a church in New York for the first time it is not only strange but also shocking to hear the sound of money in the sacred edifice and to have to pay for the privilege of occupying a seat. He has been accustomed to seeing churches open day and night; no usher or sexton, no locked or barred pews to confront him. The only sound of money ever heard in a Peruvian church is when some charitable person drops money in the box for the poor or for the relief of the sufferers in the public hospitals.

The church exercises a great and beneficial influence all through South America in the political government of the countries, and, contrary to the usage in the United States, the influence of the clergy is direct, as both prelates and laymen take an active part in the elections and often occupy high political positions.

Monseigneur Bandini distinguished himself in the political arena, having been for eight years—1843 to 1851—a delegate from the province of Chancay. During his term of office he gave entire satisfaction to his constituents, and never for a single moment forgot to work for the good of the church and the republic. Some of the grandest addresses heard in Congress were delivered by him. During the National Convention in 1855 he, who was one of the delegates, defended the rights and privileges of Mother Church with such vehemence and learning that he was successful in every issue.

After the death of Dr. Carlos de Orbea, Monseigneur Bandini was appointed by the archbishop vicar-general and judge of tithes. He was also made secretary of government, and in August, 1861, President Castilla made him "*Maestre Escuela*." In the year 1864 he was nominated by the President, General Pezet, for Bishop of Puno; and in the same year was appointed rector of the College of Santo Toribio by the archbishop, Monseigneur Goyeneche.

Monseigneur Bandini was member of a great number of commissions and committees. He was president of the committee appointed to collect funds for the victims of the earthquake in the South in 1869. This earthquake laid in ruins the greater part of the city of Arequipa, the second city in importance in Peru, and also, combined with a great tidal wave,



TYPES OF PERUVIAN BEAUTY.

washed ashore and wrecked the United States man-of-war *Waterlee*. Monseigneur Bandini was also president of the committee named to collect moneys for the purchase of a battleship, *Almirante Grau*, for the war with Chili.

During the presidency of General Prado Monseigneur Bandini was nominated for precentor and archdeacon; these charges he filled with great judgment and wisdom. Later, during the same administration, his name was brought before Congress as a candidate for the bishopric of Ayacucho, but, as he had already done on a previous occasion, he refused the nomination.

Monseigneur Orueta, desiring to revise the tariff of parochial charges, placed Monseigneur Bandini on the committee which was appointed for that purpose.

In 1879 President Prado suggested Monseigneur Bandini's name for bishop *in partibus*, and Monseigneur Moncenni, the papal delegate, considered it his duty to recommend Monseigneur Bandini to the Holy See, and consequently, in September, 1879, after being a priest for twenty-three years, he was made bishop.

Hardly three months had elapsed after his consecration when Monseigneur Orueta divided his duties with him, placing him in charge of the visits of the archdiocese, and later gave him the provisorship and ecclesiastic government of the archdiocese.

When Señor Pierola was president he nominated Monseigneur Bandini for Bishop of Cuzco, which nomination he declined; he was, however, made dean of the cathedral. Monseigneur Bandini has occupied many more positions which we do not mention, as it would make this short biography very voluminous.

The previous administration, that of General Caceres, was one full of excitement and of very trying times in Perú. When General Caceres was deposed by Señor Pierola, in 1895, there occurred the fiercest revolution known in Peru. During these trying times all the members of the church performed their duty in a very creditable manner. Monseigneur Macchi, the Papal delegate, was everywhere amid the flying bullets, and practically through his efforts brought about the cessation of hostilities.

During these troublous times Monseigneur Bandini was not idle. He found an opportunity to befriend General Caceres and repay him for all the favors which he had received at his hands. When the revolutionary forces entered Lima General Caceres' family went to the archbishop's palace and remained there in safety until such time as they could be removed to some more secure place. When General Caceres found that he had to leave the government palace, he was removed—on a stretcher and covered with a shroud, as if he were a corpse—to the house of Monseigneur Bandini and from there to a foreign man-of-war. It is well known that if it had not been for Monseigneur Bandini General Caceres and his family would have suffered at the hands of the revolutionists.

Upon the death of Monseigneur Orueta, Monseigneur Bandini was elected capitular vicar and afterwards received the archiepiscopal pall on the 11th of August, 1889.

Across the Andes Mountains lies the great "Montaña," or impenetrable forests, where the Amazon River finds its headwaters. These forests are filled with tribes of Indians, from the mild and peaceful Chunchos to the fierce Campas and the cannibal Cachivos. The great work of civilizing and Christianizing these natives fell, naturally, to the church. However, very little was done until after Monseigneur Bandini became the



MONSEIGNEUR BANDINI, ARCHBISHOP OF LIMA.

archbishop. He used his influence with the government, and persuaded the authorities to send an expedition, headed by Father Sala, a Franciscan priest, in order to make reports to the government as to the condition of the country, and to the church in reference to the establishment of missions among the Indians. Unfortunately, Monseigneur Bandini's death occurred soon after the return of the expedition. It is hoped that this great work will be continued now that Monseigneur Bandini has passed away too soon to secure the best results.

NERVOUS EPIDEMICS.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.



HERE is little doubt that morbid mental phenomena may be traced very far back in history; indeed, we may reasonably believe that derangement of the nervous system dates from the earliest days of man's appearance on earth. Man was obliged to struggle then, as he struggles now, against the forces of nature. The sun in primeval times could be his friend, but it might also be his enemy; its rays under certain conditions must have produced sunstroke, and we know that one of the common results of sunstroke is epilepsy. Sunstroke would also seem to predispose a person to yield more readily to morbid excitement; it lessens his powers of resistance. Then added to the baneful influence of sunstroke comes the influence of alcohol, and all authorities agree that alcohol is one of the potent factors in insanity. Now, the ancient Egyptians knew what it was to become intoxicated, as we learn by this quotation from a papyrus preserved in the British Museum: * "Whereas it has been told me that thou hast forsaken books and devoted thyself to pleasure; that thou goest from tavern to tavern smelling of beer at the time of evening; if beer gets into a man's head it overcomes his mind. . . . Thou knowest that wine is an abomination, that thou hast taken an oath that thou wouldst not put liquor into thee. Hast thou forgotten thy resolution?"

INSANITY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

Insanity, however, in the modern sense of the word, is not recorded in the hieroglyphic inscriptions of Egypt. But we find the action of evil spirits distinctly mentioned as one of the causes of sickness, and we read of the malignant influence of demons in Egyptian papyri of the fifteen century B. C. But in the British Museum are a number of tablets from Ninive which speak of brain trouble and its remedy; and among the inhabitants of Mesopotamia the disease was called Headsickness. The symptoms are even given with much detail; but, as might

* Papyrus Sallier I., Eleventh letter, British Museum.

be expected, this headsickness was believed to be caused by evil spirits, and it was to be cured by magic. Nor is it unlikely that the brain trouble which afflicted Nabuchodonosor, King of Babylon, took that curious form of madness where the patient believes that he is changed into a brute; and this may have been the reason why Nabuchodonosor was driven from his palace and obliged to roam seven years among the beasts of the field. We are told by Herodotus * that Cambyzes, King of Persia, lost his reason, and the "sacred disease" with which he was afflicted from childhood was no doubt epilepsy. It is highly probable, too, that Euripides was acquainted with cases of homicidal mania, from the terribly graphic description of Hercules in one of his plays. Euripides makes Hercules destroy his own children, being a prey to the delusion that they are the children of Eurystheus. But the Greeks wisely looked upon madness as a physical ailment. In Plato's dialogues (*Timæus*), speaking of diseases of the body, we read: "In the above manner are diseases of the body produced, but the diseases of the soul, resulting from the habit of the body, are as follows: we must admit that the disease of the soul is folly, or a privation of intellect, and that there are two kinds of folly—the one madness, the other ignorance. Whatever passion, therefore, a person experiences that induces either of them, must be called a disease."

Nor does Plato, in the laws which he frames for his Republic,† neglect to provide for the insane; he would have those unfortunates kept aloof from the public eye and be taken care of by their families at home; and should this duty be neglected, the relatives must pay a fine.

Aristotle ‡ also perceived that insanity was to be viewed as a bodily ailment and that physicians might free the soul from this ailment by purging medicines. Hippocrates, too, in the fifth century B. C., made light of the vulgar opinion in regard to epilepsy—the *morbis sacer*. In the genuine works of Hippocrates, vol. ii. p. 854, we read: "The sacred disease appears to me to be nowise more divine nor more sacred than other diseases; but has a natural cause, from which it originates like other affections. Men regard its nature and cause as divine from ignorance, etc." Galen held the same common-sense view. And following the methods of the best Greek school, the Roman physicians prescribed reading aloud, music, and cheery,

* Herodotus, vol. ii.

† *Republic*, Book II. chap. xiii.

‡ Works of Aristotle, vol. vi. chap. iv.

airy rooms for the insane, and like the Greeks, they believed that melancholy was caused by the presence of black bile. Asclepiades, who lived in Rome one hundred years B. C., prescribed for his hysterical patients gentle frictions, or, as we say, massage; this was to promote sleep. He had no faith in fomentations of poppy and mandragora, and in place of gloomy cells he recommended sunshine. Following Asclepiades and living in Christian times came Cælius Aurelianus, who denounced the practice of whipping lunatics; indeed, his treatment differed but little from that which is followed in our day by alienists. In a word, the Greek and Roman doctors held the correct view of nervous diseases.*

WITCHCRAFT A FORM OF INSANITY.

Unhappily for mankind, the childish opinions of the Egyptians and Babylonians prevailed over the wisdom of the Romans and Greeks. The former maintained that such disorders were due to the presence in the patient's body of an evil spirit; and we may truly say that this foolish belief was the most baneful of all the heritages handed down from the pagan to the Christian world. It had been and it continued to be the parent-tree of witchcraft and kindred delusions, and for more than a thousand years after the fall of Rome the belief in familiarities with the devil led to methods of treatment of the insane which were unspeakably barbarous. Superstition—"the deformed child of faith," as Lowell calls it—ruled supreme in regard to hysterical affections, and often the most painful of deaths—burning at the stake—was the fate of those who had hallucinations of the senses. In vain did the clergy for several centuries tell the ignorant masses that the so-called witches were merely persons suffering from hallucinations; their words were unheeded. And then, alas! came a time when the clergy themselves yielded to the delusion. But towards the beginning of the fifteenth century a little light commenced to break, and Antonio Guarnerio, a professor at the University of Pavia, at the risk of his life, boldly ridiculed the stories which were told about witches; while a little later, in 1509, the keeper of the papal archives, Zacchia by name, dared to maintain that demoniacs were persons afflicted with black bile, which was accompanied by hallucinations. Yet still the unlettered classes, as well as not a few of the learned ones, continued to believe in witchcraft. In the

* *Dictionary of Psychological Medicine*, by Dr. Tuke.

latter part of the seventeenth century the chief baron of England, Sir Matthew Hale, charged a jury in these words: "That there are such creatures as witches I make no doubt at all. . . ." And the two hystero-epileptic widow women who were on trial before him were duly convicted by the jury of witchcraft and hung. Martin Luther also raged against witches, and so did several of the Puritan clergymen of New England. In Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland* we read, speaking of the parish of Kirkcudbright in the first half of the eighteenth century: "The lower class . . . firmly believed in ghosts, hobgoblins, fairies, elves, witches, and wizards. . . . They frequently saw the devil, etc." And John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and who died only a hundred years ago, held that to give up belief in witchcraft was to give up the Bible. A woman was burnt for witchcraft at Würzburg, Germany, in 1749; and in Poland, in 1775, nine women were burned for the same offence. Indeed, until very lately this superstition lingered among the rustics in certain parts of England. How many persons—mostly women—afflicted with different forms of hysteria, have been burnt and hung as witches during the past thousand years, it would not be easy to tell; certainly the number has been very great, and burning seems to have been the common mode of putting them to death.*

Nor was it until the latter half of the last century—when natural science was battling to the front—that men like Pinel in France, Tuke in England, and Vincenzo Chiarugi in Italy were able to obtain a hearing among their fellow-men and to convince them that hysterical persons and epileptics were neither witches nor demoniacs, and that they were to be treated in the wise and kindly way prescribed by the Greek and Roman physicians two thousand years before.

What we have written thus far has gone to show the too common neglect of the study of nature and the sad results which flowed from this neglect, as well as the survival of Babylonian and Egyptian superstitions almost down to our own generation. And now, when the Roman Empire crumbled in pieces and when petty kings without number began to quarrel over the widely-scattered spoils (in their quarrels taking no more heed of the *oi polloi* beneath them than if these had been so many swine), can we wonder when we look back at

* In the case of Joan of Arc the executioner afterwards regretted that the wood had been green and that he had thus prolonged her agony.

those ages of violence that the minds of our poor ancestors should have become morbidly sensitive through what they had to endure? Consider the never-ending wars, consider the famines and persecutions, consider the unwholesome conditions of life, especially in the walled towns with narrow, sunless streets; consider, too, the loathsome disease, leprosy, dooming one member in almost every family to a living tomb. Surely these factors, added to the belief in witchcraft, were enough to produce a mental substratum well fitted to give birth to an hysterical outbreak. And when at length, coming out of the East, the mysterious Black Death appeared, which was to carry off its victims not by the thousand but by the million, the people's cup of misery did run full to the brim, and, breaking loose from the wholesome restraint of the clergy, they abandoned themselves to the most extravagant penances.

BROTHERHOOD OF THE FLAGELLANTS.

And now, in the first half of the fourteenth century, there might have been seen coming out of Hungary a procession of men and women composed at first mostly of peasants, but as they advanced along the highway they were joined by the rich and the nobles. This strange procession was the Brotherhood of the Flagellants. Their eyes were cast upon the ground, they were clothed in sombre garments with a red cross sewed on the back, breast, and cap, and at their head marched a chief, followed by taper-bearers and persons carrying velvet banners embroidered in gold; and after the banner-bearers came a band of singers, and we give a few verses of the song they sang:*

“ Whoe'er to save his soul is fain
Must pay and render back again.
His safety so he shall consult:
Help us, good Lord, to this result.

Ye that repent your crimes, draw nigh;
From the burning hell we fly,
From Satan's wicked company.
Whom he leads
With pitch he feeds.

Ply well the scourge for Jesus' sake
And God through Christ your sins shall take.

* B. G. Babington's translation.

Brimstone and pitch and mingled gall
Satan pours on such sinners all.

Had it not been for our contrition
All Christendom had met perdition."

It did not take long for other bands of Flagellants to spring up, and before many weeks through all Germany, Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, and Flanders the flogging mania spread. Whoever wished to join one of the bands was bound to stay in it at least thirty-four days, and he was also to have four-pence daily of his own, so that he might not become a beggar and a burden on his brother Flagellants. If the person who wished to become a member was a man and had a wife, he was obliged to show that she had consented to let him go; it was also necessary to prove that he was reconciled to all his fellow-men. The Flagellants had a rule which forbade them to enter a house unless invited, nor were they allowed to talk with strange females. They dispensed with the services of the clergy, and confessed and gave absolution to one another, while twice a day—morning and evening—the procession halted to do penance. Having stripped to the waist and put off their shoes, they flung themselves on the ground face downward, while one of their number, called the master, applied the scourge. Then, when he had given each penitent a few lashes, he ordered them all to rise up and flog themselves. And now, with abundant tears and blood streaming down their bodies, they supplicated the Almighty to rid them of the Black Death, and many of them declared that the blood from their wounds was mingling with the blood of their Saviour. When at length the scourging was ended, one of them would read aloud a letter which he pretended to have received from a heavenly messenger, and the letter declared that Christ, at the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and the holy angels, had decreed that every Flagellant who should perform his daily penance for the full thirty-four days would be a partaker of the divine grace. The band which passed through Strasbourg endeavored to raise a dead child to life. But they did not succeed in working a miracle. All the bands, however, claimed to have the power of casting out devils.

CONDEMNED BY CLEMENT VI.

By 1349 this psychical contagion had become so widespread that Pope Clement VI. issued a bull against the Flagellants,

and at the same time many high nobles as well as several kings took measures to stop the processions. But pope, nobles, and kings were powerless to abate the mania; opposition seemed only to aggravate it. And now the gloomy fanaticism of the Flagellants was suddenly turned upon the Jews, whom they accused of having poisoned the wells and thus been the cause of the Black Death. The cry "The Jews have poisoned the wells!" spread like wild-fire; hamlet after hamlet, town after town, took up the ominous cry, and in an incredibly short space of time, when we consider the slowness of travel and the few high-roads in that age, every country in Europe became panic-stricken. Everywhere the Jews were accused of having poisoned the wells, and in many places the wells were sealed up and the people were forced to drink rain or river water; indeed, some Jews under the agony of torture declared that they had really put poison into the drinking-water. At Basle a number of these unhappy people were driven into a big wooden building, which was set on fire and they all perished. At Freybourg a similar wholesale killing took place at the instigation of the Flagellants. At Strasbourg two thousand Jews were enclosed in their own cemetery and were burned in the same way; while at Mayence no fewer than twelve thousand were put to death, mostly by fire. There is little doubt that, added to the belief that they had poisoned the wells, was a thirst for money. All Jews were believed to be rich, and the *auri sacra fames* increased the taste for killing them, and many Jewish families, as soon as a procession of Flagellants was reported to be approaching, did not wait to be burnt, but cut their own throats. And here be it said that the Pope, Clement VI., was almost the only friend they had during this trying period; and although he was not able to cure the hysteria of the Flagellants, he gave a safe asylum to thousands of Jews at Avignon, and he also issued two bulls declaring that they were innocent of the crime of which they were accused. In Poland, too, the reigning duke, Boleslav V., gave them a refuge, and hence to this day very many Jews are to be found dwelling in Poland.

THE WHIPPING MANIA FOLLOWED BY THE DANCING MANIA.

At length the whipping mania subsided; it disappeared with the disappearance of the plague; and surely one might have hoped that the people of Central Europe were now going to enjoy a spell of mental repose. But alas! in 1374 another ner-

vous outbreak occurred. This was known as the Dancing mania, or the Dance of St. Vitus. And here let us observe that St. Vitus was a young Christian martyr who won his crown under Diocletian, in 303. And the reason why he became, centuries afterwards, the patron saint of those who were afflicted with the mania for dancing, was because just before his execution he begged Almighty God that whoever should solemnize his feast day might escape this mania.* And lo! an answering voice was heard to cry, "St. Vitus, thy prayer is accepted."

This new nervous epidemic appeared, as we have said, in 1374, in which year very many men and women might have been seen assembling at Aix-la-Chapelle. They all came from the direction of Germany and were joined hand-in-hand, circling round and round as they advanced, and dancing in wild delirium; and they danced and danced until they dropped exhausted to the earth. The dancing was nearly always preceded by an epileptic convulsion; and it was when the fit was over, but with the foam still on their lips, that the maniacs sprang up and commenced to dance. During the dance they seemed neither to hear nor to see; they were insensible to sense impressions, but they continually shrieked out the names of different spirits whom their morbid fancies conjured up, while many of them declared that they felt as if they had been plunged into a river of blood, and that it was this feeling which obliged them to leap so high. Like the epidemic of the Flagellants, this second epidemic was not long in spreading far beyond Aix-la-Chapelle. Very soon the rich began to dance as well as the poor, and the outbreak was commonly looked upon as demoniacal. Everywhere Masses were offered up for the unfortunates, while not a few were exorcised. It was soon discovered that music produced a soothing effect on the dancers and that nothing excited them so much as the sight of a red object. And in this horror of red may we not note a remarkable resemblance to the feelings which the same color excites in brutes?

On one occasion, in the town of Metz, as many as eleven hundred men and women were dancing together. Not only did peasants quit their ploughs and housewives their household duties to join in the mad waltz, but boys and girls too were carried away by the nervous excitement and danced as wildly as their elders. The authorities in some places over-

* St. Vitus's prayer would seem to show that this nervous affection was not a new one.

powered the dancers and dragged them shrieking to the nearest shrine of St. Vitus, where they were forced to assist at a Mass which was offered up in their behalf. Then when the Mass was ended they were made to go one after the other to the altar, and there they were persuaded to say a prayer to the saint for his intercession, as well as to give a small alms, and there is little doubt that this prayer and this alms-giving exercised a wholesome influence on the over-wrought nerves, for it is a fact that the hysterical dance never recommenced at any of the shrines of St. Vitus, nor do we ourselves hesitate to believe that real cures may have been effected through his intercession. As we have said, this mania spared neither rich nor poor, high-born nor low-born; but it was especially violent among those who led sedentary, introspective lives. Not seldom the afflicted ones would all at once stop dancing and dash out their brains against some wall or rock, or jump into the nearest pond or well. In many cases, however, the abnormal exercise of the limbs brought about a cure; the prolonged swinging of the arms and the jumping tended to allay the over-excitement of the nerves. But sometimes the dancers, when they fell to the ground, were in such a state of exhaustion that they were not able to rally from it, and died. It is related that in one case the authorities of the town of Basle hired three strong men to dance one after the other with a young woman who had the mania, and they danced and danced with her for four whole weeks. They paid no heed to her lacerated feet; they merely allowed her to sit down now and then just long enough to take a little food and a few winks of sleep. Finally, when the girl could no longer stand up, she was carried to a hospital and, wonderful to relate, she entirely recovered. As it was observed that the color red added fury to the dancers, red garments were strictly forbidden by the authorities of many towns where the disease broke out. In their paroxysms some of the unfortunate people tore their clothes into strips and then continued to leap and to waltz in a state of nudity, and in order not to expose themselves in this condition, the rich ones often employed a faithful servant to watch them and to prevent them from committing such an impropriety.

But despite all the efforts of the civil authorities and the clergy this nervous epidemic continued to rage for more than a hundred years, nor was it until the early part of the sixteenth century that it was stripped of its supernatural character and made the subject of medical inquiry. And the one to

whom we owe this new departure in medicine was the noted Swiss physician and alchemist, Paracelsus.

TARANTISM IN ITALY.

But before the Dancing mania died out another nervous epidemic closely related to it appeared in Italy: and it was known as Tarantism, because it was believed to be caused by the bite of the tarantula, a ground-spider which abounded in the neighborhood of a town called Tarentum. The very fact that the bite—sometimes merely the imaginary bite—of this insect should have so worked upon the nerves of the people is a proof not only of their limited intelligence, but also of their wretched social condition, which formed a good preparatory soil for the psychical disorder. When a person fancied that a tarantula had bitten him he fell into a deep melancholy; but this melancholy was suddenly dissipated by music, and after the first few notes of a flute the sufferer would clap his hands and sing and dance until he dropped down exhausted. And it was the common belief that the music and the active bodily movements caused the spider's poison to become evenly distributed over the body and to be finally expelled through the pores of the skin. Like the other nervous epidemics, Tarantism quickly spread until it covered the whole of Italy; and soon to the flute were added the drum and clarionet. But if music helped to calm the nerves of the afflicted ones, it unfortunately drew together big crowds of listeners, especially women, who, looking on, in a few minutes caught the psychic poison and, joining in the dance, would dance and dance until the music ceased; then their limbs would drop as if paralyzed and they would lie panting on the ground until the musicians recovered their breath and began to play again. But in some towns the authorities, wisely appreciating the good effects of the music, would not let the players stop playing until the dancers were so utterly fagged out that when they did fall to the ground they were unable to rise again. It was also observed in this epidemic, as in the others of which we have spoken, that the dancers were seized with unaccountable emotions and strange desires. Many of the men carried side arms, and when a man would brandish his sword the sight of the bright, metallic weapon cleaving the air increased the excitement of his fellow-dancers; indeed any gleaming object produced the same effect. Yet it is an interesting fact that the color red, which had so maddened the people of central and northern Europe

during the Dancing mania, was rather liked by the victims of Tarantism, and one of these would sometimes rush towards a red scarf or banner and embrace it and fondle it in the most ridiculous manner. Hecker, in his *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, page 120, says: "The dancing fits of a certain Capuchin friar in Tarentum excited so much curiosity that Cardinal Cajetano proceeded to the monastery that he might see with his own eyes what was going on. As soon as the monk, who was in the midst of his dance, perceived the spiritual prince clothed in his red garments, he no longer listened to the Tarantella of the musicians, but with strange gestures endeavored to approach the cardinal, as if he wished to count the very threads of his scarlet robe. . . . The interference of the spectators and his own respect prevented his touching it, and thus, the irritation of his senses not being appeased, he fell into a state of such anguish and disquietude that he presently sank down in a swoon, from which he did not recover until the cardinal compassionately gave him his cape. This he immediately seized in the greatest ecstasy and pressed now to his breast, now to his forehead and cheeks, and then again commenced his dance as if in the frenzy of a love fit!"

Tarantism, which outlasted St. Vitus's dance, reached its greatest height in Italy during the seventeenth century; and it is interesting to know that the paroxysms of the disorder were so mitigated by cheery, lively melodies, especially by the notes of the flute, that even at the present day one of the airs which were played during this epidemic is called the Tarantella; and the moment this air is heard aged persons and little children begin to caper and dance and clap their hands, just as their afflicted forefathers did who fancied they had been bitten by a tarantula. Tarantism—which was purely a disease of the imagination—had its premonitory symptoms, namely, vertigo, sleeplessness, and frequent weeping; and as the nerves of women are more easily excited than the nerves of men, so as a rule in every community the first to yield to the disorder were females, especially if they led sedentary, solitary lives.

Before we close these remarks on Tarantism let us add that a similar epidemic broke out in Persia at about the same time as in Italy. And in Persia the person believed to have been bitten by a venomous spider was made to swallow a great quantity of milk, after which he was suspended in a box or cage, and this being given a violent rotatory motion the patient was made very sick at the stomach, and by his vomit-

ing the malignant spirit was supposed to be driven out of his body. When Tarantism died out, Europe enjoyed more than a century of freedom from any hysterical epidemic—excepting the brief nervous outbreak of so-called demoniacs at Loudun.

LES CONVULSIONNAIRES DE ST. MÉDARD.

But in 1727 there died in France a certain deacon named François de Pâris, who had made himself notorious by his opposition to those who were called Ultramontanists. He was the idol of a certain party who looked upon him as the martyr of Jansenism, and his burial place at St. Médard was soon visited by numbers of his followers. Now, in 1731 it began to be whispered about that wonderful things were occurring in the St. Médard cemetery: some persons while standing beside the deacon's grave were seized with convulsions, and their moaning and rolling about on the turf drew together crowds of curious people, and at the same time miraculous cures were said to be taking place there. Those against whom the deacon had preached saw in these convulsions and strange doings the hand of Satan, while his disciples, on the contrary, looked upon what was going on as the work of the Almighty. At length not only the cemetery but the neighboring streets became filled with hysterical people, mostly women, as well as by sufferers from different diseases who were looking for a miracle to be wrought in their behalf. All were struggling to reach the deacon's grave, and the moment they got there one after the other would fall into a convulsion, until before long there was a perfect epidemic of epileptic fits; and soon the epileptics became known as *Les convulsionnaires de St. Médard*.* At length, when the number of persons attacked with this form of hysteria had reached eight hundred, the king, Louis XV., ordered a high wall to be built around the graveyard, and it was on this wall that a wag scribbled the well-known distich:

“De par le roi défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu.”†

At the same time the sufferers were ordered to be beaten with sticks, for beating was thought to act as a counter-irritant; and it is related that some, who were little able to stand

* Religious excitement is more dangerous when acting on numbers of people together than when acting on individuals, and it often culminates in insanity.

† The Lord is forbidden without the king's grace
To work any miracle in this place.

this heroic treatment, received from six to eight thousand blows before they died. Nor can we wonder that the *Convulsionnaires* were believed to be under a supernatural influence of some kind. Although it was well-nigh the middle of the last century, very little was yet known about the nervous system and the credulity of even learned men was incredible. In this psychic outbreak the women, as usual, distinguished themselves by their antics: they would leap like fish out of water, they would bend backwards until heels and shoulders touched; many of them, when they were not rolling over and over on the cemetery ground, would play with rattles like little children. Others again, after modestly tying their gowns at the foot, would stand upon their heads. Some would set up a barking and a howling like dogs. One curious female, the moment her fit was over, betook herself to confessing the men-folk, and several even had themselves crucified. Speaking of this epidemic, Dr. J. S. Morand, in *Le Magnétisme Animal*, p. 456, says: "Aucun homme au courant des découvertes modernes, dues au progrès accompli par une étude plus sévère, plus méthodique des maladies nerveuses, ne doute aujourd'hui que les malheureuses convulsionnaires ne fussent, comme les possédées de Loudun, de véritables hystériques, et à cet égard plus ou moins insensibles à la douleur, etc."

Of course, the leading physicians of France were not deceived in their diagnosis; they rightly attributed the outbreak to natural causes, and through their influence open meetings of *Convulsionnaires* were forbidden by act of parliament in 1762. But meetings continued to be held in secret, and it is said that in these secret meetings the most immoral acts were performed. The great Revolution, however, modified somewhat the nervous tension of the afflicted ones, and after 1790 we hear comparatively little of this disorder. Yet it is an interesting fact that the very last *Convulsionnaires* did not disappear until as late as 1828.

CAMP-MEETING FRENZY.

At some of the early Methodist camp-meetings in Kentucky and Tennessee—to which thousands flocked—many of the strange, abnormal acts of the French *Convulsionnaires* were distinctly repeated. At these camp-meetings children became affected by sympathy and fell into convulsions like their parents, while not a few suffered all their lives from the nervous excitement which began at these religious revivals. For a

good account of these early camp-meetings we refer the reader to McMaster's *History of the United States*. In the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, vol. iii., we are told that a convulsive epidemic, called the Leaping Ague, broke out in Forfarshire towards the middle of the last century. It bore a good deal of resemblance to Tarantism and St. Vitus's dance, and the speediest relief was afforded by the bagpipes, whose barbaric notes often changed the caperings and absurd contortions of the Leapers into a merry reel. It is related that during this hysterical outbreak—which lasted seventy years—a Scotch laird, whose two daughters had fallen victims to it, kept his horse all the time saddled and bridled, so that the very moment the young ladies were seized with a fit and began to leap and run away, he sprang into the saddle and, although it was necessary sometimes to apply the spurs, he always managed to overtake them before they had gone very far, and then, grasping them by the hair, he dragged them to the lake, where he gave them a good ducking.

In 1774 a similar epidemic broke out in the Shetland and Orkney Islands. It began with a convulsion like epilepsy, and sometimes a number of persons would fall down together in a fit. On several occasions fifty or sixty women (the disorder, we need scarcely say, chiefly attacked females), as if at a given signal, were thus attacked in church, whereupon they were carried out into the fresh air, screaming and twisting themselves into all manner of shapes, and placed side by side in the churchyard, where in about a quarter of an hour they would come to their senses; and when they rose to their feet they had not the least recollection of what had happened to them.

And now that we have come down to our own times—to the sanest epoch of which we have any record—we might perhaps imagine that these psychical contagions are not going to reappear. Well, probably not, at least among civilized nations; as men grow more intelligent, and as the conditions of life are improved, such epidemics do tend to become rarer; for the morbid mental substratum, the preparatory soil, does not exist in such favorable quantities. Nevertheless, the nervous system exists, and the suggestive influence of hysterical individuals—and there always will be some hysterical ones—is ever ready to work upon the masses, should any uncommonly favorable circumstance predispose these to accept the morbid suggestion. Our great safeguard is education: *we must especially study ourselves*. There is not in all creation anything so wonderful as

man. His body is a storehouse of vast potentialities. Ages ago the Greeks recognized this fact; and in the thirteenth century of our era the Franciscan monk, Roger Bacon, pointed out to us the path to follow if we wished to rise above the miasma of ignorance. But although he had one exalted friend* the human tide was against him, and he was misunderstood and punished for what he preached and wrote.

Even to-day there are some amongst us whose neglect of the physical sciences and whose childish credulity bring discredit on the church; for example, those who recently put implicit faith in the absurd revelations of the mythical Diana Vaughan.†

A distinguished German priest, Dr. Hermann Schell, of Würzburg, in a book lately published, entitled *Der Katholicismus als princip des Fortschritts*, earnestly recommends a more enlightened training in the seminaries of Bavaria. Let us hope that this little book may accomplish its object. Catholic institutions should everywhere strive to rank among the first. Religion is all the better for the spread of knowledge and for the independent exercise of our reason. By placing ourselves in the forefront of scholarship, and by looking hopefully, enthusiastically to the approaching twentieth century—not dreading its possible discoveries, nor sighing for days gone by—we shall be carrying out the wishes of our glorious Pope, Leo XIII.

* Pope Clement IV., whose pontificate was only too brief.

† Diana Vaughan, who was a mythical personage, was declared by one Leo Taxil to have been present at interviews between Satan and the Freemasons; she also announced the birth of anti-Christ's mother. Two years ago Leo Taxil confessed it was all a fabrication. But many of the French clergy believed it was true. Even the *Civiltà Cattolica* became Leo Taxil's dupe.



A REVIEW OF TEACHERS' INSTITUTE MOVEMENT.

BY A RELIGIOUS.



WITH the completion of its third year of activity the National Catholic Teachers' Institute finds its experimental stage past. The special dangers which beset the infant life of such movements no longer threaten its existence. It has gone beyond the perils of starvation and of asphyxiation from insalubrious atmospheres, and it now laves in a sea of warm approval and encomium.

Cardinal Gibbons "does not hesitate to endorse it"; their Graces of New York, St. Louis, and St. Paul "take pleasure in recommending" both the work and its brave-hearted initiator; Rector and Vice-Rector of the Catholic University approve not only its objects but its results, while Paulist missionaries and Jesuit professors smile upon its efforts. The interest of the teaching communities themselves in institute work has steadily increased. With only one or two exceptions they are eager for these conferences on educational matters, and aver that they derive from them not merely information as to modern educational plans and methods, but new inspirations, greater zeal for their work, and even such an increase of love for the several orders in which God has placed them as is sure to be the outcome of a quickening of the intellectual as well as of the spiritual life. For mind as well as soul needs to be expanded that we may comprehend the purposes of the saints.

A SUMMER OF HARD WORK.

During the past summer Mrs. Burke has personally conducted institutes at Beatty and Scranton, Pa., Springfield and Chicago, Ill., La Crosse, Wis., St. Louis, Mo., St. Paul, Minn., Fitchburg, Haverhill, and Springfield, Mass. All except those at Beatty and La Crosse were general institutes, attended by sisters of various communities. The Beatty Institute, convened by the Sisters of Mercy teaching at St. Xavier's Academy, had the great advantage of the assistance of a large number of priests. Very Rev. E. A. Bush, V.G., was to have opened it, but owing to his illness his thoughtful paper on *Christian Education* was read by Rev. Mother Sebastian, superior of the Sisters of Mercy in the Pittsburg Diocese. Rev. J. F.

Regis Canevin, rector of the Pittsburg Cathedral, spoke on the need of training children to self-government. Rev. F. P. Ward gave an address on *The Good, the True, and the Beautiful*, and Rev. William Graham read a really practical paper strongly deprecating the custom of moving teachers just as they were becoming familiar with their work and the kind of child-material on which it was to be done. The practical sympathy of the clergy of the diocese was also shown in the Scranton Institute, where the coadjutor bishop delivered an excellent lecture on the necessity for practicality and "go-ahead-itive-ness" in the Christian education given in our country, and Rev. T. F. Coffey gave admirably practical suggestions on teaching children the ordinary of the Mass and the use of the missal.

The most noteworthy thing about the La Crosse Institute, conducted for the Franciscan Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration, was the exhibit of work done by the children in their various schools. That of the Indian children was particularly good.

WHAT ABOUT "PRIVATE" INSTITUTES?

By far the more interesting gatherings to our readers, however, will be the general institutes. Indeed, the private institutes are so foreign to the true spirit of this great movement toward the unification of our intellectual forces for the war on ignorance and error that it seems to us a grave question whether Mrs. Burke should consent to hold them except for the benefit of those orders whose rules positively forbid their leaving enclosure for attendance outside. These are very few in this country.

The Chicago Institute was the most far-reaching in its scope. It was held in the assembly hall of St. James' High School, on Wabash Avenue, and was attended by Sisters of Mercy, of St. Joseph, of the Humility of Mary, of the Sacred Heart of Mary, of Christian Charity, the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin, the Ladies of Loretto, the School Sisters of Notre Dame, Benedictines, Franciscans, Ursulines, Dominicans from Wisconsin and Tennessee, public-school teachers from all over the city, and very many interested parents. Rev. Hugh Maguire, rector of St. James', presided over the opening, and Mrs. Burke was supported by a strong staff of practical women. The co-ordination of forces—clerical, pedagogic, and parental—displayed in these Chicago sessions was magnificently hopeful. Father Shannon gave a most scholarly discourse on the Liturgy of the Mass, which was of great use to the teachers themselves and which will be followed next year

by detailed instructions on how to teach the liturgy of the Mass to children. The enthusiasm of the delegates was such that the lecturers gave them two hours a day more than had been planned for, working from 9 A. M. till 6 P. M. and after. More than two hundred of the sisters brought their lunches, so as to waste neither time nor money at the noon recess, and the large-hearted pastor of St. James' Church brought in musicians who dispensed sweet music while they ate.

MOTHERS' CLUBS.

Mrs. Burke herself regards the organization of the St. James' Mothers' Club as one of the best fruits of these days of much-blessed toil. "The day," she says fervently, "for the laity to take a greater interest in the education of their own children is here with us. The pastors and sisters cannot do the work alone, and ought not to be asked to do it without the intelligent co-operation of the parents. It is true that many parents are incapable of deciding how best to educate their own children; but they can learn much by doing all they can to further the interests of the schools."

The head of a household and family, as well as a woman who has held some of the highest positions under the New York State Department of Public Instruction, Mrs. Burke is capable of looking at the child from the point of view of the mother as well as from that of the teacher, and considers that fine and high results can never be reached while children detect opposition or even lack of coalition between the forces at work in school and in home. Hence her eagerness for the establishment of Mothers' Clubs and Circles for the promotion of home culture on a solidly Christian basis, to be managed either as parish affairs, or, when possible, with the sympathetic guidance and co-operation of broad-minded sisters.

OBJECT-LESSONS OF VARIOUS KINDS.

The Springfield, Ill., Institute was held at the mother-house of the Dominicans of the Alton Diocese, who combined with the Ursulines of Alton and Springfield. "Real" lessons given to real children, by Mrs. Burke and Miss Manahan of Saratoga, formed a special feature of the work here, to the efficiency of which the Vicar-General, Very Rev. T. Hickey, added greatly by his frequent visits and admirable suggestions. Archbishop Kain was absent from the city, and therefore unable to be present at St. Louis. His place was taken by Rev. J. J. Harty. Rev. Fathers Coffey and Phelan, of the *Western Watchman*, with

several other clergymen, visited the sessions during the week. It goes without saying that Archbishop Ireland took the greatest interest in the St. Paul gathering. He delivered the opening address. Many priests from neighboring towns attended. Bishop Bonacum, of Nebraska, gave half a day to this institute, and Bishop Cotter, of Winona, a day and a half, the latter pleading specially for care with the slow children.

SIDE WORK.

In addition to these regular institutes under the direction of the national manager, her staff did much outlying work during the vacation season.

Miss B. M. Phelan spent two weeks with the Dominican nuns at Sinsinawa Mound, and one week with the Visitation nuns in St. Louis. Methods and changes in methods were discussed at both places. Miss Margaret F. Haggerty, of Long Island City, gave part of her vacation to reviewing English subjects with some New York State sisters; Miss Margaret P. Sullivan, of Nyack, went to Illinois for July work; Miss Catherine E. Martin, of Niagara Falls, to South Dakota; Miss Frances A. Holmes, of Saratoga Springs, to Detroit, Mich.; Miss Margaret Manahan, of Saratoga Springs, to Connecticut.

Mrs. John H. Baird, principal of the City Training School at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., conducted most successful institutes at Fitchburg and Springfield, Mass., where Rev. B. S. Conaty instructed in methods of Bible teaching, Bishop Beaven presiding. Rev. John J. McCoy, P.R., of Chicopee, won new laurels by giving two eloquent addresses. His interest in the cause was shown most forcibly by his continued attendance and the carefulness with which he listened to each one of the speakers.

The Institute at Fitchburg was held in the hall of St. Bernard's school, under the auspices of the Presentation Nuns and their reverend pastor. The order is enclosed, but with true religious charity it generously entertained the sisters from other communities, who otherwise could not have attended an institute. Rev. Father Feehan gave most valuable suggestions and great spiritual light in his morning talks. He dwelt especially on the value of simple and common things.

Haverhill, Mass., closed the series for 1898. The interest here grew daily. On the last day the sisters attended no less than *seven* sessions. Rev. L. S. Walsh, supervisor of the Catholic schools of Boston, attended all the sessions and many public-school teachers and parents were present. The increasing eagerness of teachers in the public schools to attend the

Catholic Institutes points a moral. Indeed, we wish to deduce several from a record of success which, while it must give unalloyed satisfaction, does not leave one free from anxiety.

DANGER-FLAGS.

The National Catholic Teachers' Institute is to be a permanent factor in the educational life of America. It is firmly rooted. Shoots may spring up, grafts must be sent over the country in all directions. A great danger now arises—that of cheap, artificial imitations, which are not *alive*.

It has taken no small amount of faith and effort, of devotion and tact to bring this astonishingly new movement, within three years, not only to the doors but inside the doors of so many varying bodies of religious women, and to do it in such a way that a man like Father Gasson, S.J., says, "No better method could be employed to advance the cause of true knowledge and exact science," and another priest writes that as these institutes are conducted, "they give our sisters the advantages of the Summer-Schools under conditions which leave no room for comment or objection. This vantage ground could easily be lost by modifications which might seem slight to one of less acute perceptions, slower spiritual instincts, or less varied experience than the truly Catholic woman who has built up the present system.

One absolute necessity for the healthy growth and wise safeguarding of this Institute work is the sympathetic assistance of the clergy. This it receives increasingly. Parish priests all over the country are realizing the immense opportunity which it affords to them and to their teachers for devising methods of "dovetailing" their work. One such pathetically urged teachers to advise children not to attempt too many forms of devotion, citing the case of a woman who was careless about Sunday Mass, though much given to variform devotions. Going to her pastor one day, she told him that she had made the nine First Fridays four times, and would like his advice about the nine Tuesdays. His answer was that *he* had an unalterable devotion to the Fifty-two Sundays, and he advised her to begin that devotion at once and practise it according to the Commandments of the Church.

THE THEORIST MUST GO.

The mere theorist must have no place in this work. The public schools of this country are still confessedly suffering from the vagaries of closet naturalists in child-science. This

very fact has created our opportunity—that of the educators of the one system which fully recognizes the existence of a three-fold nature in man and shapes its plans to the rounded development of body, soul, and spirit. Only practical workers must appear on the schedules of the Catholic Institute. Better offend several local celebrities than “one of these little ones.” Often the least competent are exactly those who seek such positions most forwardly.

NATIONAL, NOT LOCAL.

These very real dangers can only be obviated if the Catholic Teachers' Institute is sustained as a *national* movement, with one responsible head. Just here a splendid opportunity will be offered to those superiors of teaching communities which think themselves capable—and very likely are so—of organizing their own institutes, to sacrifice their preference for the general good. Up to the present a beautiful spirit of love and mutual helpfulness has prevailed among the teachers who have taken part. Union has been strength. More than one million children are in our Catholic schools in the United States at present, and there would be a million more were our school system stronger. Each school should be a centre from which power and influence should stream over the whole parish. The interest of the children in the school and its hold on them should not cease at their graduation. The brave, pure women who sacrifice and labor to teach our children have already accomplished much. When they are solidly united in their efforts they will effect ten times more. There is scarcely a city in the country where the intellectual and social influence of Catholics might not preponderate within a decade. Such a union in good work might be effected without in the least departing from the sacred traditions of each community. The sisters themselves feel this. Indeed, there is hardly one solitary instance where fear has been expressed by a superior lest her subjects might grow less contented with their own order if they mixed in educational conference with the members of others. Is, then, the spirit of a religious order a volatile gas, that it is so easily dissipated? St. Dominic and St. Francis do not appear to have thought so. We have not so understood it—but as a certain quality bestowed in that marvellous impress of the finger of God upon a human soul which we call vocation, to be fostered or hindered, developed or stunted, it is true, but hardly to be so easily annihilated.

RELIGIOUS PROBLEM OF THE PHILIPPINES.

BY REV. A. P. DOYLE, C.S.P.



HE destiny of the Philippines will never find its ultimate solution in Tagal domination. In the present unsettled state of affairs there is undoubtedly considerable speculation among the civilized governments of the world concerning the disposition of the islands, and it is legitimate to suppose that there has been not a little exercise of diplomatic offices in order that the stable government that will come may be participated in by the European powers, or at least be favorable to their interests.

The value of the Philippines as a strategic point in the East is evident to any one whose eye penetrates into the earlier years of the new century. The partition of Africa is now practically at an end, and the colonization energy which has been so active there in the last twenty-five years has no longer a theatre in which to display itself. There must be some outlet for defeated governments either to divert the attention of peoples from their disappointments at home or to awaken the patriotic spirits by new conquests abroad.

THE PARTITION OF CHINA.

The Chinese Empire, with its enormous stretch of valuable territory and its evident inability to defend itself against the foreign aggressor, is just ready to fall a prey to the rapacious territory robbers of the world. Russia has already set her greedy eyes on it and has by cunning diplomacy set herself down on the north, and by extending her railroad facilities is now practically master of Manchuria. England and Germany menace it on the south, while France wields no little power through her missionary agencies in the internal provinces. Twenty-five years of the new century will not have gone by before the spirit of territorial aggrandizement of these powers will have asserted itself, and great provinces of the "Celestial Kingdom" will either be opened to civilized influences or be dominated by civilized powers. The logic of events has placed the United States in the midst of the scramble. It is hardly possible for

her to relinquish the coign of vantage she has secured. Even did the old-time policy which dictated the wisdom of confining American activities to the American continent continue to hold sway and there was a sentiment abroad to leave the rest of the world to their own squabbles, it would be almost too late to withdraw. If withdrawal were contemplated, an insoluble question would arise, In whose favor shall we withdraw? It is useless to discuss this phase of the question. The American flag now floats in the far East. No inconsiderable number of the people believe that it is there through a providential dispensation. Among another large class the avarice for imperialistic power, as well as a thirst for land possession, has been awakened and can only be sated by holding what we have. Rightly or wrongly these ideas prevail, and the disposition of the Philippines will become the party cry of the future.

It may as well be accepted, then, that Spanish domination is at an end and that American sovereignty is beginning. What will the end thereof be as regards religion and the church?

THE OUTCOME OF SPANISH RULE.

Spain has practically been the master of the Philippines for three centuries. In Christianizing and civilizing the eight millions of natives it has met with only partial success. A fuller knowledge of the character of the native may lead to the opinion that the best possible has been done under the circumstances.

The *Filipinos* originally were but little removed from savagery. In no sense were they a homogeneous race, principally of the Malay type, with low forehead, high cheek bones, and spreading nose, but still with a very large mixture of the Mongolian race among them. In the process of elevating such a mongrel class there is no agency so serviceable as the Catholic religion. It appeals to their sense of the dramatic through its gorgeous ceremonies. It gives them saints to honor who are in no sense abstractions, but near unto their very lives. It replaces their old idolatries by a living, vivid and realistic devotion to a God living among them, coming into close touch with them. In regard to morality, too, such has been the success of the church that very few nations can throw the first stone at these poor children of nature. They gamble and fight their *gallos* at every convenient opportunity, but the marriage-tie is well preserved among them, and their sense of justice is so strong that there is very little need of bank locks or safety

deposit vaults, while their deep sense of religion is evidenced by their numerous *festas*.

There have been a number of stories afloat, started by irresponsible correspondents, concerning the indolence of the monks and their lack of missionary zeal, and even viler stories concerning rampant irregularities and unchecked immoralities; but we can readily afford to ignore the latter, knowing that such is not and cannot be the case.

The organization of the monastic orders is even far more closely knitted than is the organization of the church itself, and although the Philippines are far away, still there is a frequent intercommunication and visitation between the outlying houses and the mother house in Rome, so that it would be impossible that gross immoralities could persevere in existing for any length of time. It is an easy matter for a conscienceless correspondent who knows nothing of the rigors of discipline in monastic houses to imagine a rotten state of affairs, or even to pick up a floating story concerning one and generalize on it, or even to accept the fabricated story of the enemies of the monks and launch it before the civilized world as the gospel truth, and find ready believers. They that know are confident that affairs are not as the newspaper correspondents detail. It is possible that there may be indolence. It is possible that, possessing considerable wealth, many of the priests have been content to sit down and do nothing. While in no sense condoning such inactivity when the interests of souls are at stake, still it must not be forgotten that the Philippines are but little removed from the equator, and that the torrid season lasts nearly all the year round. With but a suggestion of the same provocation in our own Northern cities, when the days of summer come, almost without exception, the Protestant churches close their doors and go out of business, leaving the devil to run riot through the souls of their people all summer long, while the shepherds are off to Europe, the sea-shore, or the mountains enjoying themselves. It would not be a very lamentable thing if the church in the Philippines did have to awaken a few more energies and strain a few more sinews to get along.

Better work would be done if the financial relations of the priests were directly with the people and not with the government. When a church has a superabundant exchequer and a revenue that may be relied on in any event, it is altogether liable not to see too many things that need correcting or to believe that such and such irregularities belong to the nature

of the case, and that after all poor human nature is weak and sinful and it is well-nigh impossible to make angels out of such low-grade material as the savages offer.

Still, when all is said the success of the church in the Philippines is as great as the circumstances would permit, and infinitely greater than Protestantism or any other religion has done in any other missionary field.

The contrast between the wholesale devastation of the highest human interests, as well as the selfish aggrandizement of the missionaries themselves and the degradation of the native, which are the visible results of the century's missionary labor in the Sandwich Islands under the rule of the foreign missionary societies of the Protestant churches, and the simple, paternal, and at the same time uplifting régime of the padres in the Philippines, will not warrant any very loud condemnation of the latter, without subjecting one's self to the gospel charge of Let ye who are without sin cast the first stone.

PRIESTS THE BEST MISSIONARIES.

However, it is currently reported that the Archbishop of Manila is ready to welcome with open arms the American sovereignty. Probably, owing to the care that Admiral Dewey and General Merritt have taken to secure among their forces the presence of the three Catholic priests who are now there, the former prejudices of the archbishop have been removed. I would venture to say that Father Reaney, chaplain of the *Olympia*, and Fathers Doherty and McKinnon with the army, have done as much to smooth the way to complete and easy victory as the Krag-Jorgensens of the soldiers. The tremendous power which the archbishop exerts, through bishop and priest and people, might easily and would readily be set up like an insurmountable barrier against the advance of the Americans, if they were persuaded that the "Yankees" were coming to rob them of what is dearer to them than their lives—their faith. It was the first care of the American generals to persuade the archbishop that among the Yankees were as good Catholics as were to be found in the whole world, and that the cardinal principle of the American government was in no sense to establish religion or to interfere with the free exercise thereof. This having been done, the ecclesiastical authorities have prepared the way for a warm-hearted and sympathetic reception of the American authorities among the natives.

Right here it may be wise to warn the sagacious leaders of

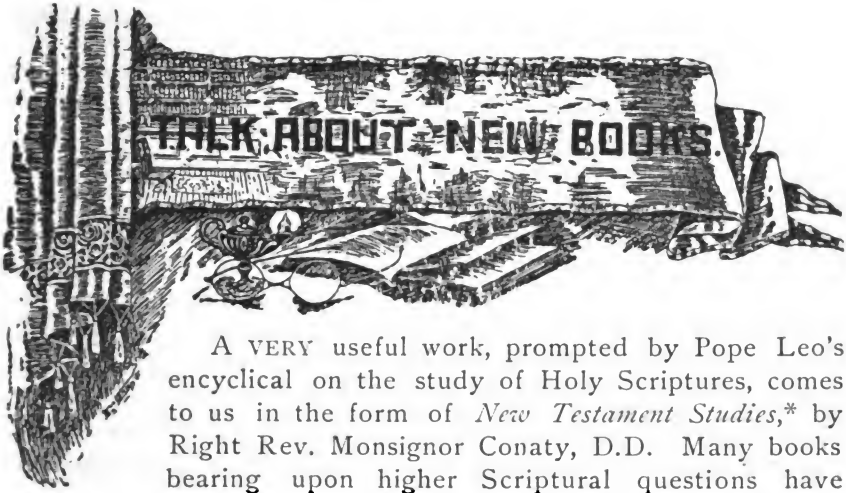
the foreign missionary societies against too pernicious an activity. If American missionaries go to proselytize among the Filipinos they will not succeed in making the natives Protestants. The natives love the padres too much and are too devoted to their saints and their festas to give them up for such a cold, lifeless religion as modern Protestantism is with its crumbling creeds and jangling voices. Plenty of money may bribe a few Tagals to haunt the churches, and their presence serve as pretexts for glowing missionary reports; but as for real conversion, they will not succeed. Protestantism never made any inroads among the Spanish people, nor among those who have been reared by the Spanish and are filled with Spanish ideas of the best ways of serving God. If the missionary societies are actuated by the truest wisdom, they will not spend one cent on proselytizing in the Philippines, but will go to the Catholic bishops of America and ask that a corps of their best priests be put at their service, to go to the islands and stir up the "indolent" monks to increased activities, and at the same time they will stand for an enlightened Americanism among the natives. Just in as much as a Protestant missionary should succeed, just in so much will he deprive the poor natives of their principal consolation in life and will give them nothing in its stead that will be a restraining power against immorality and crime. It is always better to utilize existing agencies, if they produce adequate results, than to spend energy in destroying them only to make room for others which are only probably as good. It is far better to sluice and dike an existing stream to turn your wheels and run your mill than to create another and bring water from afar to fill it.

As to the future of religion in the Philippines it is very difficult to conjecture. With American domination will come a disunion between church and state. The church now receives its principal support from the civil authorities. The *tributo* which is levied throughout the islands amounts to about fifteen francs per capita. The church receives of this sum a franc and a half, or a tithe of the whole. Out of this sum the salary of the archbishop, which amounts to \$12,000 per year, and those of his capitularies are paid. Out of this same sum parish churches are endowed and their schools are made possible. The new régime will probably cut all this off and throw the church back on the people for support. We believe that the voluntary system of church support, as it obtains in the United States, is by all odds the best, and we are convinced that the

principal cause of the revolt of the hot-headed insurgents against the church is the alliance between the church and the government which they disliked. When the state supports the church financially, it is natural to expect that the church will use its influence with the people to support the state morally. The Tagals became tired of the inefficiency and corruptions of Spanish officialdom, and when the attempt was made to oblige them to swallow that pill coated by the sweets of religion they revolted against religion.

THE PROVIDENTIAL INTERPOSITION OF THE AMERICANS.

The coming of the American system at this time is very providential to the native Filipinos. The loves and the religious associations of their childhood, now that they are stripped of all tyrannous exactions from the civil order, will revive and the devotion they have always had for the padres will assert itself. If in the next few years the administration of affairs is conducted with wisdom, we may hope to win the entire native population to our side. We must learn a lesson from our "Century of Dishonor" with the American Indians. If we send among the Tagals "swaddlers" and politicians to sow corruption and degradation, we shall reap the whirlwind in dissension and revolution. The possession of the Philippines will become a very costly experiment, and what is worse than mere loss of money, our influence, which has been given to us to uplift and free, will be perverted to debauch and enslave. Were I in authority I would persuade every Protestant minister to stay away from Manila. I would select the most thorough Americans among the Catholic priests of the country and establish an *entente cordiale* between them and the civil authorities. I would appoint as governor-general a broad-minded military man—one who understands the inner workings of the Catholic religion. He need not be a Catholic, but he should have no antipathies against the church, and should strive to gain the sympathetic adherence of the ecclesiastical authorities. He should proceed in the establishment of courts and tribunals on the American plan, he should look out for the sanitation of the cities, suppression of rampant vice, and, as he is in duty bound, leave religion to its own devices. Proceeding on these lines, we shall not conquer the Philippines so much as we shall win them to our way and methods, and not many years will have passed before we shall have planted among the Orientals the seeds of the freest and best government on the face of the earth.



A VERY useful work, prompted by Pope Leo's encyclical on the study of Holy Scriptures, comes to us in the form of *New Testament Studies*,* by Right Rev. Monsignor Conaty, D.D. Many books bearing upon higher Scriptural questions have been brought into being as the result of the papal letter; but there are very few works by Catholic authors, that have appeared at any time, of the same character as the one before us.

A feature which, we may as well confess, is somewhat lacking in our Sunday-schools, is the direct study of the Bible. True, in the larger catechisms the doctrines of Christianity are often pointed by scriptural texts and illustrated by scriptural examples. The familiarity with the Bible thus engendered is, of course, valuable. That it is sufficient, however, few of our educators, we think, would be willing to contend. To render the results of such a study beneficial and lasting, we believe that it should be followed chiefly by the older members of the Sunday school, after the principles of Christian doctrine have been well and fully inculcated.

To answer just such a purpose—the study of the Bible among older children—Monsignor Conaty has given us his *New Testament Studies*. This book of two hundred and fifty pages limits itself to the consideration of a most important feature in the New Testament, namely, the Life of our Lord. It is essentially a text-book. Its form throughout is catechetical, with here and there a most interesting little bible-talk interspersed. These talks deal with all kinds of subjects bearing upon the matter. They treat of doctrine, of geography, and, in a most attractive way, of the customs of the Jewish people. “Why we should love the Bible,” “Inspiration of the Bible,” “The Bible and Tradition,” “Bible Geography,” “Jewish Customs for Youth,” “A Jewish Marriage,” are a few of the heads upon which the author speaks. Carrying the young

* *New Testament Studies*. The principal events in the Life of our Lord. By Right Rev. Monsignor Conaty, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University, Washington. New York: Benziger Brothers.

student from one event to another in the life of our Lord, with the scenes depicted in the vivid yet simple language of the evangelists themselves, this book is calculated to work a notable good in the mind of our youth. Hand-in-hand with this manual, the New Testament itself is required for reference, reading, and memory work. So the pupil not only reads *about* the Bible, but becomes acquainted with the book itself. And truly a greater knowledge of the Holy Scriptures among our Catholic children is very much to be desired.

The work has another point of merit in this, that it is the result of practical school-work. It is not sent forth to be first tried by others. The method it presents has already been employed with success by the author himself, when engaged in parochial duties. He writes, in the beginning of the introduction: "In presenting to the public a manual of New Testament Studies, the author offers to Catholic teachers and parents the results of special work in a city parish, among the older children who met with him regularly to study the life of our divine Saviour, as told in the holy Gospels."

Two other valuable features are the Bible dictionary, adapted for this special work, and the maps at the end of the book. To our mind, therefore, it is a model text-book, and, with the author, we trust that it may be an incentive to others to write similar works on other portions of the New Testament.

While a work such as this, written for young people, presents its peculiar difficulties, the author has admirably adapted himself to the requirements of the child-mind; and we feel especially grateful that one who has always been so devoted to the cause of education has interested himself in this most important and perhaps most neglected branch of it. One of the highest recommendations of the work to the old as well as to the young, and by no means the least of its charms, is its simplicity. As the result of practical work it should be an inspiration to those of the clergy who have a work of love to perform in the training of the young.

Savonarola's* place in history must ever continue to be the subject of bitter controversy. Denounced as revolutionist and agitator, branded as a disloyal Catholic, burned to death as contumacious schismatic and heresiarch, he left behind him a name venerated by thousands, a glory undiminished by the passing centuries, and a host of valiant defenders whose numbers and assurance seem ever to increase.

* *Jerome Savonarola* : A sketch. By Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O.P. Boston : Marlier, Callanan & Co.

Quite independently of its accuracy, the defence of Savonarola has been productive of certain and lasting good. Reviewing history, we can see but too clearly how the church's enemies are ready to take advantage of any carelessness or lack of vigilance on the part of her supporters; and no good thing is ever slighted or rejected by ourselves without a hundred hands being stretched out forthwith to seize and appropriate it. The man who hesitates is lost. Reject Savonarola, and immediately he becomes the property of our foes; wherefore it is highly fortunate that so long and brave a fight has been made to retain him among our saints and heroes, for now what is good in him can be easily seen and fully appreciated.

And again, apart from Savonarola's value as an ornament of the church, we have to consider the moral effect of his defenders' attitude. That a "contumacious friar," burned by authoritative command in the public square, and denied a tomb, should yet be resurrected by Catholic hands and placed upon a lofty pedestal—this surely is vindication of our writers against the common charge of childish timidity and servile obeisance to official errors.

The first part of Father O'Neil's book chronicles the public career of the Florentine monk; the second half attempts an appreciation of his character and power, illustrated largely from his sermons and writings. Probably the most interesting chapter in the whole work is that wherein our author reviews the estimates of Savonarola made by Catholic and non-Catholic historians. Representing the family side of the question, Father O'Neil—spiritual kinsman of the great Dominican—aims some sharply pointed thrusts at the science and fairness of many who have ventured upon the subject of the friar's virtues and defects. True it is, as our author laments, that the histories in general use among us are by no means satisfactory guides as to the historical facts of the case. Rohrbacher, Darras, Alzog are scored unmercifully as either ignorant or malicious. Cesare Cantù, the distinguished Italian, and Dr. Parsons our author takes issue with, and the recent work of the learned Ludwig Pastor is criticised as over-severe and somewhat scant in proof of harsh opinions. But here we are coming upon scholarly refinements that require scientific treatment, long and deep, and we may conclude with the general statement that Savonarola certainly has gained his place in history as an able, noble, and fearless man. Even apart from his political and religious eminence, his influence upon the literature and art of his century ranks him as truly great; and the slightest consideration of his

dominant characteristics should be sufficient to silence for ever those purblind and hasty penmen who number Jerome Savonarola as one of Martin Luther's predecessors.

Father O'Neil's subject is well divided, clearly and popularly written up, and made attractive by appendices that put the reader *au courant* with those things every "general reader" wants to know but cannot tell how to find. The bibliography is a feature highly to be commended, and one that we always welcome, and even expect nowadays. Printing and binding of first-class order put the book in possession of very valuable adjuncts to insure good circulation.

The fifth volume of Pastor's *History of the Popes** is of special value because it treats in the critical historical spirit that belongs to Dr. Pastor the pontificates of Alexander VI. and Julius II. The advantages that Pastor possesses over all previous historians is that he has had access to the consistorial archives as well as the bulls and briefs of Alexander VI. in the secret archives of the Vatican.

For the last three hundred years no one has been allowed to see the "Regesta" of the Borgia pope.

Besides these peculiarly valuable historical documents other archives have been opened to the historian through the wise and liberal policy of Leo XIII. All these opportunities give Pastor, over and above any previous historian, the occasion to say almost the last word concerning the much-abused though oft-defended Pope of the Renaissance, and the practical outcome of Pastor's investigations is that the rehabilitation of Alexander VI. is a hopeless task. With but this short notice of the volume we shall return to it later on in an extended article.

1.—THE QUESTION OF RELIGIOUS VOWS.†

One of the remarkable things of modern heresy is that in drawing its teachings from Holy Scripture it has lost sight of, in its theories of grace, the distinction between what is of precept and what is of counsel. This distinction stands out so prominently, is insisted on so constantly, and is exemplified so frequently by parable and example, that not to have seized it argues an unwonted blindness as well as a lack of an apprecia-

* *The History of the Popes from the close of the Middle Ages.* Drawn from the secret archives of the Vatican and other original sources. From the German of Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Edited by Frederick Ignatius Antrobus, of the Oratory. Vol. x. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.; New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Religious Life and the Vows.* A Treatise by Monseigneur Charles Gay, Bishop of Anthédon. Translated from the French by O. S. B. With an Introduction by the Rev. William T. Gordon, Priest of the Oratory. New York: Benziger Brothers.

tion of the fitness of relationship between God and man. There are some things so fibered in our very nature that not to do them is so great a deordination as to involve an insult to the Creator. The law that was first impressed on the human heart, that was voiced on Mount Sinai, that was reaffirmed in the new dispensation, has its warrant from the eternal justice of God; but after this law has been kept there is a whole world of action which is left entirely to our own initiative, where, on our own responsibility, and no longer from motives of obligation, but from the higher motives of love, we may consecrate to God the best energies of our heart. The rich young ruler who had kept the commandments from his youth up was counselled, if he would be perfect, to go sell all he had and follow the Master. It is very much like the gardener who was placed in charge of the garden, and was bidden to care for the lawns and see that they were kept green. If he did this and this alone, he would please the master and earn his wages; but conscious that the master would be better pleased if he planted flowers as well, and created thereby not merely the bare lawns but a beautiful garden, through no obligation, but out of a laudable desire to better please, he spent and was spent in his efforts to cultivate the best. It is exactly so in the garden of the heart. For this reason there have always been found numerous souls who have not been content with merely keeping the commandments from their youth up, but who have entered the higher life in order to strive to be perfect as the Heavenly Father is perfect. We may readily understand how this notion of serving God supplies one with the best motives, and God on his part by demanding less gets more, and by exacting less as master is incomparably better served.

So enamored have many souls become of this higher life of the counsels that they have been willing to bind themselves to it by vows. Where God's love for them would leave them free, their love for God would tie them to the highest service, like the mother who says to the child, "There, now go, and enjoy your toys," the child all the more tightly locks its arms about the mother's neck and says, "No, I want no toys, but your love." Vows constitute the protection of the religious life, but it is a mistake to say they are of the essence of spiritual perfection. Many religious communities have thriven and done great work whose members have not been bound by vows—notably the Oratorians of St. Philip Neri and the Sulpicians of M. Olier. While they have deliberately agreed not to take the vows, still in no

sense have they practised the evangelical counsels in any lower degree, or have they been less eager for the highest perfection. Vows constitute a holy state, but holy persons are far better than holy states. Sometimes a vow intended to be a support and protection to virtue may be only its shroud, like the box that is placed about the young tree; it will protect and guard it, but if the tree itself has no vigorous life, it will be but a barrier to shut off the sun and keep out the moisture that are needed to give the tree the best life. "A desire and hunger after our perfection, a determined will to be constantly tending towards it with all our strength—let this be always our chief object and our greatest care. Let us bear in mind that this care is more of the essence of religion (*i.e.*, of a religious order) than vows themselves" (*The Spiritual Doctrine of Father Louis Lallemant, S.J.*, p. 111).

Monseigneur Gay in his admirable treatise clearly and beautifully elucidates the fundamental principles of ascetical theology. He does it with such admirable art that it has been well said that what Father Faber has done for dogmatic theology in popularizing it and making it loved by the people, Monseigneur Gay has done for ascetical theology. The three volumes on *Christian Life and Virtues* are already well known, and now this newer and better translation comes to our desk. We are quite sure there will be an eager demand for it.

2.—THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST, FROM PASCAL.*

We rise from the reading of this book with a sense of satisfaction. Amid the philosophical and theological essays of the style met with nowadays a work like this imparts a freshness and clearness that we are wont to look for in vain. It delights us to see that the author of this work condemns the use of high-sounding adjectives and epithets that have clothed modern thought in an obscurity little becoming and totally unnecessary. He has faithfully followed the dictum of the great Pascal himself in eschewing terms that hide rather than reveal: "Never in definitions and discourses use other words than those already explained and perfectly understood."† This was the French philosopher's teaching. True, it is but a statement of one of the most fundamental laws of logic; but it is a law which many writers of to-day seem to think is honored "more in the breach than in the observance."

* *The Divinity of Christ, from Pascal.* By William Bullen Morris, of the Oratory. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

† Quoted p. 41.

While we cannot claim an acquaintance, much less the student's intimate relationship, with Pascal for forty-five years, such as has been the privilege of the author, still we have always had a reverence for the French philosopher and mathematician. One who speaks of him with these years of study behind his words, deserves the attention not only of those who are in entire accord with his comments but of all those who in the least admire the mental products of his genius.

The subject of the work, namely, the Divinity of Christ, in these days when it is so freely and unintelligently denied, no one can afford to ignore. The book treats principally of Pascal's firm belief in Christ's divinity and of the reasons which led him to that belief. The argument, however, of the book is larger and broader. It is the proof from authority. If the greatest minds in the scientific and literary world have bowed in submission to the truth of Christ's divinity; if, further, they have been urged to do so by the strength of their own reasoning, surely for us who are of minor calibre, this in itself is a reason of mighty and compelling force. The method of argumentation is well illustrated by the author in a story of Edmund Burke. He writes: "Bishop Ullathorne relates that in a controversy between the Catholic Bishop Gilson and Edmund Burke, shortly before the death of the latter, the bishop observed that 'If all sects separated from the Catholic Church were assembled in jury to judge any single Catholic, there would be a majority to approve his faith *on each point*. For where any Protestant sect raised a point, the majority, derived from the Eastern sects, and from other Protestant sects, would be on the Catholic side; and where there is an error in an Eastern sect, the other Eastern and the higher Protestant sects would be on the Catholic side.' Burke sunk his head between his hands and remained astounded. After a time he lifted up his face, full of wonder, and exclaimed: 'An amazing truth! an astounding argument! I will go and tell it to Fox.'"

The author therefore assembles a jury of the greatest minds, and finding that on the subject of the divinity of Jesus Christ they are in accord with his central figure, Pascal, they give to the latter's reasoning a strength which it would not possess did he stand alone. Many of us, perhaps, will be taken aback at some of the names brought to witness to the divinity of our Redeemer. We feel that we would have naught of them. They are unworthy mouth-pieces rather than true

martyres. Like De Maistre and Montalembert, some may object to the use made by Abbé Emery and Père Lacordaire of Lord Bacon and Napoleon as witnesses to religion. The author in his preface forestalls at length this objection: and there must be sought the complete answer. He argues that the process by which such a truth as Christ's divinity may be grasped can be entirely of the intellect and not of the heart.

As an introduction to Pascal's arguments, therefore, the author does not hesitate to cite similar testimony from many other minds. Among these are Newton, Lord Bacon, Dr. Johnson, and Edmund Burke. The first mentioned of these, he claims, has a special kinship with Pascal on account of their common mathematical genius. With all these men belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ was on the same level as their belief in the Creator and Ruler of the universe. We would be trespassing upon the right and pleasure of him who is to read the book did we enter more in detail into their reasonings. Their belief was no fluttering phantom of the night; it was certainty. To Pascal, says our author, "the divinity of Jesus Christ was a truth as certain as any problem in that mathematical science of which he was so great a master."* The concord of such minds adds new vigor to the strength of our own convictions.

Let us now take a brief glance at the process of argumentation by which Pascal was led to give his unalloyed assent to Christ's divinity. Chapters two and three of the book are concerned with this. With a high appreciation of the Jewish race and with a full realization of their unique place in the world, Pascal recognized that their history was in great part typical and prophetic of the great reality that was to come. The ideals of the Jews became the inheritance of the Christians. What was prefigured among the Jews was actualized in Christianity. What was foretold to the Jews was fulfilled in Christ. "The Jews rejected him," writes Pascal, "but not all; those who were holy received him, and not those who were carnal. And this is so far from being an obstacle to his glory, that it is the final stamp of its perfection. . . . Jesus Christ, they object, has been slain; he has perished; he has not conquered the pagans by force; he has not given us their spoils; he has not given us riches. Have they no more than this to say? It is because of this that he is the object of my love. I would not have him whom they picture. It is plain that it is his life alone which prevents them from receiving him, and this refusal

* Page 5.

renders them irreproachable witnesses, and what is more, they accomplish the prophecies."*

Pascal calls the prophecies "the greatest of the evidences for Jesus Christ." Many have been of a different opinion. Some have placed the greatest proof in his miracles, some in his doctrine, others in the character of his life, and so on; but it was the prophecies that led Pascal to Christ. He examined these statements of future events beneath the unerring scrutiny of his logic, and he finds the Messianic prophecies fulfilled exactly in Jesus Christ. It is a very old argument no doubt, but the knowledge that Pascal sees in it such a strength of testimony awakens us to the fact that it is an argument not often insisted upon sufficiently in our own day.

The lofty, the intellectual, and the no less beautiful conception of Jesus Christ which Pascal has given us in his *Pensées*, especially in *The Mystery of Jesus* and his *Prayer in Sickness*, is presented in chapter iv. of the work before us. The chapter might have been culled from the mystical garden of a saint. No thoughts have been expressed surpassing in tenderness, and at the same time in reasonableness, those of Pascal in *The Mystery of Jesus*, where he speaks of Christ's agony. He saw in the knowledge of Jesus Christ all that was necessary. To know him is "to know all that man wants to know in the past, the present, and the future." In this the author likens Pascal to St. Teresa and St. Catherine of Siena, both of whom found satisfaction in the contemplation of the sacred humanity of Christ, rather than of the divinity as totally distinct. "If ever spirits rose and fell upon the breath of inspiration, it was those of St. Catherine and St. Teresa: if ever mind went by the common ways of reason, it was that of Pascal; and yet all three arrived at the same conclusion." And in the fact that reason was Pascal's guide consists the chief value of his words.

The last chapter of this book, under the heading *The New Unbelief*, draws the contrast between the uncertainty and obscurity of much of our modern thought and the clearer utterances of men such as Pascal. Our space will not allow us to go into this chapter as deeply as we would wish. While the author rightly recognizes that the most influential figure in the philosophy of to-day is Kant and that his followers are numerous, we do not think he gives fully the reason of that following.

A most interesting table near the close of the book is worth

* *Pensées*, quoted p. 64.

reprinting. It is a list of noted scientific and literary laymen, classed in two columns as Believers and Unbelievers:

<i>Believers.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Unbelievers.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Died.</i>
Dante,	1265	1321			
Petrarch,	1304	1374			
Chaucer,	1328	1400			
Erasmus,	1467	1536			
Ariosto,	1474	1533			
Sir Thomas More,	1478	1535			
Copernicus,	1473	1543			
Tasso,	1544	1595			
Tycho Brahé,	1546	1601			
Spenser	1553	1599			
Cervantes,	1547	1616			
Shakspeare,	1564	1616			
Bacon,	1561	1626			
Galileo,	1564	1642			
Kepler,	1571	1630			
Harvey,	1569	1658			
Descartes,	1596	1650			
Milton,	1608	1674	Spinoza,	1623	1677
Pascal,	1623	1662	Voltaire,	1694	1778
Locke,	1632	1704	Rousseau,	1711	1777
Newton,	1642	1727	Hume,	1732	1776
Leibnitz,	1646	1716	Kant,	1724	1804
Swift,	1667	1745	Gibbon,	1737	1794
Johnson,	1709	1784	Goethe,	1749	1832
Burke,	1728	1797	Hegel,	1770	1831
Napoleon,	1769	1822	Tyndall,	1820	1893
Cuvier,	1769	1832	Huxley,	1825	1895
Pasteur,	1822	1895	Haeckel,	1834	

The list is significant for many reasons, but principally to point the fact that the new unbelief is the progeny of Protestantism. Even from many of those ranged in the second column there has been wrung some testimony, almost unwilling perhaps, to the divinity of that sublime figure in history and revealed religion, Jesus Christ.

The reading of this book will repay any one. It is optimistic and encouraging. Through the mist caused by the New Philosophy it looks to the day. In its own concluding words: "The fierce fires of the French volcano are burning out; ere long the smoke will clear away, and, like Dante coming up from hell, we shall 'again behold the stars.'"



ONE of England's most formidable men-of-war by a certain irony is called *The Peacemaker*. The Czar in his "Peace Message" says, in order to guarantee peace the better, "nations have developed in proportions hitherto unprecedented their military forces, and still continue to increase them without shrinking from any sacrifice." But he adds despairingly that all these efforts have not yet been able to bring about the beneficent result desired, *pacification*.

It would be curious to inquire whether if Russia were mistress of the seas, like England, or the most forceful power on land, like Germany, it would be the first to sue for a disarmament. The powers may in good faith seriously consider the peace proposals, but they will keep their powder dry and probably store up an extra supply.

The sword may be sheathed by universal consent, but as it lies in its scabbard it is only its latent might which can decide international quarrels.

Apropos of the Dreyfus case, the real merits of which are commonly unknown in this country, the article published in our September number, from the pen of Rev. George McDermot, is said to have been the best written in English. We have received from a French source a letter of which the following is a short extract: Pour la première fois, je lis enfin in langue Anglaise, un aperçu impartial et raisonnable de la question Dreyfus."

The most profound sympathy goes out to the Emperor of Austria because of the assassination of the Empress. The whole colony of anarchists are worse than raving lunatics, and, as much as the latter, ought to be incarcerated. The killing of the Empress was a wild, unreasonable, wanton act. If she had been a tyrant, or an oppressor of the poor, or a slave-master, there might have been a pretext, but she was anything but this kind of a ruler.

The *rapprochement* of English-speaking peoples is founded on a unity of self-interests and grows more and more, not because it is Chamberlain's idea but because naturally there is no closer bond of union than language.

The federation of the English-speaking world will only be obstructed by any talk of offensive and defensive alliances. We have no desire to enter, and we will not be dragged into, the militarism of Europe. There are other nations that have been traditional friends of ours and it is not becoming, nor would it be wise, to throw them aside in order to cement the bond of friendship with England. John Hay, late ambassador to St. James' and the new Secretary of State—the one in whose hands the making of the Anglo-American alliance principally rests—was evidently very careful to commit himself to nothing more than “a sympathetic union.”

If Chamberlain may over-persuade some of our leading men, they ought not to forget that no such alliance will be approved by the people unless you count out the Irish and the Germans and their descendants. The American nation would cut a poor figure without these.

The crisis in Italy may be averted for a little while, but the signs of an eruption on Vesuvius are not more evident than the breaking forth in the early future of the social volcano. When it comes the Holy Father will be found to have the people with him. The people are the near-at-hand source of power, and whom they love to honor will be honored.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF THE FIGURES.

(*R. M. Patterson, D.D., Independent, September 1, 1898.*)

THE statistical reports of the different ecclesiastical organizations, if looked at in their grand summaries only, do not make the impression which should be made in order to a healthful practical effect. They may minister to self-laudation and rouse enthusiasm, and yet need to be supplemented by an examination of particulars that may expose weak points and show a necessity for the correction of errors and for enlightened practical effort. The recently published statistics of the Northern Presbyterian Church very strongly illustrate this.

The "summary" is captivating: 7,635 churches, 975,877 communicants, 57,041 additions on examination last year; \$13,503,561 contributed. But let us descend to a minute examination of some of the particulars under these imposing figures.

As to the numerical strength of the 7,635 churches: far more than one-half (as I count them up, 4,349) have a membership of not more than one hundred each; only 3,286 run above a hundred. The very small organizations are numerous. There are 1,186 which have less than 26 members; 120 having between 21 and 25; 666 between 11 and 20; 198 between 6 and 10; 98 between 2 and 5; 25 having 1, and 79 having *none*. It is somewhat of a Presbyterian oddity to have organized churches of one member and of no members. The explanation, probably, is that they are churches which have dwindled and really ceased to exist, but have not been formally disbanded or struck from the rolls of the presbyteries.

As to the spiritual work and growth of the churches, so far as that appears in the column of additions to the list of communicants, more than two thousand (2,103) had no additions on profession of faith last year; that is, in more than a fourth of the whole, no apparent conversions during the twelve months, no one added from the world, no child of the church led to seek admission to the Lord's Table.

As to their financial showing: less than one-half (3,739) of the churches raised last year more than five hundred dollars each for all congregational objects. Nearly eleven hundred (1,064) are credited with nothing; and nearly seven hundred (687) raised only from one dollar to one hundred dollars each. When it is remembered that that "congregational" column includes all that is raised for the current expenses of the congregation—pastor's salary, building and repairs, support of the Sabbath-school and of the poor—it will be seen that more than half of the churches can give pastors nothing like a living support. Even when two or more are united under one pastor, and even when in addition they are helped by the Board of Home Missions, this statement holds true. Of course where the figures in this column are so small the missionary and other benevolent contributions are nothing, or next to nothing.

It will not be a surprise to add that nearly one thousand (956) of the churches are vacant—that is, have neither pastor nor stated supply; no regular preaching services, no ministerial care. Nearly four hundred (383) made no report to their presbyteries. The number of their communicants are given in the present year's tables as contained in their last report, and hence are not accurate. In both these classes, the "V" and the non-reporting (and their lines cross each other), are a few strong and effective churches which are passing through a brief pastoral interregnum, and will appear in their proper position in the next year's tables; but the great mass of them are the shadow of a name. They help to swell the figures given in the foregoing paragraphs. Nor will it surprise one to note that while there are 440 less ministers than churches, nearly nine hundred of the ministers are marked "W.C." and "Ev.," which means substantially the same thing—with no pastoral connection but seeking a settlement; while a large number of others are engaged in secular employments.

If I believed the state of things which is thus brought to light was peculiar to the Presbyterian Church, I would not parade it in a non-denominational paper. But I believe a minute examination of the reports of other denominations will result in similar revelations; and it may be that this article will lead others to make a similar examination of their denominational reports. Those reports are not all as full and minute as the Presbyterian ones are; and Presbyterians are inclined to think that in the particulars brought under this review their organization is in a healthier condition than the others. If so, or if the Presbyterian fairly represents the others, do not very serious questions emerge?

If more than one-half of the particular churches number less than a hundred members, more than a seventh running less than twenty-five; if more than a fourth pass a year without witnessing any conversions in connection with their services; if less than a half of them are financially self-sustaining, do not the denominations err in the extent to which they organize and keep in separate and antagonistic existence small and unnecessary organizations? Is not a powerful argument presented for more comity among them? Should not the movement for federation which the Congregational Council has inaugurated, and which *The Independent* so wisely advocates, receive an impulse? These questions to which I simply refer now, and others which will suggest themselves, have an important light thrown upon them by the facts which are brought out clearly in this article.

Philadelphia, Penn.

AMERICANISM.

(Liverpool Catholic Times.)

OUR French contemporaries see nothing good in "Americanism." They believe they see much evil. They oppose it, and they misrepresent almost as often as they oppose. In vain the leading French Catholic newspaper attempts to explain. Explanations do not meet the case. It is a matter of first principles, of inrooted ideas, of the historic past, of glories faded, of dreams that never will be realized on sea or land. The past has gone for ever. The present is leading up to a future in which hardly a streak of the old consecrated memories of feudal rule will not soon have faded away. Like Columbus, we are all sailing onwards to another, and we hope a better, world—at least better for the multitudes who will live in it. Democracy advances.

In this new order of things it is quite clear that the Church will have to adapt her weapons of offence and of defence to the nature of the attacks likely to be made upon her. She must, in other words, meet the changed order of things. The days when she had to deal with kings are almost gone. Everywhere popular rights are the real source of legislation. And especially is this so in Great Britain and America. It is absolutely unintelligible to us that we should have everything we want reduced to the level of such ideals as may be current in a country like France. On the Continent the church is enslaved; with us she is free. We must not be content with just keeping her alive. We want her to progress. And in seeking to advance her we, who live on the spot and see the lay of the land, know, as none other can, the exact difficulties we shall meet, and the most likely means to remove those difficulties. Because Catholics in these islands or America work along certain lines, which they believe are good, it does not follow that those lines are bad in America or amongst us just because they would be bad in France, owing to a different condition of things existing there.

Catholic America wishes to keep herself free from these shackles on ecclesiastical liberties. From across the Atlantic she looks over a Europe seething with sedition, undermined with Freemasonry, corrupted with an infidel literature, bitterly hostile to the church. And she contrasts the tyranny that weighs on Catholics with the liberty enjoyed by them under the Stars and Stripes. The contrast terrifies her, and she resolves that she will have nothing to do with the relics of that old European political system which has been so terrible a curse to the church, which, indeed, only gave its embraces to the church in order if possible to strangle her. Who can wonder that Catholics in America should wish to be free to work in their own way? They have enormous power. Close upon one hundred bishops, and a learned, zealous clergy, enjoying the protection of a definite canonical legislation, make up a tremendous force whether in the councils of the church or in the deliberations of those national assemblies that from time to time meet for the discussion of such ecclesiastical matters as affect the religious life of the whole country. Now, this vast body of bishops and priests is practically unanimous in wishing to keep continental systems out of the United States. They are progressing well. They understand the ideas of their people and know how to win them to the church. They have not, as we in this country have, to defend centuries of ecclesiastical history, which at times show us examples which are not to be followed, yet which an alert enemy parades as examples of what would happen were England or America Catholic once more. From all this America is free. Let her go on in the way she likes best. She is true as steel to the church. As the needle turns to the pole, so she turns to Peter. If here and there some ill-considered utterance may give cause for criticism, let us remember that mistakes in detail accompany every great work. But that does not necessarily destroy the value of the work. And so we can only regret that French writers, viewing the magnificent progress of the church in America and contrasting it with the hide-bound state of the church in France, should so frequently hold up to public reprobation those popular, progressive, truly Liberal ideals which are the hope of the church in the United States.

KIDD ON GOVERNMENT IN THE TROPICS.

BENJAMIN KIDD, the author of *Social Evolution*, according to the *Outlook*, maintains that in the process of evolution the tropics must of necessity receive a development that would bring them into the streams of international commerce. The governments that will be established must of necessity be native governments, controlled by European forces.

"Therefore we are confronted with a larger issue than any mere question of commercial policy or of national selfishness. The tropics in such circumstances can be governed only as a trust for civilization, and with a full sense of the responsibility which such a trust involves. The first principle of success in undertaking such a duty seems to Mr. Kidd to be a clear recognition of the cardinal fact that 'in the tropics the white man lives and works only as a diver lives and works under water. Alike in a moral, in an ethical, and in a political sense the atmosphere he breathes must be that of another region, that which produced him and to which he belongs. Neither physically, morally, nor politically can he be acclimatized in the tropics. The people among whom he lives and works are often separated from him by thousands of years of development; he cannot, therefore, be allowed to administer government from any local and lower standard he may develop. If he has any right there at all, he is there in the name of civilization; if our civilization has any right there at all, it is because it represents higher ideals of humanity, a higher type of social order.

"No violent hands must be laid on native institutions, or native rights, or native systems of religion, or even on native independence, so far as respect for existing forms is compatible with the efficient administration of the government. It is but another form of the recognition of the fact that we are in the midst of habits and institutions from which our civilization is separated by a long interval of development, where progress upwards must be a long, slow process, must proceed on native lines, and must be the effect of the example and prestige of higher standards rather than the result of ruder methods. It is on a like principle that the development of the tropical region occupied must be held to be the fulfilment of a trust undertaken in the name of civilization, a duty which allows the occupying country to surround her own position therein with no laws or tariffs operating in her own interests, and which allows her to retain to herself no exclusive advantage in the markets which she has assisted in creating.'"

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

CATHOLIC authors have reason to feel a deep sense of gratitude for the work in their behalf which has been undertaken by the Champlain Summer-School, beginning with the first session in the year 1892. Every year since that time generous recognition has not been wanting for the writers and journalists devoted to Catholic interests. It is now proposed to enlist the co-operation of those attending the Summer-School—and others, willing to lend a hand—in an effort to form a reliable Index of Catholic Authors in North America. Members of the Summer-School are requested to suggest the names and addresses of English writers of books, pamphlets, brochures, and magazine articles, whether original or in translation, in the United States and Canada, who would be apt to escape general notice. The purpose is to aid in making out a complete list of Catholic writers in North America. Please send the name of author and home address to the Secretary, Mr. Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, Ohio.

* * *

Professor H. T. Peck, of Columbia University, editor of Harper's Classical Dictionary, has declared that *Quo Vadis* "is essentially a serious book. It is, indeed, less a novel than a picture of manners, a study of social, intellectual, and political conditions. It is an attempt to embody in the form of a story a bit of the Roman 'Culturgeschichte.' Consequently such discussion as it has so far excited springs from the very natural and interesting questions: 'As a social picture, is it in reality a true one?' and 'Is the author in its pages buttressed by historic fact, or is he simply drawing on a powerful and exuberant imagination?' These questions have been asked of me again and again, and it is from this point of view that a few words may be appropriately written here of what is undeniably the most widely read novel of the day.

"There are three points as to which one should consider the book in estimating its historical value. These are, first, the purely archæological question as to its *mise en scene*, the accuracy of its details, and the glimpses which it gives of Roman usage and custom in the imperial age; second, the personal, relating to its representation of historical characters; and third, its general fidelity to truth in the impression that it gives of the spirit of the time, and of the thought and feeling of the Roman people during the reign of Nero.

"On the archæological side it may be said that *Quo Vadis* is in the main accurate and reliable. Its author has evidently read much of classical literature and of those works that deal with ancient life and manners. A thousand little touches make this certain, and they show its author to possess an innate historical instinct and an admirable sense of proportion. Some of his bits of description are really fine and glow with color. Such is his picture of the great Forum Romanum through which Lygia was carried by the slaves of Aulus Plautius. The forests of glittering columns, the white fronts of the temples, the maze of porticoes, the din of the money-changers, the strange cosmopolitan throng swarming amid the countless arches and colonnades, the mountebanks and sharpers—all these are drawn with a vigor and vivacity that bring them sharply before us and make us see with our own eyes one of the most wonderful sights that the world has ever known. Equally good is the vivid picture of the palace of Nero and of the midnight orgy at which roses dropped from the vaulted ceiling upon the panting, sweating, wine-inflamed banqueters, who clashed their

goblets of gold as the shameless dancing girls mingled with the throng, while emperor and guests alike all wallowed in a license that knew no bounds. And no less forceful and true is the account of the scene in the amphitheatre where the Christians were destroyed after shameful tortures, torn apart by horses, hurled from a height to fall in bloody pulp upon the arena, crucified or rent by savage beasts.

"But Sienkiewicz is not an archæologist, and his wide reading, his careful study, and his glowing imagination have not given him that absolute command of detail which can belong only to the specialist in any subject. There are slips to be detected here and there."

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At the Champlain Summer-School, Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., discussed *Quo Vadis* and the other works of the same distinguished author. He contended that the beginning of the century gave us Scott, and the end gives us Sienkiewicz. The Polish novelist can well be compared to Scott, since he gives us the same great canvases, the same magnificent groupings of character, the same vivid description and powerful narration, the same wonderful variety of incident and adventure. He surpasses Scott in the condensation of his style, his power of analysis, his perception of the ethical current running under the actions of groups of men, and his high conception of his own obligations and duties as a teacher of the people. He owes his condensed style to the fashion of the time which will not tolerate Scott's diffuseness, his use of analysis to the modern writers who introduced it, his ethical methods to the modern manner of writing history, and his sense of his own obligations to the deep faith which animates him.

For a romantic writer he makes large use of the methods of the realists, and as a result secures effects which are not often met with among writers of romance. His faults spring from the use of this realism. It led him into accidental brutalities; accidental because the great artist never stoops consciously to brutality. The terrible scenes of the arena in *Quo Vadis*, the scenes of Roman luxury, and the barbarous cruelties of the Polish wars with the Tartars and other wild nations, are described at times with too much minuteness for a critical taste, and certainly without artistic necessity. But these faults are few and far between and do not mar the splendid pictures with which he provides us.

The distinguishing mark of Sienkiewicz is his use of the conventionalities of the modern novel; his use of analysis, of adventure, and of love. George Eliot has nowhere given us so telling a picture of a human soul in its progress onward as the picture of the Roman soldier and noble, Vinicius, when he approaches Christianity. It is not only a picture of an individual; it is also a description of the change wrought in a whole people. The difficulty which modern writers of romance have in securing adventures of a new form or flavor does not seem to reach Sienkiewicz. His adventures pour out one after another like water from a spring, strange, exciting, and splendidly described. In the use which he makes of the passion of love he shows his originality in a striking way. There is no conventionality of the novel more tyrannical than this love. No novel is safe without it, and yet the theme is so worn that novelists are very much put to it to provide it with interest. The half-dozen heroes whom the Polish novelist has given us so far love with a vehemence and charm that provides the novel-reader with a new sensation. It is a Christian love which he portrays, the love of one man for one woman, a love that shall be eternal if the lovers desire. Whatever the novelists of the past century have done excellently, Sienkiewicz has done

better; surpassing Scott in adventure, Eliot in analysis, Ebers in rebuilding the past, and all in his treatment of the passion of love.

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The claims of Aubrey de Vere, who so often favored the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD in past years, were ably defended by Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., in the same course of lectures at the Champlain Summer-School.

The reading public and the critics of the day have steadily neglected Aubrey de Vere, the former because the critics have paid so little attention to his work. He has lived in undeserved obscurity for thirty years. The friend and successor of Wordsworth, he was really the only poet worthy to succeed Tennyson in the position of Laureate. The honor was not offered to him, and few found fault with the fact. One might wonder at the critics, if there lived to-day writers capable of the exalted office of conscientious critic. But criticism of the kind which flourished in the first half of the century does not exist. This explains in part the neglect displayed towards the work of Aubrey de Vere. The poet is now in his old age, over eighty, and is peacefully awaiting the end in his Irish home. His work covers the three departments of the epic, the lyric, and the dramatic. It is admitted by all that his drama of "Alexander the Great" is one of the most finished plays of the century, both from the poetic and the acting stand-point. His father was also a writer of finished dramas, and one critic has declared the father's play of "Mary Tudor" the finest drama since Shakspeare.

The characteristics of De Vere's epic work are strength, ruggedness, and richness of coloring in the scenes portraying the legendary characters of Irish folk-lore. He presents his characters with the simplicity of the classic schools, and in this respect comes infinitely nearer to the spirit of the great epics than any one of the English poets who has attempted the epic since Milton. When his work in this department is compared with the highly-colored, sensuous pictures of Tennyson and others, it has the appearance of the bare mountain beside the green-clad hills below it. His spirituality is of the most exalted type. It directs and informs even the poems of pagan times, and his pagan characters express in their simple reverence for the gods in whom they believe the poet's faith in the benign God who rules the world. So strong, so severe are these epics, that at first reading they repel the average reader; but once accustomed to that rare and glorious air which the poet breathes, one rejects the sordid, sensuous, and perfumed atmosphere of poets less able.

His lyrics and sonnets have a tenderness, a grace, a music of thought and expression that Tennyson himself could not surpass. Moreover they ring more true than the songs and sonnets of Tennyson. There is no straining for remote and rich-colored words. From a deep and tender heart these strains arise, and are sung with directness and simplicity. Yet everywhere is the deep color of a rich and perfectly disciplined imagination. There is no lack of tasteful color and fancy has its play. One leaves off the reading of De Vere with a deeper sense of the infinite than any modern poet is apt to give him; yet all the while the human sympathy, the play of a strong wit and an excellent humor, remind the reader that this is a singer of earth, who keeps his eyes fixed on the stars.

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Friends of the Summer-School should endeavor to make known their appreciation of its value and to increase its financial resources. The president, Rev. M. J. Lavelle, LL.D., 460 Madison Avenue, New York City, will be pleased to answer any letter of inquiry regarding the plans to gather funds for new buildings and other improvements that are urgently needed. The following letter,

written by the Rev. J. M. Fleming, O.S.A., indicates some of the arguments that may be advanced to insure the perpetuity of the good work:

Since my return, I have been frequently asked whether or not this novel movement, the Catholic Summer-School, will prove a failure. It is almost discouraging to behold the annoying slowness with which people, under the mistaken plea of the avoidance of haste, will recognize the benefits arising from a hitherto untried project. Why should we consider it unworthy of our investigation? How can we reasonably condemn anything of which we know nothing? Why should this movement prove a dismal failure? Its objects and aims are grand and noble. It will, in time, stimulate the ambition of those who are desirous to push on to the utmost heights of intellectual development. New veins of thought, new avenues of research will be unfolded before them. If we are interested in any particular line of study, we can there derive great assistance by attending lectures delivered by men who have given their lives to that branch.

Then, again, are Catholics at all interested in the spread of truth? The Summer-School has been organized for the investigation and defence of the truth. Men of the world need not be told that the atmosphere of society is corrupted by the pestilential doctrines of error and infidelity. They must be aware that the system of immorality pursued by a large number of people will, if persisted in, eventually redound to the detriment of religion and of the state. Is it not encouraging to know that there is one spot to which we can confidently turn for a solution of the problems that intercept our intellectual vision? Truth wherever it is found, or in whatsoever form it is propagated, must have its attractions, because it is born of God and is the fountain which irrigates the various faculties of man. Truth is not alone confined directly to the clear expounding of God's word. For the past three hundred years history has been a caricature of truth. There is not much more truth in it than an imperfect imitation. Learning, alluring diction, and enormous labor have been expended to falsify and misrepresent the teachings and influence of the Catholic Church on the foundation and prosperity of nations. Even those who endeavor to shake off the slavery of prejudice have minimized the benefits which she has bestowed on mankind. It is, therefore, encouraging to learn that our church, and she alone, is and ought to be the church of mankind, and that all attempts to destroy her have only resulted in additional triumphs. All that is good in the world has been extracted directly or indirectly from the church. After listening to learned lectures on the early history of Christianity and her preponderating influence for liberty, education, and progress, we will be proud of our heritage and thank God that we belong to a church that has such an honorable record.

The literature of the various countries is traced in these lectures from the very earliest ages down to the present century. This surely ought to interest a large number of people. There are few at the present time who cannot claim familiarity with the works of poets and prose writers. The question, then, ought not to be asked whether this movement will be a failure, but how shall we contribute towards making it a permanent institution? We can do so by going to Lake Champlain and learning for ourselves all about it. One thing is certain, that if the Catholic Summer-School should prove a failure the Catholics of this country will miss a golden opportunity of effecting much good amongst their co-religionists and their non-Catholic brethren. But the management do not think of failure. A movement must succeed that has the approval of Leo XIII., the leading members of the hierarchy, and many prominent laymen and women throughout the country. But, above every other consideration, it must succeed because it is engaged in the cause of God, and consequently His Divine Benediction covers its entire proceedings.

M. C. M.

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I am, Rev. dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

M. A. CORRIGAN,
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Ah well! A final port, an evening's rest
Before the long, long voyage—'tis fitting so.
No more great ships that to the earth's ends go,
But thoughts of one white sail—ah! that is best!
—“*The Old Shipmaster.*” (See page 249.)

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 404.

ALL SOULS DAY.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.



GRANT them rest, for they are weary
Waiting for Thy promised light;
Grant them rest, O Lord, for dreary
Is their banishment in night:

Loving Saviour! Jesu blest!
Grant Thy faithful peace and rest.

Grant them peace, for they have striven
Long for Thee; for Thee have borne
Many a cross which Thou hast given,

Many a piercing crown of thorn:
Jesu! bid their sufferings cease;
Jesu! grant them light and peace.

Grant them light, that they, attaining,
Lord, at last, Thy dwelling-place,
With Thy Saints for ever reigning,
May behold Thy Blessed Face:

Jesu! call them out of night;
Jesu! bring them to Thy light.

Grant them rest where never sorrow
Enters more, nor pain, nor foe;
Grant them light that neither morrow
Night nor yesterday shall know;
Joy that ever shall increase,
Light perpetual, rest and peace.

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VOL. LXVIII.—10

THE INDIANS AS THEY ARE.

BY CHARLES CARSON.



HE Commissioner of Indian Affairs has just issued his Report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1898.

It is not presumed that there has been any special premeditation in arranging a timely coincidence between the issuing of this report and the renewed breaking out of hostilities between the whites and the Indians in the Northwest. Anyhow, the latter fact will serve to call special attention to the report.

The policy of our government towards the Indians has been one of greed, outrage, and dishonor. As a race the Indian has been systematically robbed and degraded, until now he is as a worm under the heel of the Anglo-Saxon. Little wonder that now and then he turns in his writhings. The government will send its troops to Bear Lake, the Indian will be defeated, and in the name of civilization he will be compelled to submit. So history will go on repeating itself.

The report in hand deals particularly with the Educational Question. It proclaims that if you educate the Indian you solve his future status. Educate him without the religious principle or the moral atmosphere, and you will make of him a cultured criminal. You will put in his hand a double-edged sword to renew his massacres with more refined ability.

It is admitted on all hands that the mission school, under the supervision of the Religious Sisters, had achieved a considerable share of success both in educating and civilizing the Indian; but our government, by a policy that was born of jealousy and dictated by a spirit of antagonism to the prosperity of the Catholic religious school, destroyed the system that succeeded so well and replaced it by the present secular school without any religious training.

There is always a feeling of pity for the oppressed, especially with us Americans. We who live in this free country truly appreciate our liberty and, next to home, there is nothing more dear to our hearts, and nothing more carefully guarded, than that precious boon purchased by our forefathers at such a terrible price. It is this spirit of liberty that enlists

our sympathy with every struggling people, and that induced our country to be the first to recognize and encourage the efforts of Cuba to free herself from the oppressive yoke of Spain. But as we can easily see the faults of others and remain blind to our own failings, so too we can see the errors of other governments and sympathize with their oppressed subjects, while at the same time there may be a greater cause for censure at home; and that is exactly the state of affairs to-day. While we justly challenge Spain for the barbarous and inhuman treatment of the Cubans, we ourselves are committing the same crime against the American Indians, and even more cruel, relentless, and complete. All those broad lands that constitute our country, those millions of acres stretching from ocean to ocean, were bought with the life-blood of the red men.

Whether the white man had a moral right to this country is a question we will not discuss at present, but the manner in which they obtained possession of it was certainly wrong. True, the Indians are a wild and uncivilized people, but they had a natural right to the land they inhabited; even if the Indians held this country only by right of conquest, as some affirm, that fact would not justify the treatment they have received. Had the white man obtained possession of it by the same means it would have been far more honorable, but they cheated the Indians out of their land by fraud and treachery. They made treaties with the Indians leading them to expect pay for their lands, but of all those treaties scarcely one has been kept by the white men. Reservations are allotted the Indians under solemn promise that they will never be disturbed, but just as soon as the covetous eyes of the white man find that the land they have is desirable some excuse is found for driving the Indians from it and forcing them to take up abodes elsewhere. Although the Indians are of a roving disposition, they are more attached to their old homes than is generally believed. The forced emigration and exile from their ancestral abodes is one of the few things that will long prey upon an Indian's mind. "Here I have lived," said an old chief of the Chippewas; "here my fathers are buried; I watch over their graves. When I am dead I wish to be buried beside them, and my children must take care of my grave." Almost every year the banishment of the Acadians is re-enacted among us, yet the misfortunes of the Indians elicit no compassion; they have no Longfellow to sing their sorrows; they suffer in silence and without sympathy.

Few know the true situation of the Indians. Poor and despised, they live with no prospect of success in war, no possibility of providing a living for themselves, no adequate support from the government; for them the future is dark indeed. We have something to live for, some bright hope for the future cheers us, but with them there is none. Even God seems to have forsaken them, and they must fight their battles alone; they thoroughly appreciate the hopelessness of their situation, and accept it with a fortitude and resignation that ought to elicit applause instead of contempt. Deceived and driven from their homes by the white man, they have passed away till of that once powerful race there is left but a miserable remnant, and those few unfortunate stragglers only wait for death to free them from a bondage that weighs upon them far heavier than did the yoke of Spain on the Cubans or that of George III. upon our forefathers. It is merely a question of time when, like the Sun-worshippers and the Mound-builders, the Indians will be of the past, and mothers will tell their little ones of the great nation that once dwelt in their land, but has long since gone; wiped out by the ambition of the white man; sacrificed, victim to the cruelty and greed of an "enlightened" race. How we extol to the skies the name of any white man



"THE FORCED EMIGRATION FROM THEIR ANCESTRAL ABODES IS ONE OF THE FEW THINGS THAT WILL LONG PREY UPON THE INDIAN'S MIND."



"IT IS MERELY A QUESTION OF TIME WHEN, LIKE THE SUN-WORSHIPPERS AND THE MOUND-BUILDERS, THE INDIANS WILL BE OF THE PAST."

who dies fighting for his country and liberty! Yet how many Indians have sacrificed their lives at the same sacred shrine of whom we hear nothing! Deeds for which a white man would be immortalized are passed over with indifference: "It was only an Indian!" Only an Indian; but we should remember that the Indians may have been actuated by feelings of noblest patriotism, that there were heroes among them as great as those that grace the pages of our own history, whose hearts sorrowed for their nation's misfortunes and bled for their suffering countrymen. When it is, alas! too late the American people will awaken to the fact that the Indians have suffered wrong at their hands. When they realize the full extent of their error, and how great has been the distress caused by it to the Indians; when the true history of this unfortunate people is known, it will confound those who love their country and cause them to turn away in shame and confusion. The account of our treatment of the Indians will be a sad passage for the historian of our nation, a passage that justice will blush to see. The Indians are fully aware of the power that was once theirs and the respect they then commanded; they keenly feel the contempt of the white man and their own degradation; nor have they forgotten whose was the fault, whose was the treachery that wrought the ruin of their nation.

From the time the white man first set foot on American

soil the trials of the Indians began, and they will not end till that better land is reached where God at last will render the oppressed the justice denied them at the hand of the white man.

The Indians whom early settlers found in this country were not the Indians we see to-day. They were not then the beggarly, down-trodden race they now are; they were a mighty and powerful people, the noblest of all uncivilized races. The missionaries found them willing and even eager to embrace Christianity; the greatest obstacle they had to contend with was the scandal given by the criminal lives of their European countrymen. One unscrupulous, scheming white man would



"ALMOST EVERY YEAR THE BANISHMENT OF THE ACADIANS IS RE-ENACTED IN OUR MIDST."

sow more evil in a day than a missionary could root out in a year. The Indians could not understand how it was that the white man would commit the same crimes the good missionaries told them they must avoid, and as a result they began to look upon all white men with suspicion; and can we blame them if they sometimes lost faith even in the missionaries? How often has the white man pledged his word with the Indians only to break it at the first opportunity? An Indian can forget almost anything—a lie, never. There is nothing an Indian despises so much as a liar. Can we, then, blame him for his distrust or his rage when he discovers he has been led to believe a lie? The

Indians have always treated the white man kindly, so long as they have been justly dealt with. In almost every instance white men have provoked the Indians to hostilities and called down upon themselves a just and terrible retribution for their unprincipled dealings. Not only was their action a crime against the Indians but against their own countrymen as well, for it was their perfidy and broken faith that occasioned those terrible massacres, caused the Indians to be remembered with dread, and established such enmity between them and the white man.

From the very beginning the Indians were taught to look upon the white man as seeking their destruction and the possession



"BUT THEY HAVE NO LONGFELLOW TO SING THEIR SORROWS."



"THEY KEENLY FEEL THE CONTEMPT OF THE WHITE MAN AND THEIR OWN DEGRADATION."

of their lands. Our much-vaunted policy of civilization of the Indians has been in effect, if not in design, one of extermination.

The government may have had the welfare of the Indians at heart, but the policy it pursued is one that would make us believe quite the opposite. It is not the motive but the fact that we consider. Had the government found some good policy and followed it, some beneficial results might have been derived; but, like an unskilful physician, it has experimented first on one theory, then on another, while the patient sank lower and lower, and chances for life decreased



REV. A. MATTINGLY, O.S.B.

with each dose of "policy." All hope is now practically past; it is but a question of time, yet the experimenting goes on. But the government, as such, cannot be held directly responsible for all the mismanagement of Indian affairs; only too often has it been used as a shield for the covetous designs of schemers, men who held justice and the rights of the Indians of little value when their own private interests were involved, and who, when the exasperated Indians threatened to wreak just vengeance upon their tormentors, retreated behind the protection of the government. Too often have the Indian officials been

appointed through party motives, and not out of regard for the welfare of the Indians. If there had been more Indian officials with some other object in view beside their pay-rolls, working solely for the welfare of the Indians, there would be less cause for complaint; but as a general rule the Indian agents have been men of little character, who were there merely for the money there was in it. True there are some who have conscientiously discharged their duty, and they demonstrate what good can be done, what gratifying results may be accomplished, by officials who are led by motives of honesty and fidelity.

If the officials in charge of the temporal affairs of the Indians would confine themselves to these duties only, there would be less cause for censure, but when they attempt to assume the management of the spiritual affairs of the Indians and to dictate to their religious conviction, they overstep their bounds and deserve the condemnation of every friend of justice. The Catholic missionaries seem to be the special object of their animosity. Why is it such jealousy and antagonism against the Catholic Church are maintained? Is it not to the welfare of the Indians that those brave, self-sacrificing men and women devote their lives? Those servants of the government who have knowingly and intentionally impeded their work of charity should remember that they may be themselves called to account for their actions. The Catholic missionaries have always been the first to brave the perils and hardships of a new country; they were

the first to make any headway in the civilization of the Indians. They labored with a zeal and singleness of purpose that could not be surpassed; many gave up their lives in the pursuit of happiness for the benighted savages. Catholicity is the only form of religion that ever has made or ever will make any progress among this race, for they see that it has a sincere regard for their welfare; whereas the zeal of other religious bodies appears to be based upon private advantage and emolument at the expense of the "Wards of the Nation." Everywhere to-day the cry of the Indians is for the "black-gowns." When the government placed non-Catholic ministers among them, the Indians tolerated them because they could not help themselves; but they yearn for the return of their old teachers and guides. The seed of Christianity and civilization sown by the holy men had already begun to take root when the white men first began to settle in this country. Long before the government exercised any influence over the Indian, the black-robed missionary had gained ascendancy over the savage heart, instructing by word and example, and the



RT. REV. MARTIN MARTY, O.S.B.

child of the forest bowed meekly to the gentle yoke of Christianity; yet, instead of encouraging those Pioneers of Culture to persevere in their good work, the government has rather impeded their activity. This would appear to be incredible



REV. PIUS BOEHM, O.S.B.

were it not a fact of history: we see this in the policy that drove the Catholic missionaries out of so many agencies where they had built up flourishing congregations; we see it in the policy that forbade Catholic missionaries to set foot on the reservations, and in the law that flung Catholic priests into prison for the "crime" of returning to their little flock to give them instructions after the agency had been given over to some Protestant sect. The missions and missionaries have done more to civilize the Indians than has the government; in some agencies, where they have not been molested by pretentious

officials, their zeal has been rewarded with most gratifying results.

In 1883 the policy of the government toward the Catholic missions assumed a more favorable attitude; for a time it seemed that prejudice and jealousy, which have caused so much



"THE MISSIONARIES HAVE DONE MORE TO CIVILIZE THE INDIANS THAN HAS THE GOVERNMENT."

ill-feeling, which are so disastrous to all enterprises, either religious, social, or financial, had given place to a higher and more Christian principle, with the welfare of the Indian as the underlying motive. Schools were erected and equipped by the missionaries, and then the government appropriated a certain sum per capita for each child educated. This sum was less than it cost the government for the maintenance of the child at the government school, but by thrift and hard work the mission



IMMACULATE CONCEPTION SCHOOL AT STEPHAN, SOUTH DAKOTA.

schools flourished and the preference of the Indians was soon apparent. This pleasant state of affairs was not allowed to exist for long; another change was soon deemed necessary, and several less favorable amendments were made. These regulations included all contract schools, but were a covert blow at the Catholic missions, for they were by far in the majority. Some praiseworthy attempts were made at justification, but the real import was evident to all; it was but a makeshift, a prologue to the entire abolition of the mission schools as far as the government was concerned.

Let us take the Immaculate Conception School at Stephan, South Dakota, as an example. The history of this little mis-



"THE CHILDREN CARRIED HOME TO THE WIGWAMS THE STORIES OF THE GOOD BLACK-ROBE."

child. Not enough, surely, to leave a margin. Yet under the able administration of Father Pius Boehm and his faithful assistant, Rev. A. Mattingly, the school flourished, was able to compete with the government schools, and steadily gained in popularity with the Indians. Many more pupils would gladly have come to the "Seni Sapa tipi" if they could have been accommodated. The sisters were untiring in their zeal; they were loved and venerated by the children, for their first effort was to win the hearts of their pupils. The greatest champion in the eyes of the children was Father Pius. No picnic was planned, no excursion,

the undaunted courage and self-devotion with which it has been maintained, would make a long story in itself; it is but one, however, of the many Catholic missions among the Indians. It was founded in 1886 by Miss Catherine Drexel, now Mother Catherine, one of the few who have realized that among the Indians there is a fruitful field for charity. During the first few years of its existence the school carried from 110 to 125 pupils on the rolls. The government allowed appropriations for 100; all over that number were kept gratis. \$27.50 was the amount allowed per quarter (three months) for the board, clothing, and tuition of each



"THE WAY TO WIN THE CONFIDENCE OF THOSE UNTUTORED INDIANS WAS THROUGH THEIR LITTLE ONES."

sion was complete, if he were not there, and his presence was always known by the bevy of happy children that surrounded him. Kind, patient, and gentle, he saw the way to win the confidence of the untutored Indians was through their little ones, and well were his hopes fulfilled; the children carried home to the wigwams the stories of the good black-robe. Their elders listened, became interested, and came to see for themselves; thus truly was fulfilled the prophecy, "And a little child shall lead them."

Thus promising was the beginning; but in 1893, when



AN ABORIGINE.



AN INDIAN BRAVE OF TO-DAY.

the future began to look brighter and the success of the mission seemed assured, came the first step toward the abolition of the mission schools, and Father Pius was informed that the government schools should have precedence; that they should be filled before the mission schools, and that no child that had attended the government schools the preceding year would be allowed to attend the contract schools. The missionaries opposed these unfair proceedings, but to no purpose. In vain did the Indians protest. "We are Catholics," said

"Harm Dog," "and we want our children educated in a Catholic school." Father Pius tried to explain that it was the law, and although it seemed unjust, they must submit; but the Indians could not understand why they could not send their children to the school that suited them best. Many brought their children to the mission, insisting on leaving them there, and many were the protests when the police carried them off to the government schools. Father Pius attempted to test the law by retaining some children that had been brought to the mission in this manner by their parents, but he was promptly informed by the Hon. Commissioner Morgan that unless the children were sent back to the government school his appropriation would be withheld.



THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

After this year by year came the lessening of the appropriations; from one hundred the contracts only allowed appropriations for sixty-five; then forty-five, then thirty, and last year Father Pius

was notified that he need not expect any more aid from the government. But it is in crises of this kind that the fortitude and self-devotion of the real friends of the Indian stand out, in striking contrast to those whose interest is governed by pecuniary compensation. With no help from the government, no aid from the Catholics of the United States, and no hopes of assistance from the Indians themselves, the prospects were certainly not encouraging; yet, in answer to Bishop O'Gorman's inquiry as to what he intended to do, Father Pius replied that he would continue the school as long as there was a penny left to buy food and clothing for the children, and not till necessity obliged would it be closed.

With a great effort the school has been able to continue

this year, but next year it must depend entirely upon private charity; unless there is aid from some quarter, it is very probable that it will be abandoned. But will the Catholics of the United States allow this? Will they allow the fruits of so many years of labor to go to naught when so little is needed? There has never been the interest shown in our missions and missionaries that they have deserved. From time to time ap-



OF ANOTHER AGE AND GENERATION.

peals have been made by the bishops or by the missionaries themselves, but every one has waited for some one else to set the example, and as a result the missionaries have been left to continue their work alone, without charity, without encouragement, almost without sympathy.

The American people are far-famed for generosity; there never was yet a nation stricken by famine or in distress that called in vain for aid. Yearly missionaries are sent to foreign countries, and many are the societies, etc., for the support of foreign missions. All this is very good and praiseworthy, but before we ex-

tend our charity to strangers we should listen to the call at our own door. If the cause of humanity enlists our sympathy to such an extent that we undertake a war, sacrificing countless lives and millions of money, in behalf of the Cuban revolutionists, who have no claim at all upon this country, how much more should our compassion be extended to the Indians, for whose misery we are responsible. The Catholics of the United States do not comprehend how much the missions mean to the Indians, or there would be no need for an appeal for aid. They are the stronghold of Catholicity and a permanent basis of operation for the missionaries. The school is the nursery of religion, and the influence of children brought up in the mission schools cannot be overestimated. Yearly sums are squandered in questionable charity, or in donations courting public recognition and applause, that would be a godsend to struggling missionaries. Not only Catholics but all who are Christians and friends of justice, should awaken to the fact that it is not only charity but a duty to second the efforts of those noble men who have sacrificed everything for the advancement of this degraded race, and who have done so much to atone for our general wrong. Although they may not be able to save them from extinction, yet they can smooth the way for the departing footsteps of this once powerful people, and may be the means of bringing many to the light of Christianity, and every soul thus saved will be repaid with a million of heaven's gold.



IMMACULATE CONCEPTION SCHOOL IN MID-WINTER.

COLLEGE WORK FOR CATHOLIC GIRLS.

BY PROFESSOR AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D., LL.D. (Notre Dame).



IN view of the discussion concerning the higher collegiate education for women a study of existing realities will not be without its interest.

According to the last report of the Commissioner of Education there are in the United States 163 colleges for girls exclusively; two of these—the College of Notre Dame, founded in 1851 at San José, California, and the Seminary of the Sacred Heart, founded in 1858 at Chicago—are Catholic. The College of Notre Dame has power to grant degrees, and it had 74 preparatory and 11 college students in the last educational census. St. Mary's Academy at Notre Dame, Indiana, also has power from the State to graduate students. I do not know whether or not there are other convent schools having faculty to give degrees. The College of Notre Dame and St. Mary's Academy have each granted a few baccalaureate diplomas.

Of the 161 non-Catholic colleges for girls eight are institutions in which the standard of courses is as high as that required in colleges for boys, but the remainder are, almost without exception, below the grade of a college.

As to "co-education"—the universities of Virginia, Georgia, and Louisiana do not admit girls to their classes, but the other State universities receive girls. The University of Michigan, for example, has about 700 young women among its students. Princeton, Columbia, Amherst, Dartmouth, Williams, a few other Eastern colleges, and, of course, all the Catholic colleges, exclude girls.

There are 61,629 girls in all the departments of our American colleges, and of these 27,716 are doing regular college work. 1,775 negroes, 179 of whom are college students, are included in this number. The total number of college girl students increases about 1,000 annually, and 3,277 degrees in course were granted to these students during the year 1894-95. The Baccalaureate in Arts is the degree most sought, as it still is in the colleges for boys.

CATHOLICS IN NON-CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

It is impossible to get statistics, which would be even approximately correct, concerning Catholic girls in attendance at

non-Catholic colleges, but there is a large number of these girls in such institutions.

The life in a non-Catholic woman's college, where attention to the "evils of Popery" is more absorbing than in colleges for boys, is not the best atmosphere in the world for the growth of a Catholic girl's faith. The devotion to religion is often firmer in a girl's heart than in a boy's, but the girl in the non-Catholic college is exposed to stronger temptations than those experienced by a Catholic boy in a similar position, because the emotional preacher is more potent in the girls' college than in the boys'.

I cannot speak of co-education from wide, personal experience, except in medical schools. There it is an abomination. Reports from colleges that have tried co-education assure us that the experiment is a success which, as Shakspeare's Celia would say, is "Wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!" Of course, much depends here upon standards of morality. Advocates of co-education consider the Catholic's opinion on the need of chaperonage prudish, but the Catholic will cling to his opinion. I saw an expression in a Protestant journal recently which was striking: "Purity in the Roman Catholic sense of the word," meaning scrupulous purity. Are there two kinds of purity? If there are, we want the Catholic variety in our schools, at the risk of being accused of scrupulosity.

Apart from all conjecture, this fact is perfectly clear, that Catholic girls in large and increasing numbers are flocking to non-Catholic colleges, to the injury or loss of faith, and they will continue to do so until we supply them with Catholic colleges. We should have such colleges, and we can have them with the expenditure of only a little effort.

Setting aside the matter of university training, there is no doubt that girls are fitted to receive a college education. We are liable to exaggerate the depth of the term "College Education"—it requires no genius to penetrate its abysses.

WOMAN'S CAPABILITIES.

Woman was not created to darn nethersocks, and you will not make her a candidate for Congress by teaching her a little Latin and Greek and English. Up to the baccalaureate degree, at least, she is equal to the man except in original work. She is neither a cherub nor an amusing fool, as we marvellously wise male creatures shall find when the first view of Heaven bursts upon us. From the days of Mariana the mother of

Fulgentius, and Anthusa, the mother of John Chrysostom, down to the time of Augusta Drane, the church has been actually crowded with learned women that were in no degree injured by their wisdom, while the world was made better by their presence. There is no female Michelangelo, Beethoven, Shakespeare, but there is a Teresa, a Catharine, and a Mary the Mother of Christ, who knew secrets of divine wisdom more valuable and more beautiful than all the visions yet seen by artistic genius.

Give the girl the chance in life her brother receives. Every maiden is not destined for matrimony in these days, and why should the spinster be condemned to idleness or to slavery in the shop or the grammar-school?

But are not our convent schools as they exist at present sufficient for our needs? Up to the grade they reach they are excellent, they are one of the greatest blessings granted the church in America. There are occasional flaws in their methods of teaching, they are obliged at times through poverty to put certain teachers in the class-room who have not had sufficient training; but there is one glory of the convent school, something that the vulgarian, the "practical man," does not recognize, and that is the atmosphere of refining spirituality which exists in it. There is in that holy place the gentle restraint that makes ladies, the sacredness of purity, the charm of peaceful corridors that lead to the small lamp burning at the feet of the Madonna, the still chapel in which the Presence whispers a consolation not known in the unquiet haunts of the world; and no perfection of secular learning can supply all this in the formation of a girl's character. God forbid that we should change any part of that spirit! Keep this spiritual quality and add to it a broader secular learning.

Plutarch said (*De Educat. Puer.*, c. xix.): "The essential things in the education of the young are to teach them to worship the gods, to revere their parents, to honor their elders, to obey the laws, to submit to rulers, to love their friends, to be temperate." This noblest part of education is imparted more perfectly in convents than anywhere else in the world; indeed, non-Catholics appreciate that fact as we do, and in consequence some of our convents are crowded with non-Catholic girls—a disadvantage, perhaps, that is scarcely offset by the removal of prejudice from the minds of these non-Catholic young women.

WAYS FOR THE BETTERMENT OF CONVENT SCHOOLS.

That we may improve the mental training in these schools,

and gradually form colleges for girls, I suggest that a course of studies be adopted that will lead to the Baccalaureate in Letters. This is the ordinary classical course so changed that English takes the place of Greek—Latin is retained. Many convents already have teachers thoroughly competent to manage such a course. If they have no sisters to teach the elements of metaphysics and ethics required in the senior year, it will not be difficult to find priests able and willing to direct such classes. A normal school for sisters is a necessity which some communities are providing for. Summer *classes* under skilled teachers could effect good, and the "Catholic Institute" has begun this work; but the lecture is almost a disadvantage, because it beguiles religious superiors into the belief that real advance is being made. Even if the lectures are well given, tired women after the year's teaching cannot profit by them; the summer class is only a makeshift for a like reason. I do not wish to be misunderstood as holding that all our convent schools are mere high-schools. We have actually hundreds of sisters that are equal to any women teachers in the country, notwithstanding the private slurs of pessimistic Catholics, who after a few years' profound study in the public schools are, of course, thoroughly capable of passing judgment on matters of education even without investigation of facts. Our sisters are not aggressive enough; they mistake showy hollowness in secular schools for solidity, and are abashed; or individual initiative is checked by the spirit of their religious life. I just now remember three religious, one of whom is living at present, who would be known over the English-speaking world as literary craftsmen if they had published what they have written privately. I do not presume to suggest even that it might be better otherwise; I call attention to a fact.

There should be at least three years given to preparatory study in that English course, and afterward four years of collegiate work. An arrangement can be made whereby girls, whose parents do not wish to keep them at school until a degree is obtained, may after the preparatory course, or after the freshman year, get the "finishing medal," until we grow out of that kind of thing. It is not necessary to open all the classes of this English course at once. Let it be built up gradually while teachers for the upper classes are preparing. Beware of the English books prescribed by the "Council of Ten" for college-entrance examinations. Some need expurgation, others are too ponderous for freshmen.

THE CLASSICS ARE NOT OBSOLETE.

Despite the opposition of Mr. Grant Allen, there is no better method than a use of the ancient classics for a college training. It would be out of place to repeat the well-known arguments that show the value of a study of Latin and Greek in mental culture, but I should like to call attention to a serious modern fault in the teaching of these languages. Take Latin, for instance—it is treated as a very dead language indeed. Latin is no more difficult than modern German, yet after two years at German the average boy or girl, if taught with even ordinary skill, is able to read that language at sight. No college graduate after a seven-years struggle reads Latin with a facility at all comparable to that with which he reads German after two years' study. The causes of this bad result are that the student has been worried with grammar, which is an excellent study for philologists, but is not digested by young stomachs except in small quantity, and secondly, Latin is not *spoken* in class. Any priest will tell you that after one year's residence in a theological seminary, where lectures are given and recitations are made in Latin, he learned more Latin simply by hearing it spoken than he did during his entire college course. The *Ratio Studiorum* of the Jesuits, one of the most wonderful books in existence, requires that Latin be taught by the method of speaking it in class. If teachers spoke Latin even a freshman could read any author at sight, and then the study of Latin literature might really begin, and there would be no reason for the nonsense written by opponents of a classic course.

THE PROBLEM OF TEACHING LITERATURE.

Let us beware also of the German philological methods of teaching Latin that now infest all our non-Catholic colleges. Philology is a university study—the barest elements suffice for college use. An undergraduate class is kept for months at the study of an inscription dug up somewhere in Asia Minor, and that strange deed is applauded as scholarship. Even if it were not altogether out of place in a college course, it would be sheer natural-science work, like the study of botany, and we have too much natural science as it is, despite the healthy reaction that has set in against it.

The arrangement of a Latin course is so well established as regards the authors to be taken up in the different years that nothing more need be said, but the plan of an English course is difficult to formulate. The systematic teaching of English

is a new branch of pedagogy, and the courses followed are as diverse as the individuality of their professors. Mr. William Morton Payne recently gathered reports from the professors of English in twenty representative American non-Catholic colleges, and these reports are unsatisfactory, and very vague. Teachers often seem not to have a clear notion of what should be sought in the study of English. All are at ease as regards the study of rhetoric, except that they abandon this study too early in the course, and they agree that the grammar-evil should be abated, but what to do with English literature as such is a mystery to many educators. By many the study of literature is confined to the history of books and the biography of authors, to tombstone literature and "Harriet Chatter." History and biography in literary work are useful. One must read Shelley's life to understand some of his poems, and it is necessary to know the chronology of the Shakspearean plays, so far as we have any reliable chronology, in order to explain the marked difference in style between the early and late plays, and so on; but there is by far too much seeking after facts regarding the price Milton received for "Paradise Lost."

A teacher cannot crowd more than the dimmest outline of what English literature contains into the years of a college course, hence the necessity of dealing with principles of criticism which will fit the student for real work of culture in after-life. It is useless in a magazine article to go into the technical details of an English course, but the study and practice of criticism, using a few great writers as material, together with constant theme-work, are the soul of such a system. Exactly half the time given to English during the sophomore, junior, and senior years might be devoted to Shakspeare alone, and results in actual practice have justified this method, because almost all literary art is in Shakspeare. Professor Bain, of the University of Aberdeen, in *Education as a Science*, prefers the study of prose writers to that of poets, because, he says, the student will afterward use prose. From his remarks one is inclined to infer that he deems *imitation* of an author not only possible but the real study of that author. A student cannot imitate more than accidental tricks of style, which are valueless when taken away from their first possessor. Let children study both prose and poetry; but we should bear in mind that culture is the end aimed at, and the best means for attaining this end is in the work of the poets. A teacher that knows the full technique of the sonnet (a rare accomplishment) can impart more elementary skill in criticism by the

study of that form of verse than can be given to beginners by any other kind of literary composition. Students soon learn to grasp a sonnet as a whole, to understand what is meant by unity, whereas a long composition is too wide for such result at the start. Unity is the chief fundamental law of all art, and an early knowledge of what it implies is a great advantage. This is not narrow work: a knowledge of literature by no means implies an acquaintance with the latest popular novel; it often implies a dislike for that novel. Only the hack reviewer and the fashionable young woman are obliged to read all the offscouring of the "literary" press.

The study of dramatic form also, a new branch of literary school-work, is very valuable. It can be made as exact as natural science to please the lover of the palpable, it is "full of the refreshment of calculation and construction, the incorruptibility of line and law," and that study made upon a material furnished by Shakspeare will impart more knowledge of literature in three years than old methods will give in six.

The teacher of the principles of criticism need not waste time looking for text-books, because none exist. He or she must wander and labor like a bee in a score of meadows and gather juices that afterward will be turned to honey. Text-book work in literature is usually as mechanical as praying from a *Key to Heaven*, and mechanical, formulated teaching is the corpse of teaching. We should do our own work in all things, especially in methods of education. The Church is a leader, not a follower, and our best men and women are tired of the vulgarity of imitation. When Saint Thomas quoted Saint Augustine's remark concerning the light that may be taken from wise men who are not of the fold—"Si quæ forte vera, et fidei nostræ accommoda, dixerint, ab eis tanquam ab injustis possessoribus in usum nostrum vindicanda sunt"—neither saint advocated a simian mimicry. There is need of a Congress of Catholic Educators in this country which will begin with the systematizing of parochial-school work and text-books. When this congress is called laymen and laywomen should be urged to act. The clergy has often enough invited such co-operation, but the laity has been lacking in an appreciation of the importance of the matter. Lay teachers necessarily have a broader knowledge of methods useful in lower schools than the parish priest can have, and there will be no danger of "trusteeism" if the laity be given partial but actual authority in one board of each diocese.

SUNLIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN A NOBLE LIFE.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH.

BY D. S. BÉNI.



HE sad and untimely death of the virtuous and beloved Empress of Austria awakens in my heart sweet memories of my younger days, when I first saw her as a beautiful and winning child in her Bavarian home. Again she passes before me, as I saw her flitting through the dance at the carnival ball at the Royal Institute, when, in 1852, she made her first appearance at the national capital.

The Royal Institute was founded by King Louis I. and supported by the crown, on the plan of St. Cyr, which was created by Mme. de Maintenon for the education of the daughters of the French nobility. Every year the king and queen honored the carnival ball by their presence, and the invitations were given only to those designated by the royal favor. On the night of which I speak, King Maximilian II. and his queen and court were present, but they did not attract half the attention the young and beautiful Princess Elizabeth did. The latter in it all seemed perfectly unconscious of her beauty. Neither poet nor painter could do justice to her loveliness; not that her features were strictly classical, but the expression of her countenance, the index to the purity and innocence of her soul, made her so beautiful that to see her was to love her. She was then about fifteen, as untainted by worldly contact as the pure lilies which she loved to gather in the parks of her ancestral home, Schloss Passenhofen, on the banks of Lake Traun. Like an artless child, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, she flitted back and forth, seemingly unconscious of the royal visitors, choosing her own partners, and entirely absorbed with the innocent pleasure of the moment.

Two years later, after she had been wooed and won, and her imperial suitor had returned to Munich for the espousals, I saw the ardent young lovers, for lovers they certainly were, at the court ball given in their honor. They were like happy children on a holiday, for "the world is full of beauty when the heart is full of love." The Emperor was then in his twenty-fourth year, and the Princess Elizabeth was seventeen,

though she looked even younger. She had lost none of her peerless beauty, which needed not the aid of any ornament. Her dress was of white silk, perfectly plain, simply covered with tulle, which suited her sylph-like figure, for Milton's words might in all truth have been applied to this fair princess:

"Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

One change I noticed: her beautiful blonde hair was now rolled back from her chiselled forehead and confined in a graceful knot, from which a white rose-bud hung carelessly, just caught by a diamond brooch, or half coronet, the gift of her imperial *fiancé*. This style of wearing the hair became the rage in Munich and Vienna, but no one could imitate it; the princess was her own coiffeuse; the style in its simplicity was peculiar to herself, and becoming only to the angelic face which it surrounded as a halo of light.

The marriage took place in April, 1854, by proxy, and after the nuptial festivities in the Austrian capital the warm-hearted young Empress received only a cold welcome from her Bavarian kinswoman, the Dowager Empress Sophia, who was at the same time her aunt and her mother-in-law.

The rigid etiquette of the Austrian court, established by Joseph II., the unworthy son of the magnanimous Maria Theresa, was a crushing weight upon the heart of the young Empress, and only the love which she bore to Franz Joseph enabled her to endure the surveillance and incessant reprimands of her imperial and imperious mother-in-law. Accustomed to the freedom of a bird in the air, or the graceful gazelle in the forest, the empty and heartless ceremonies of the court well-nigh broke her spirit. Compelled to sit for hours under the hands of the coiffeuse, who knew not her simple art, the young Empress often rushed forth, impetuously exclaiming: "*I will dress my own hair; here they know nothing but idle vanity*"; and suiting the action to the word, in one moment the graceful coiffure was completed; but not before she heard the oft-repeated words: "Does such conduct become the Empress of Austria? It belongs rather to a poor country girl."

But these were the little crosses which were sent to strengthen her soul and prepare her for the crucifixion of heart through which she was to pass in after-life.

Later in 1854, when Franz Joseph made his triumphal entrance into his possessions in Lombardy, I saw him in Venice, reviewing the army in the grand piazza of St. Mark. It was

a scene of magnificence which can never be described or forgotten. Before this day, the silence of Venice and the awful "prisons under the Leads" had always impressed me sadly, but to-day it was "the pleasant place of all festivity." Every palace, every house, and every balcony was draped with flags and garlands of flowers, the gondolas of white and gold flitted back and forth over the placid waters, and as we stood on one of the balconies of the Palace of the Doges and watched the evolutions of the well-drilled troops in their best attire, the richly caparisoned horses, the glittering arms, amid the strains of martial music, my young heart was all afire with "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." It is said that "man is a military animal," but who could witness a scene like that without enthusiasm? The Emperor was the picture of robust youth, and by his side rode the battle-scarred veteran, General Radetzky, bent down by age and the hardships of many campaigns. It was a touching contrast, and we knew not which to admire more, the Emperor's respectful, deferential bearing towards the noble old soldier, covered with honorable decorations, or the homage which the old general rendered to his young sovereign, the hero of the hour.

During the evening of that gala day, when my mother presented me to General Radetzky, he received me kindly, I might almost say tenderly, as he asked my mother how many children she had. At the answer "Nine," the old veteran bowed his head sadly and said: "Happy mother of good children! My only one is the sorrow of my life—I have only a blighted home and a broken heart"; and then in my presence he related the sad story of the separation from his wife and his wayward son. His tears fell upon the glittering decorations, which may hide but can never heal the wounds of a heart that has been pierced by the sword of sorrow. It was a revelation to me. A few hours before I had deemed him the happiest man on earth, who

"By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the sword."

Even Venice, the city he had besieged and conquered only five years before, resounded with praises of his valor. Honored and venerated by his grateful sovereign, beloved by his com-

patriots, admired and applauded by the world, decorated with the insignia of almost every military order in Europe—he had the wisdom to say: “All is vanity.”

At nightfall we ascended the Campanile of St. Mark, and at our feet lay Venice, which with its gorgeous illuminations presented a fairy scene—palaces, houses, gondolas glittering with Venetian lights; all reflected in the water with the stars above, showed the heavens beneath as well as overhead. But amid all the beauty and grandeur, and the strains of sweet music, my thoughts reverted to the tears of the old warrior, so brave in battle, so tender in sorrow, who had that day shown me some of the dark shadows of real life. The events of that day made a profound impression on my susceptible young heart. If I remember well, the day of the grand review was on Tuesday, and on Thursday we were to leave Venice in the imperial train for Trieste; but a letter telling us of the sudden illness of a relative obliged us to leave Venice a day earlier—happily for us, for the ship on which we would have sailed was lost with every soul on board.

When we arrived in Trieste on Wednesday evening the whole city was on the *qui vive* to welcome the Emperor, who was expected on the evening of the following day. The skies were not auspicious, but with the eager impetuosity of youth Franz Joseph, assured by the captain that his vessel would withstand a hundred storms, set sail; but Trieste saw him not until the city was in an agony of suspense, in true sympathy with the inconsolable young Empress and the Empress Dowager, who there awaited him. Vessels were despatched to seek the overdue ships. At length they sighted a vessel stranded on the coast, which was recognized as one of the imperial fleet. Happily assistance came at an opportune moment, and the Emperor arrived at Trieste on the evening of the third day. His vessel had been driven to the coast of Istria, where, storm-bound and storm-beaten, it had barely escaped shipwreck. The other vessels of the fleet did not escape so safely. Many were completely wrecked and hundreds of precious lives were lost. The scene which followed was a fulfilment of the words of Holy Scripture: “Laughter shall be mingled with sorrow, and mourning taketh hold of joy.”

Only a few days before we had taken part in the magnificent pageant in Venice; to-day we mingled our tears with the sorrow-stricken city of Trieste, for with the ill-fated vessels had perished the very flower of the young men of Austria. As an honorable reward for pre-eminence in the military and naval

schools of Vienna the best cadets had been picked out to escort the Emperor, and there was scarcely a family in Trieste that had not lost a brother, a son, or a friend. No welcome was given to the Emperor, but rather he was now censured and criticised and coldly treated for having recklessly exposed them to danger and to death.

Trieste was indeed a city of mourning. The broken spars and bow of the wrecked vessel were carried to the magnificent Cathedral of St. Juste, to form the catafalque at the grand Requiem Mass, which was celebrated by the venerable archbishop surrounded by ecclesiastics of every rank. The cathedral was heavily draped in black, and every soul in that vast assemblage was clad in the weeds of woe. The Emperor and Empress were really bowed down with sorrow, as they with their whole retinue assisted at the solemn Mass; the royal musicians were there, and the instruments which only a few days before had resounded with soul-stirring martial music now, muffled in black crape, gave forth a heartrending dirge, which was almost lost amid the sobs and cries that filled the vast edifice. That day had an influence on my life; whenever I recall the brilliant display in Venice, the bent form of the sorrow-stricken warrior rises up before me as the dark shadows in the background of a picture. To-day, as I recall the fair young Princess and Empress as I knew her, imagination pictures to me the careworn, heart-broken mother bowed down by a sorrow which admits of no consolation—the unhappy death of her only son. For her all earthly honors are of no avail, only her good works remain. She was a faithful and devoted wife, and as a sovereign she was to her court and her country the accomplished model of every Christian virtue; she was as gifted as she was good, and she was honored and beloved wherever her name was known. Her daughter Gezéle in 1873 married her cousin Leopold, Prince of Bavaria, and a younger daughter, Marie Valerie, born about 1869, I think died in childhood. The Empress Elizabeth came from a family as noble in deed as in name. The Princess Helena, her sister, married the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, who had more wealth than the Emperor himself, holding in his own name ninety-nine magnificent estates, and since her widowhood much of her income has been devoted to good works. She was the foundress of the Monastery of the Visitation at Cottieschau, which she magnificently endowed.



THE PIONEER BISHOP OF COLORADO,
RT. REV. JOSEPH P. MACHEBEUF.

CATHOLICITY IN THE SILVER SAN JUAN.

BY F. J. KRAMER.



On wagon road entered Silverton in 1877, when the first Mass was said in the San Juan country. The only way to get into the mountains was to walk or to come by horseback over the narrow and steep trails. It did not mean an easy time to come in either of these ways. The mud-holes and the steep places in the trail made it a surety that the traveller did his share of work in getting around them. What one sees to-day in the mountains away from the railroad is no criterion of what the trails were in the early days. Occupation by white

men for more than a score of years has made changes even where direct signs do not show.

Father Hayes, a Jesuit father, was the priest to say the first Mass in the San Juan. A hall was kindly donated for the use of the Catholics, and those of us among the Catholics who could be present managed with some boxes, sheets, and with large quantities of colored tissue-paper, to prepare quite a fair-looking altar. There were several Catholic families in Silverton at the time, and the number of Catholics that showed up was much greater than was expected. That was the only Mass in Silverton that year.

The San Juan country is a portion of the main Rocky Mountain range, situated in south-western Colorado. Here the mountains bunch together, and for about forty miles across pile up peaks which range between 13,000 feet to 14,500 feet.

Silverton is situated nearly in the centre of this district, while more towards the edge are found the towns of Lake City, Ouray, Telluride, Rico, and Durango. The Rio Grande drains the eastern slope, carrying the waters to the Gulf of Mexico. The western slope, although at first the streams start away from each other, eventually drains into the Colorado and thence into the Gulf of California. In 1872 the first permanent settlements were made, and then began the development of the silver mines that gave the country the name of the Silver San Juan.

More than a hundred years before Father Hayes said Mass in Silverton two Spanish fathers had passed close by, mayhap through the present site of the town. The Franciscan fathers Escalante and Garcia in 1775 passed through the western part of the San Juan, their trip extending from a short distance below Albuquerque to as far as the Great Salt Lake in Utah and back again to Santa Fé. To-day a small stream flowing into the Grande is known as the Escalante—named after the Franciscan father.

The course of the fathers took them close by what is now Trout Lake, San Miguel County, one of the most beautiful lakes to be found in all the mountain regions of Colorado. They must have gone along the old Indian trails through the mountains, for only thus would it have been possible to penetrate the country to any distance. At the present time the narrow-gauge road, keeping near the bottom of the Las Animas cañon, climbs up to Silverton. But in the days of the Franciscan fathers, and even up to 1882, the only feasible path was the trail high up the mountain side close to timber-line.

I have been over nearly all the country through which the two Franciscans travelled in 1775. Its broad features have not changed in the more than one hundred years that have passed since then. What they saw can be seen to-day if we follow the path they followed. The trail in the mountains over which they

toiled is still in existence and the scenes are as grand as they were in the eighteenth century. You can to-day slowly follow the zigzags and windings of the trail along the mountain side. High above you, now as then, will glow and glitter the varicolored rock in the rays of the setting sun. Now as then, in the crevices of the mountain, high above timber-line, in places will still appear last year's snow. Above, floating in heaven's deep azure, will be, as then,



TRAIL FROM SILVERTON TO OURAY.

the delicately tinted clouds, ever changing their forms and tints into new designs. Below you, as was the case with the Franciscans, the gloomy green of the fir deepens the shadows of the cañon. Here and there the streaks of the vivid green of the trembling leaves of the aspen are thrown into strong relief against the general sombre hue. At intervals in the depth is reflected the silvery sheen of the murmuring waters of the Rio Las Animas Perdidas—the River of the Lost Souls.

After Father Hayes had made his appearance in Silverton a priest managed to visit the San Juan nearly every year.

For awhile the mining boom at Leadville, and the talk of "petered-out" San Juan in the Denver papers, interfered with the progress of the San Juan. But as a whole the number of people in the country steadily continued to increase. As a matter of course, many of those who entered the country to prospect for silver veins were Catholics. But they were scattered all over the mountains, so that it was almost impossible to give even an estimate as to their number. Moreover, owing to the peculiar conditions of work in the San Juan in the early days, most of the Catholics had but little money, and consequently were unable to do much in helping the priest along. Everybody was interested in prospects, but even prospects that since have developed into great mines did not in the early days mean the control of much ready cash. In fact, the tendency of mine-owning was all in the other direction, for mining interests meant assessment work and, in the more promising claims, development work.

But progress was made. When in 1882 the railroad entered Silverton a Catholic church was already built. The first mission was given in it by Father Brady, of the Paulist order. I remember meeting him at the hotel, having come over from Ophir, where I then lived, and then first learning of his presence in town. I managed to hear Father Brady preach that evening, his sermon being on the Catholic doctrine of purgatory. The greater part of his large audience was Protestant. I was one of about twenty to go to confession that evening, most of them, like myself, being unable to be present at any other of the exercises of the mission. I know my staying to the sermon compelled me to ride horseback during the night fifteen miles over a mountain range.

In the early days, when the priest arrived in some small town, Mass would be said either in the house of some Catholic or in the parlor of the hotel. There were always more at Mass than went to confession and Communion. As in nearly all cases the opportunities to go to the sacraments were not plentiful, this was not as it ought to be. But experience has shown that they who came to Mass at such times became practical Catholics when they had the opportunity to attend church regularly. Where one little spark of interest in Catholicity is left, the chance for eventual conversion seems good. Such, at least, is the teaching of experience in the San Juan.

Until a priest becomes settled in one place, so that the people can depend with some certainty on his presence, a

Catholic organization of a necessity is very fluctuating. The place where Mass is to be said is constantly changing. Nearly always many most anxious to attend do not hear of the priest's presence. For many years we of Telluride experienced many inconveniences. The town, although situated in a county with a decidedly Catholic name—San Miguel, St. Michael—did not have a very strong Catholic population and could not support a priest.



REV. J. J. GIBBONS.

For a number of years, while living in the San Juan, I had the advantage of having the priest say a Mass at my house during each visit to Telluride. We lived a mile below town, and the priest, after his visit to Telluride, came to our house in the evening and stayed over-night. By rising very early next morning Mass could be said and breakfast eaten before the coach, and at a later period the train, passed by. It is under such conditions that one learns to value the consolations the church has to offer.

One of the men who had his share of hard work looking after the San Juan was Bishop Machebœuf, the first Bishop of Denver. He was a pioneer priest; first in Ohio, then in New Mexico and Arizona, and lastly, as Vicar-Apostolic and Bishop of Denver, in Colorado. He was one of that band of priests brought over in the thirties by Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati. All of them became prominent figures in the

church history of this country. Only one of that missionary band, Bishop De Goesbriand, of Burlington, is left. All the others have gone to the reward they so well earned.

Bishop Machebœuf had learned in the Western country, according to the phrase in the San Juan, "to rustle." His habits were of the utmost simplicity. I remember my first meeting with him took place on the cars near Montrose. I was entirely unaware that the bishop was in that section of the country. As he was unaccompanied, and as I had seen, at one time or another, all the priests of the San Juan, it did not at first strike me that he was even a priest. I happened to be seated near him, and only gradually it dawned upon me that he was a priest and that there was a slight resemblance to the pictures of Bishop Machebœuf. I did not feel certain of the identity until I noticed his lameness. I knew that years before the bishop had injured his hip, and that the rough frontier surgery had permanently lamed him.

The time of my meeting with Bishop Machebœuf was only



THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES.

a few months before his death, yet he was still a very active man. His habit of "getting there" by pushing straight ahead continued with him. When we got to Salida late at night, and

had to change cars, he pushed straight ahead to the car he was to take. Although an old man, he never thought to go out of his direct way to get on the depot platform by way of



A TYPICAL MINING CAMP.

the steps. With my aid he clambered up the platform and got to his car on the straightest line.

Our train was late all along the line, so our trip to Denver was a long one. The bishop managed to find his way to my heart during our long ride. I saw him only once again. He died during the following summer, having well earned his rest, for his life had been one of ceaseless activity.

If the priests who served in the early days of the San Juan, when railroads had not yet made travelling easy, would collect an account of their adventures, it would prove an interesting record. To go in winter on snow-shoes from one town to another, over unbroken paths, in danger from cold, from falls down precipices, from snow-slides, was not lightly to be thought of. Yet it was done many a time; but most men have forgotten, and the only record of it is the one kept by the recording angel.

While Father Edmund Ley was pastor of Silverton word was brought to him that at Ouray a dying woman was calling

for the priest. It was at half-past eight Saturday evening that he started on horseback for Ouray, having hired an animal for that purpose. A snow-storm was already raging, and Ouray was over the range twenty-eight miles away. This did not mean merely a long, cold ride—it meant also a dangerous ride. A good horse, in a great measure, meant safety from stumbling off the road down the sides of the cañon, for even in a stormy night the trail horse knows his way. But being on a good horse did not mean safety from snow-slides, and the road between Silverton and Ouray is a bad one for slides. During the long night Father Ley toiled over the difficult and dangerous road, towards morning arriving at Ouray.

Here he found the woman in a wretched condition, an inmate of one of the worst brothels of a mining town. He had her removed to a better place, after giving her the sacraments for which she had so earnestly pleaded.

Father Ley's arrival at Ouray did not by any means end the trip. The horse had to go back, for one thing. After saying Mass at Ouray on Sunday he began his trip back to Silverton on Monday morning. The roads were in bad shape after the snow-storm, and during that day only one-third of the distance back could be made. At this point he was compelled to leave his horse with a horse-herd, as it was impossible to get the animal through the snow, and seek lodging for the night. On Tuesday morning, afoot, he started for home. It was night before the little town of Chattanooga was reached, about two thirds of the distance from Ouray to Silverton. Before reaching Chattanooga a snow-slide came rushing down the mountain in front of him, showing that danger surrounded him. At this little town Father Ley stayed over Tuesday night, and the next day started on snow-shoes on his way. Hardly a mile out of town one of his snow-shoes broke, and it might have been a serious matter for him if this accident had not been seen from Chattanooga. It was only at nine o'clock Wednesday evening that, completely worn out, he arrived in Silverton. The unfortunate woman whose cry for the priest was the cause of the trip recovered from her sickness, and immediately began again her vicious career.

Without experience one can hardly imagine the dreadful toil it is to force a way through the soft snow after a storm in the mountains. Without snow-shoes it practically means being stuck in the snow. The snow-shoes used in the San Juan are what are known as Norwegian shoes. They are boards



THE HARDSHIPS OF MOUNTAIN TRAVELLING.

ten or twelve feet long, four inches wide, with their forward ends turned up. In the middle a strap is placed for the foot. With a long pole carried across the breast and one end touching the snow, the shoes are slid forward alternately. Snow-shoeing is not so bad with good snow, but it is fearful work when the snow is soft and sticks to the shoes.

One of the pioneer priests of the San Juan is Rev. J. J. Gibbons, now pastor of St. Francis de Sales in Denver. For a number of years, before the building of the Rio Grande Southern Railroad made all parts of the San Juan accessible, he attended Ouray and Silverton, and at intervals visited Telluride and Rico.

One afternoon at Ouray Father Gibbons received a telegram from Rico asking his attendance upon a friend dying from pneumonia. Father Gibbons made an immediate start, going to Ridgway on the cars, from which point he expected to take the stage to Rico. In this way, by first going to the north he would come back to the direct line about midway of the distance. But this plan was found impossible, as the stage had stopped running. If the stage line, with the resources at its command, could not get through, it was a certainty that a private individual could not make it. Father Gibbons was com-

pelled to return to Ouray, losing more than half a day in this attempt at reaching Rico.

Early on the next morning, at the first possible moment, Father Gibbons began his second attempt to answer the sick-call. His plan now was to reach Rico from the south. The two sides of a rough equilateral triangle gave the courses he now proposed to travel. He knew that the journey could not be made quicker than two days, and to make it in that time required his reaching the train at Silverton on time the first day.

Making, as stated, an early start on a good trail horse, Father Gibbons was soon picking his way over the snow. He was making fair progress when his horse stumbled and fell. The horse in stumbling fell on Father Gibbons' leg, pinning him to the ground. Luckily the horse was an experienced mountain animal and made no attempt to move after the fall. A struggling horse would almost certainly have meant death in the deep cañon of the Uncompahgre. Father Gibbons managed by means of his hunting-knife to dig his leg out of the hard snow and ice into which it was pressed by the weight of the horse. After freeing himself he was able to help the animal to its feet.

Notwithstanding his accident he managed to get to Silverton in time for the noon train. By going direct to the depot upon getting to Silverton he just managed to get on the cars before they started. At Rockwood he had to leave the train and lay over until next morning before starting towards Rico. Thus far he had been travelling away from Rico. Next morning, getting a mule, serviceable if not showy, he started for Rico; arrived at the town very late in the evening and eagerly sought the sick man. The latter was yet alive and able to receive the last sacraments, but died during the next day. A second sick man was visited, who also proved to be a Catholic and anxious to see a priest. For several days Father Gibbons was busy looking after the spiritual wants of the people. On Sunday he said Mass and during the afternoon held services over the dead, preaching in the presence of the greater portion of the population of the town of Rico.

On Monday morning he started back to Ouray, and this time on a direct line. On horseback he was able to make about nine miles, and then, turning his horse loose, he had to trudge seven miles over the hard snow with his heavy satchel to the stage-barn near Trout Lake. From there a buck-board took him to Telluride. Staying over at Telluride that

evening, he next morning heard confessions and said Mass. Then, sending his heavy satchel around the mountain, he made a direct line over the range, arriving safely at Ouray, having been ten days on his sick-call.

In crossing over from Telluride to Ouray, by way of Mar-



WHERE THE MOUNTAINS BUNCH TOGETHER.

shall basin, at this time Father Gibbons made a perilous trip. The trail through the snow was so narrow that when he met a pack train with ore coming down the trail he had to turn his horse loose, as it was impossible to get past the descending animals on horseback. The rest of the distance he had to make afoot. The town of Telluride is at an altitude of 8,400 feet, but Virginus Pass, through which he had to go, was 13,400 feet. On both sides of the pass for quite a distance travelling, before the snow is gone, is dangerous. Before getting to the pass, for three-quarters of a mile, the possibility of starting a snow-slide made every step dangerous. On the farther side the danger was from slipping on the ice and being dashed to pieces over the precipices.

The greatest danger to be apprehended in the old methods of travelling in the San Juan was from snow-slides. High on the mountain side a portion of the snow becomes too heavy to rest on the steep declivity. It settles and slides slowly on

to the top of the snow lower down the mountain side. The additional weight causes this snow also to start. So it continues, the snow sliding more and more rapidly and the mass steadily increasing in size, until nothing but the rocky sides of the mountain can withstand the momentum of its rush. The danger in travelling is not so much being caught while passing the path down which the slide must come as in starting a slide while going over the snow. The traveller's weight may be all that is needed to start the slide, and once started everything goes along with it.

With the coming of the railroad to the San Juan church matters have much changed. Every town of any size now has a church, and at Durango and at Ouray sisters have established hospitals. These two places and Silverton now have resident priests. Telluride and Rico have had resident priests for irregular periods, but with incoming settlers these periods will lengthen and some day permanent residence will be made.

I suppose the history of the church in the San Juan is very much the same as all over the country. The ups and downs have been somewhat more marked owing to the shifting tendencies of mining camps. All of the old-time families in the San Juan are interested in mining, and they are only awaiting the sale of their mines and the making of their "stake" to go to Denver. That city is the objective point of every miner in the State of Colorado. All this tends to make the settling down to an established basis somewhat slower than in ordinary settlements. But the advance between to-day and the day I attended the first Mass in the San Juan is very great and progress steadily continues.



A HUMBLE REVELATION.

BY EUGÉNIE UHLRICH.



If you looked at Father McPharlin's soutane, you knew he had a vocation. On important occasions it was brushed and the frayings at the ends of the sleeves were trimmed off. It was, however, a matter of conjecture among those of his parishioners given to details as to what occasions were sufficiently important for such efforts. It was agreed that they must be "very special." There were some accurate observers who affirmed that the soutane looked freshest after the father's brief visits to the bishop. But they were also careful to add, that this freshness really did not improve it very much, as the usual dust was useful for concealing the shininess. Moreover, even visits to the bishop did not put buttons on the soutane. There was a deprecating sympathy in these discussions, for the soutane had a gentle dignity which kept away interference. It made one feel that while buttons, and brushings, and new cloth are fine things, there might be things that are finer.

Nevertheless the fingers of most of the neat housekeepers in the parish had itched at one time or another for a half-hour alone with that soutane. Once Mrs. Durnam, who had much prestige as a sensible woman and as the wife of the wealthiest farmer in the parish, collected ten dollars and, adding another ten herself, presented it to Father McPharlin for a new soutane.

"Now, that's very good of you, very good of you," he had said. "I would never have thought of it myself."

"Neither he would, poor man!" declared Mrs. Durnam afterwards.

But when no new soutane appeared there were whisperings, and Mrs. Durnam went on a visit of investigation to justify herself. Father McPharlin talked blandly about everything except soutanes. Finally Mrs. Durnam, finding strategy unavailing, said pointedly:

"Do you not wear your new soutane even on Sundays?"

A faint color came into his face; his mild gray eyes hesitated, and he ran his fingers nervously through his thick gray hair.

"My soutane? Oh, yes! I will tell you how it was. It was really too bad. That was the time the Daughertys had the diphtheria. The children were very bad and everybody is so afraid of the diphtheria."

"But, father, consider the diphtheria—when there are children!"

"Yes, yes, of course, when you have children it makes a difference," he said soothingly. "I always took very good care to disinfect—very good care indeed. But there was no money except what Michael was earning, and he couldn't work while the spell lasted. I gave them fifteen dollars, and then—they did not seem to need the other five very badly, so I gave it to the young doctor."

"The young doctor?" gasped Mrs. Durnam.

"Yes," he said apologetically. "He is really a very capable and worthy young man." He did not add that he happened to suspect that the young doctor was getting very close to nothing in the money way.

"I never see him at church," said Mrs. Durnam sceptically.

"Oh, no! It is too bad. But who can tell—who can tell? He has a good heart. You should call him in; the people will follow your example," he added with delicate flattery. "He has a good heart, as I said. He has gone to many a place where there was no money. So I let him think that the five dollars were from a charity fund to pay for services to our poor people. And so it was a charity fund," he said, chuckling at his conceit and rubbing his hand. "After all, this does very well, very well"—looking down admiringly at his old soutane.

Mrs. Durnam sighed at the hopelessness of the case; but as she watched him smoothing the folds of the old soutane with the caressing tenderness due a long-trying friend, she had not the heart to say more. She did not know but that she was even rather glad that he did not get a new one.

It was mooted, however, that when she next brought in some of her famous butter for Father McPharlin she left a bottle of some cleaning preparation of her own manufacture, which she made the grouty old housekeeper promise to use at least once a month. And when the hired man stuck a pitchfork through his own instep she sent for young Dr. Gustave Kesner, instead of for the old family doctor from the city. To be sure it was only the hired man, but there were compensations for the doctor. Elizabeth Durnam, the now grown-up

daughter, helped the doctor because the sight of blood made her mother sick.

Few of the country girls envied Elizabeth her looks, though some of them wished they too could have been sent away to school; while the lads looked past her at her father's money, for which they received very little encouragement from Elizabeth. But the young doctor looked at her from his own point of view. The eyes of the city-bred man delighted in the graceful sway of her body as she moved; the gleam on her loosely coiled brown hair; the whiteness of her teeth and the gentleness of her smile; and his ear was soothed by the soft modulation of her clear-cut speech. The charm of her manner took him back to gracious ways that had been slipping from him like lost poetry with the passing days. And that was more than two years ago.

On this particular morning he stood at the window of his office looking gloomily into the gray day. There had been a blizzard; then the wind had veered and brought a thaw. Now the road passing through the village lay like a dark streak stretching across the low hills, finally disappearing into the distance over the highest of them. The wind was blowing cold again and the ruts in the road stood up slippery and stiff. Over the nearest rise in the road came a rider on a horse scarcely to be distinguished from the color of the dirty and crusted snow.

"Only a boy," said the doctor, for the patch of black on the horse's back hardly showed until it swerved sideways into the cross-lots path that made the short-cut to the church and to Father McPharlin's house. "Must be a bad case, going for father first. Wonder if they'll want me too."

A little later the office door was opened by Father McPharlin. "Ah, good-morning, Gustave. How are you to-day?" It gave Father McPharlin a pleasure to call the younger man by his first name in that fatherly way, and the young man liked it too, and smiled a little out of his gloominess. "I was just thinking that if there wasn't any one sick this morning you might like to take me for a drive. Little Willie Hinch has just been in with the word that his grandmother is having a very bad spell of her peculiar kind of rheumatics. She's very bad and she wants me."

"Does she want me, too?"

"Well, not exactly. I suppose she thinks, poor woman! that doctors are rather useless, seeing that she can't be cured anyway. But she suffers so, Gustave. It's too bad in this nasty

weather, too. If you were to go along you might do some good. I know you would—they'd think you would, anyway. My old Jennie is not in shape to travel twenty miles, and I shall have to get a livery team if you do not take me," he concluded as a clinching argument.

The doctor looked at the priest curiously. Between the men was the bond of culture and intellect, though their tongues betrayed, only as a delicate flavor it is true, the Celtic origin of the one and the Swiss of the other. Neither had they anything in common in their views of life; yet they loved each other with that strange attraction of opposites which is sometimes the fascination and sometimes the tragedy of life.

Just now the doctor was amused by the innocent transparency of Father McPharlin's proposal. It was a charity visit, of course; but seeing that he did not want him to think so, he humored him by not comprehending.

"You need not hurry," Father McPharlin assured him. "I left Willie with the housekeeper getting a lunch, and we want to give him a little start, so they'll know when we're coming."

When the doctor's swift little bays passed Durnam's, Father McPharlin said thoughtfully: "Mrs. Durnam's a very good woman." All of his parishioners would have agreed to that, but most of them would have added, "But old Durnam's a hard-fisted old cuss." Father McPharlin said, "Her charity's out of her own earnings," and surveyed the comfortable farmhouse and the out-buildings with the appreciative smile of one who, having no rival desires, has no envy. "Ellie Durnam takes after her mother, too," he added with a side-long glance at his companion, who was looking sullenly at the horses' heads.

"Yes, they're both very good from your point of view, but it's easier to make a bargain with the old man any day."

"Yes, I suppose it is. A dollar is as big as a cart-wheel to him, and you are getting to have a very comfortable practice, Gustave."

"Yes, since Mrs. Durnam had the lucky idea about your needing a new soutane I have been all right. But that makes it all the harder that the two people who have been the kindest to me should now be the most unkind."

"How the most unkind?"

"You know very well that if you were to set Elizabeth's scruples aside she would marry me without any further parley."

"And why should I do that?"

"Why?—because you are my friend and Ellie's. I know you are, and yet you take a position against me."

"Against you?"

"Yes, for by whom else would I want to be married except by you? So that settles that point. And as for the others, I am willing that any children there may be shall be trained up in the way that you would like to see them go. Isn't that enough? Should I be a hypocrite and profess a religion I do not believe?"

"No."

"Then if I do not interfere with her, why should she want to interfere with me?"

"Marriage is a levelling process, for people cannot go on for ever in that ecstatic state when they are supposed to be blind to all differences and faults, any more than you could have hysterics for twenty years and be comfortable. There must be concessions and adjustments. It takes great force of will to hold out against an opposing idea, even if that idea is never enforced by expression. Women of the loving kind grow to be like their husbands."

"Then it is the old conflict between religion and science of which you are all afraid?" There was an angry flush in his face. "Curse religion and its mediæval superstitions!" he muttered contemptuously under his breath.

It is hard for the lover to see any good in obstacles, and anyway Father McPharlin had a long experience in soothing tempers. His lips tightened a little, and after a few moments he said gently:

"You have told me yourself that your mother was a Catholic and a pious and charitable woman; how the people for miles around loved her, and petted you during your student vacations because of the memory of your mother's goodness. But she died when you were young. Yes, we have not the power over life and death, and perhaps there is a presentiment in the soul of Elizabeth Durnam that she too might leave a son behind her who would live to curse what is most holy to her, and repeat against her religion the same old lies, even knowing that they are lies."

He was talking away softly, as if to himself: "Perhaps it was well that she died young, for to have lived and heard such words on his lips would have broken her heart, which would be more cruel. Yes, it would have broken her heart, for he does not speak in ignorance. He is a man of science, and before him

are the names of Pasteur, Lilly, Mivart, and others. He knows them all, and he knows, too, for he is not a fool, that they have minds as good as that of a little country doctor. But why should any one argue with him? Arguments only make a body without a soul. The soul is the faith, which is the gift of God, and this he will not have in his shut heart. Elizabeth is wise."

Dr. Kesner was silent with the air of one who is following his thoughts too rapidly for utterance. "If they were all like you," he said at last.

"Like me? Like me? There are those in my parish who are saints compared to me."

"Saints, saints! Louts and ignoramuses I have seen, but no saints."

"Ignorance is not always a sin, and manners are merely the outcome of the time and place."

After a few moments of silence Father McPharlin continued: "Do you think that old Mrs. Hinch's attack will be fatal?"

"Hardly; cases like that linger for many years."

"Poor woman!"

"That is what I say. A beneficent God is a hard argument in the face of that kind of thing. What's the use? Some people may see it that way, but I cannot believe so easily."

But Father McPharlin was silent. A mile ahead a square blot on the horizon marked their stopping-place. A figure turned from the dull stretch of road and stood out for a moment between the patchy snow and the gray sky, before it melted into the blur of straw-stacks beyond the house.

"He's getting there just in time to warn the children and the dogs to behave themselves," said the doctor with a laugh.

When they drove up, Hinch was standing in front of the house, his hand on the head of a great, loose-flanked, patchy-colored, coarse-haired dog, mongrel in every line. The dog pulled and barked. "Down, pup!" shouted his master. The pup did not down, and he struck him a convincing blow on the head. Then the beast slunk back growling, only to turn fawning and wagging when he saw that the invasion was friendly. His master came forward hesitatingly, touching his cap to the priest, and looking a little curiously at the doctor.

"Go right in, father," he said, as he went to the horses' heads to lead them to the shelter of the straw-stacks. "She's

been real bad," he added, with a backward glance at the doctor.

Mrs. Hinch the younger came outside the door with her hand on the door-knob, holding it fast against the children, who, foiled of a peep in this way, pressed a couple of curious faces against the window-panes, disappearing like a flash at a chance twist of their mother's hand on the door-knob.

"You had better go in first, father; she's been asking for you," said Mrs. Hinch, and offered the doctor a chair in the kitchen, as she motioned the priest into the next and only other room. "She won't be after takin' medicine just now anyway," she said apologetically to the doctor.

"'Sh, 'sh, there, you," to one of the children who, in her agony of fright to get away from the stranger, had crowded into the wood-box behind the stove, and, losing her footing on its shifting bottom of slippery cobs and short wood, came sprawling on the floor. The mother made a grab for her; but Kesner, having an intuition that the grab might mean a jerk and a scolding, or even a slap, picked her up and had her on his knee before the mother could reach her. The little one, feeling the savior in him, ceased her crying, but still, with finger in her mouth, kept her head turned away until won by the blandishment of a watch held to her ear. Mrs. Hinch looked on deprecatingly as the doctor wiped her not too clean hands and her tear-stained face with his spotless linen handkerchief, while the little one leaned her head contentedly against him. With the instinctive perception of the physician he felt the sturdiness of the warm little body, the hardy color of the clear-cut face, and his eye travelled to the unplastered walls, the bare pine floor, the rude stairs in the corner leading to the space beneath the roof.

"Built for a granary only. Hard on the little one, but she looks as if she could stand it. If she holds out, they'll have the house built and a fairly good 'best room' by the time she's old enough to have a beau." There was a low moan from the other room. "And, after all, paper and pine boards and the north wind and childhood are not nearly so painful a combination as the same with old age and rheumatism."

The opening of the door by Hinch let in a blast of cold air that seemed to gather up and extinguish all the heat in the room, and the doctor shivered, thinking of what such puffs meant to the sick woman.

Father McPharlin appeared in the door and whispered

something to the young woman, who disappeared for a few minutes and then returned, propped wide open the connecting door and spoke to her husband. They both knelt against chairs near the door, he with the little boy, she with the little girl, while Willie, who had slipped noiselessly into the house, knelt against the stairs for want of another chair. The priest read the litany for the sick, and the others responded with an earnestness that impressed Kesner as ridiculous. He bowed his head on his hands, but from below his half-closed lids he saw with baneful persistence how Hinch's left knee was thawing into muddy pools the patches of stiffened dirt and snow that clung to the space around the outside door. Even he felt irreverence in this contemplation, and closed his eyes to shut it out.

The prayer over, Father McPharlin came out, saying: "Now it's the turn of the body, doctor, and if you can make that as easy as is her mind, it will be well indeed."

"There's not much use, doctor," said the sick woman. "Only God could help me, doctor—only God."

"But we can try a little, anyway," he said.

He had the physician's imperviousness to conditions, but the cold hand with lumpy knots at the joints and its mushy swellings made him shudder. He noted the weight of cotton covering that was piled on her to supplement the warmth of the fitful fire in the chill room, and thought of the wearying pressure on the aching bones. "And we can hope for the spring and the sun," he added.

"Oh, yes, the spring and the sun—the good, warm sun."

When he came back into the kitchen Father McPharlin was seated at the table, and Mrs. Hinch had set a cup of coffee and some doughnuts before him. In her bustling office as hostess she seemed more at ease and pleasantly conscious of a clean gingham dress and a fresh apron. She poured another cup of coffee for the doctor, and asked him to sit down.

The doctor himself felt rather uncomfortable. The appearance of Father McPharlin's soutane, with its missing buttons and its thread of white giving evidence of the clumsy mending of inside tears, seemed somehow to fit the occasion better than his own dapper outfit. Mrs. Hinch and her husband were giving him only courtesy, but Father McPharlin they were treating as one of their own, with only the line of respect putting a limit upon affection. Even the little girl had deserted him to lean against the father's knee. And the doctor gloomily

speculated as to the chances of a rheumatic patient where salt meat and doughnuts were articles of luxury.

When they had refreshed themselves and had arisen to go, Father McPharlin stepped into the other room to say good-by to the sick woman. The doctor followed.

"Good-by, father," she said, "and God bless you for coming to me this day. May you not need to come many times more. Oh," she said, "it is so hard, so hard! Pray to God, father, that he will take me, take me!" She clung to the priest's hand and looked up at him yearningly, as though she believed that he might hold the release she sighed for. Then an indescribable expression of resignation and peace came into her eyes and transfigured the shrunken, pain-racked face. "Yes, pray that he may take me; but not until he is ready, not until he is ready!"

The doctor felt a choking in his throat and a blur over the things in the room. He turned to go out without saying a word. Outside Hinch was holding the horses. He held out his hand to him with a husky "Good-by," climbed in and took the reins. Father McPharlin, after a handshake and a "God bless you," followed, and they were gone.

There was still a dimness in the doctor's eyes when he looked at his companion, but save for a shade of deeper earnestness in the priest's clear eyes he showed no emotion. Presently the doctor spoke:

"She may live in that misery for twenty years, and she is willing, if it's the will of God! I believe it's worth trying for; maybe I too can find it."

"Gustave, my son," cried Father McPharlin, grasping the doctor's free hand in both his, "you will find it, you shall find it. And the day that you do, I'll, I'll—really, I believe I'll buy a new soutane!"





AN INDIAN-SUMMER DAY.

A VEIN of fleckless golden-rod below!
And little ones a-gathering this ore
Of Autumn's mine to let it grace the door
That hideth from their sight the clois-
ter-glow

Of Summer's radiant brow. Her foot-
step slow

Now seeks the portal. Lo! their smiles
restore

To her the memory of childhood's lore,
The innocence its simple joys bestow.

This phantom-glimpse of her—a sha-
dow, trace—

Shall leave no dreamer happy in this
dream

Of life, until he learn the mystic art
That slighteth not the laughter-loving
face

Whene'er it breathes the fragrance that
doth teem

Within the bosom of the clean of heart.

A GREAT FRANCISCAN, A GREAT WIT, AND A GREAT ENIGMA.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.



O panoramic survey of the Irish Centenary would be complete unless it included the personality of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary. That eminent Capuchin, in an age distinguished for brilliancy in letters and debate, was for many years the most conspicuous on that exalted stage. It is a strange irony of fate that he is now all but forgotten. On this continent, indeed, it would not be rash to say he is all but unknown. To prove how true this statement is, one fact need only be adduced. The writer took a copy of Bishop England's *Life of O'Leary*, quite recently, from a shelf in a foremost public library. The work was printed as far back as the year 1822, and its pages were still uncut—pretty clear evidence that it had never been read through.

ALL BUT UNKNOWN, AND WHY.

Not even the *Drapier Letters*—we might indeed conjecture not those of “Junius,” high as these ranked in political literature—created more interest in the realm of polemical discussion than the pamphlets of Father O'Leary. They were more potent in their effects upon society than either series of their famous predecessors. They were emphatically history-making documents—that is, some of them. So invaluable were they in preserving peace for the time in Ireland that the government of the day, hostile as it was, and hostile as public sentiment was, to the idea of Catholic enfranchisement, felt justified in endeavoring to secure the author as a permanent ally. O'Leary was offered a pension by the ministry, and in an evil hour he accepted the proposal. This at a time when measures were being actually prepared to banish all regular clergy, including his own order, altogether from Ireland, appeared to many a very anomalous transaction on both sides. It is little wonder that it placed O'Leary under a cloud of suspicion, and it accounts, to a large extent, for the singular oblivion which has fallen upon his memory and his writings. And yet the suspicion may be altogether unjust.

Father O'Leary, it ought to be remembered, was a man possessing no regular financial resources. The position of a priest in Ireland, during his period, was very precarious, very often dangerous. The prospect of an annual income upon which he might safely depend was one not to be lightly thrust aside. If he could accept such an offer without any violation of his own private convictions and the rules of his order, he can hardly be blamed if he saw nothing very invidious in it. Yet it is pitiful for his own reputation that he viewed the matter in that light. His influence with his fellow-countrymen at one period of his career was very great. It would still be accorded its full meed of acknowledgment had he, like all his brother-priests in Ireland, held aloof from a government that had not the courage of its own convictions with regard to Catholic emancipation.

THE BITTEREST PERIOD OF PENAL PERSECUTION.

We can hardly fail to notice here an historical coincidence which proves the futility of measures of religious persecution to keep pace with the onward march of enlightenment and the better feelings of liberal humanity. It is barely two hundred years since the system of oppressive penal laws in Ireland was initiated. By the Acts 7th and 9th of William III. it was ordered that all archbishops, bishops, and priests exercising popish jurisdiction quit the kingdom by the 1st of May, 1698. The date is memorable. So ineffective have these laws proved to keep back the spirit of modern progress that at the end of a period of barely two centuries we find them almost completely swept off the statute-book of Great Britain, and the same government that forbade a Catholic to have an education and denied his legal existence now willing to concede him the advantages of a separate university training. In this circumstance we have one of the most powerful illustrations of the vast change which has accompanied the development of democratic ideas on this continent as well as in Europe; and it is well to follow the course of this development in order to ascertain how large a part the establishment of the American Republic, with its generous system of religious equality and perfect freedom of conscience, bore in the broadening out of European ideas during the century now drawing toward a close.

Father O'Leary's span of life covered the very bitterest period of penal persecution in Ireland. It was during his life-

time that acts of parliament were passed enabling a son to oust his father from his property by "conforming" and offering the same scale of premium for killing a friar as killing a wolf. It was during his time also that the Irish viceroy, the Duke of Grafton, introduced a bill for meting out to the Irish priesthood, when caught, the treatment of Turkish slaves. And yet, by the force of his writings, he was enabled before he died to influence English public opinion so as to procure a considerable relaxation of the barbarous code in law as well as in practice. He was perhaps more instrumental to this end than any public man in Ireland, inasmuch as he had on more than one occasion made the English government his debtor by his efforts toward the tranquillizing of the country.

HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

There is some doubt about the exact birthplace of Father O'Leary, as well as about his family and his early bringing-up. All that Bishop England, his chief biographer, states is that he was born in the western part of Cork county in the year 1729. His family were obscure, but they were of the class who in more favorable times had held the honorable position usurped by the Elizabethan and Cromwellian settlers. His education in Ireland was very limited, because in that period it was a penal offence for any Catholic teacher to impart knowledge of religion to Catholic youth. Nationality and the Catholic religion were stamped out by the same iron heel, as though they were the plague. Somehow young O'Leary contrived to get away to France to receive a proper education—the one hope of his poor parents' hearts, as in so many Irish families, being to give one of their children, as they beautifully put it in their own homely way, "to God," though of the after fate of those parents the biography says but little. It was at St. Malo's that the boy received his training; he chose the ecclesiastical life, made his vows, and was duly ordained. Shortly afterward he was given the post of chaplain to the local prison by the Duc de Choiseul, who was his friend, but he showed his independence by refusing the request of his noble patron that he would induce a number of Irish prisoners of war who had been in the British service to transfer their allegiance to the French flag. Although these Irishmen were Catholics, serving under a government which persecuted their religion, he still indignantly repelled the suggestion that they should fight against their lawful sovereign; and this circumstance he was

able to turn to good account afterwards in his famous pamphlet entitled "Loyalty Asserted." His winning manners and ready wit made him many friends in France, among others the Cardinal de Luynes, Archbishop of Sens. In 1771 Father O'Leary returned to his native land, and became attached to a little Capuchin chapel in Cork city, known down to a late period as "Father O'Leary's chapel."

HIS FIRST PAMPHLETS.

Shortly after his return an eccentric Scotch doctor resident in Cork, a man named Blair, published a pamphlet called "Thoughts on Nature and Religion," abounding in atheistical sentiments and blasphemous expressions; and Father O'Leary came forward with a reply that at once established his reputation as a worthy successor of the author of the Drapier Letters, so full was it of caustic reasoning, brilliant metaphor, and sprightly wit. The pamphlet created a wonderful sensation; and it was soon followed by another of quite a different order—a politico-religious dissertation proving the loyalty of Catholics and their right to accept what was known as the Test Oath. This pamphlet dealt with the delicate question of the deposing power of the Pope in a singularly able way; but many of its arguments proved unacceptable to some of the religious orders on the Continent, and were strongly condemned. But Father O'Leary was nothing daunted. He evidently had in view the aim of making the position of Catholics, and especially Irish Catholics, something that human nature might at least be able to endure somehow, not the Samson-like slavery that it in good sooth was.

About this time much alarm was excited by the fears of foreign invasion. France and Spain were helping the infant American colonies, and their fleets hovered about the English and Irish seas to prevent reinforcements being sent from England. Father O'Leary wrote, of his own volition apparently, a nervously argumentative pamphlet, entitled "An Address to the Common People," showing them strong reasons why they should take measures in defence of the country; and this at once enlisted the gratitude of the government. The good impression he had made in this important quarter was speedily followed up by services which he was enabled to render, both by writing and going about among the peasantry personally as a priest, to effect the suppression of Whiteboyism. His writings on this subject provoked a controversy with the Protestant bishop of

Cloyne, Dr. Woodward, who endeavored to twist the circumstance into a proof that there was something in the nature of a Pōpish conspiracy in the nocturnal misdeeds of the Whiteboys and the sporadic revolts of the peasantry against the payment of tithes to the Established Church. This controversy led to some unpleasantness between Father O'Leary and other ecclesiastics, but considering the difficulty of the Catholic position in those days, such divergences of view are hardly to be wondered at. One of the most interesting polemics in which the Capuchin was engaged was an encounter with John Wesley. Strangely enough, Wesley, though a seceder from the Established Church, thought well to take up the cudgels for it when it was openly attacked, and his arguments provoked a severe castigation from the dreaded pen of Father O'Leary. Yet the two disputants afterwards met at the house of a mutual friend, and Wesley confessed he was delighted with the conversation of his brilliant antagonist. A splendid pamphlet on "Toleration" was also produced by him at the period of the No-Popery riots (Lord George Gordon's), in which Father O'Leary scored heavily over the fact that the toleration established by William Penn in this country was forestalled by the establishment of that principle by Lord Baltimore in Maryland.

HIS PRIVATE BENEVOLENCE.

Father O'Leary was as active in works of private benevolence as in pamphleteering. He spent every penny of his surplus income in the relief of want, and so well known was his generosity in this way that a special medal was struck for him by his friends in Cork when he took his departure for Dublin. Father O'Leary was, on all these grounds, one of the most beloved of Irish priests, and never a word was uttered in depreciation of his character until a few years ago. Therefore it is useful to examine the facts of his life as known to his contemporaries as well as disclosed by documents of whose existence they had no knowledge.

Without a doubt Father O'Leary exerted an irresistible influence upon the minds of his countrymen at the period when he first appeared upon the public stage. In order to grasp the idea of its potency, we must go back in fancy to a situation in which there was but little interchange of thought among men, such as there is to-day, by means of the press and the free movement of commercial life. Education was confined to a few, newspapers were a luxury restricted to the

towns, roads were scanty and rugged, the stage-coach, with its six miles an hour, the only means of land travel, the telegraph undreamed-of. Still there was political electricity in the air. The system of the unenfranchised was thrilling with an indefinable anticipation of a new dawn. Evil agencies were at work in some quarters, whispering into the peasant's ears that the dread spiritual influence which forbade him to strike back at his oppressor was being exerted for the attainment of worldly domination and mental enslavement. Governments stood aghast at the terrific spectres which misgovernment had conjured up. Yet in Great Britain, at least, they shrunk from the idea of removing or minimizing the intolerable evils which in France had driven the people to the wickedness of despair and revenge. In the eyes of the statute law the Irish peasant was a helot. He had no legal existence, yet he was utilized as a beast of burden. He was a machine from which money could be wrung, and to that extent he was valuable, but no more. He could be made to support an idle and dissipated aristocracy and a Church Establishment not much better in its ministry. A tenth of his produce went to maintain a clergy and an ecclesiastical system which he hated because he knew them to be false, while the priests of his own beloved faith were obliged to skulk in holes and corners and put up their "chapels"—never churches—amidst outhouses and stables, in the back lanes. What the tithe-proctor spared the rack-renting landlord swept away with the help of the law. A leaden pall hung over the peasant's life, and turned his hopes into a waste as dreary as the Scythian steppes. Bitterness and discontent surged incessantly in his heart and made him an eager listener to schemes of escape and revenge. The man who could command the respect and enchain the sympathies of so impressionable a people as the Irish, at such an epoch, was a force not to be despised.

FATHER O'LEARY WAS NO TRAITOR TO IRISH INTERESTS.

We have gone over the evidence collated by Mr. Fitzpatrick in his valuable book, *Secret Service under Pitt*, and, having [weighed it carefully, find no proof of any action on Father O'Leary's part to justify the abominable charge brought against him by Froude, adopted by Lecky, and re-echoed to some extent by Fitzpatrick himself, that he was a spy. There are some passages in the correspondence between Orde, the Irish chief secretary, and Lord Sydney, William Pitt's brother-

in-law, which indicate that Orde intended to utilize him in such a way, but there are, against these, others expressing disappointment and failure in this design. Yet Fitzpatrick asserts that mysterious relations existed between Father O'Leary and the government, though he does not produce a scrap of proof to sustain the insinuation.

It is to be feared that Mr. Fitzpatrick, in his laudable pursuit of truth as to spies and informers in Irish political movements, may have worked himself into a certain susceptibility of mind over the subject. He had little of that attribute which has been aptly styled "the historical temperament." He was an amiable man, very tenacious of his theories, and capable of taking infinite pains. This ought to have constituted him a genius, according to an authoritative definition; but it did not. He was a valuable man on a trail, but beyond this his literary talents were of little account. He had hardly the faculty of classification of his facts, much less the fundamental ideas of the philosophy of history. He has contributed nothing decisive regarding the doubt about Father O'Leary. That fact in itself tells powerfully in favor of the baselessness of the doubt. When we remember that Mr. Fitzpatrick had access to all the state papers bearing on the subject, and to heaps of private correspondence preserved in family archives as well, we ought not to be content with a verdict of "not proven." We must take into account a very important factor—the character of the priesthood. Too little stress has been laid upon this point. We have Father O'Leary's correspondence to prove that he spurned, while in France, the suggestion of inducing Irish soldiers, taken prisoners by the French, to desert from the British service to that of their captors. He had higher notions of the duty of a military chaplain.

FATHER O'LEARY AND DR. HUSSEY.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's suspicions extended to other prominent ecclesiastics. He refers in particular to Dr. Hussey, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, the personal friend of Edmund Burke, and the medium of that statesman's conversion, if he really were converted, to the Catholic faith. Dr. Hussey was the first president of Maynooth College, and it was owing to his labors, in conjunction with Archbishop Troy, of Dublin, and Bishop Moylan, of Cork, that that institution was granted to the Catholics. Dr. Hussey had for several years been engaged

in confidential transactions between different European governments. He was so trusted by both the Holy See and the Emperor Napoleon as to be selected for the momentous task of drawing up the famous Concordat at the Tuileries. Previously he had been asked by the Spanish government to take over the duties of the legation when the Spanish minister was quitting England because of the alliance between his government and that of France—and this alliance and its object ought to be borne in mind just now. The alliance was formed for no other purpose but to help the United States to wring its independence from England; and but for that help, so generously accorded, it is safe to say that there never would have been a United States to make war on Spain. The truth about Dr. Hussey's hold over great personages seems to be his own overmastering personality. He was a man of extraordinary gifts. As a pulpit orator he was unrivalled in his own day. Charles Butler, a contemporary writer, was present at one of his sermons in London, and he testifies that at one passage the congregation gave a general shriek of terror, and some fell fainting to the ground. He acted at one time as private secretary to the English home secretary, the Duke of Portland, and by that means became acquainted with King George III., who also fell under the influence of his personality. How it came to pass that he was suspected of being a governmental agent it is not difficult to guess, since any one soever to whom the government of that time showed favor came to be regarded as a consequence with aversion, if not with distrust and suspicion. There was no foundation but mere vague rumor, save an expression in one of Edmund Burke's letters to Dr. Hussey: "From the moment that the government who employed you betrayed you, they determined at the same time to destroy you." The impression that he had been so employed seems to have been pretty general, for when he died "Sylvanus Urban," a political writer, wrote of him thus: "The enemies of administration said he was employed by government to sow the seeds of dissension with a view to bring about the Union. Others considered him an agent of France."

When all the evidence is weighed regarding Father O'Leary and Dr. Hussey, we see no reason why Edmund Burke himself should enjoy immunity from suspicion of dishonorable motives if men like these two eminent ecclesiastics are open to it. They were political publicists just as he was—or rather, Father

O'Leary was as much one as he. Father O'Leary took the same view of "French principles" as Burke did; he had the same profound respect for the British Constitution and the same abhorrence of secret agrarian organizations. In the latter respect he only shared the sentiments of all the Catholic priesthood, who have always been the uncompromising antagonists of the secret societies, because none so well as they know how inimical these are to the social welfare and the material improvement of the people. Burke wrote much in the same strain, though he never failed to denounce the odious system of government which drove the people into those unlawful combinations. If he was rewarded by his party when they got into power for his political services, is it to be charged against him that he was doing anything dishonorable, as it is insinuated against Father O'Leary?

In weighing the probabilities in such a case as this, we must not overlook one very important element—the influence of the priestly character. All testimony goes to show that Father O'Leary was a truly zealous and holy priest. His career at St. Malo, where he was educated, and as a member of the Franciscan Order in the obscure little church which long bore his name in Cork, was eminently edifying and won for him the fervent affection of all with whom he was brought into contact. In social life he was highly esteemed, and his company was sought after by the choicest wits of the day as soon as his talents had attracted public attention. As a controversialist he has never been surpassed, and his political principles may be regarded as those which paved the way for the broad and tolerant system of our own Constitution. One of his biographers, Mr. Pratt, speaks of him enthusiastically as "the blameless priest who is known to have long considered himself as an advocate pleading for the Protestant in France and the Jew in Lisbon, as well as for the Catholic in Ireland; the patriot whose loyalty is sound; the philanthropist who, clothing humanity in the robes of eloquence, employed his voice and pen in exhorting mankind to lay aside religious distinctions."

AS A CONSTITUTIONAL AGITATOR.

The first appearance of Father O'Leary on the public stage was as the writer of "An Address to the Common People of Ireland," at a period when the allied fleets of France and Spain were in the Channel with the avowed purpose of making

a landing in Ireland, and emissaries of the allies were at work in Ulster and Munster stirring up the Presbyterians in the one place and the Catholics in the other to make common cause with the invaders. There cannot be a scintilla of doubt that in exhorting the people not to be seduced by these emissaries Father O'Leary was acting in perfect accordance with what he believed to be his own duty and for the best interests of the people. We may regard him as mistaken, but we cannot accuse him of selfishness or disingenuousness; and there is no doubt that it was because of this letter and the effect it had upon the popular mind that the government considered him worthy of some mark of appreciation. He was a consistent advocate of the cause of the oppressed Irish people, notwithstanding that he was opposed to any revolutionary methods of attempting their redress. He was what is now called a constitutional agitator, and was, after Grattan, perhaps the most popular man among the delegates to the Volunteer convention in Dublin, in 1783. We are left in doubt by Mr. Fitzpatrick whether the treachery of which Father O'Leary was suspected was manifested in his conduct at this convention in keeping silence over a forged letter purporting to come from Lord Kenmare, but afterwards admitted by the writer, Sir Boyle Roche, to be fraudulent. This letter had the effect of shelving the question of Catholic emancipation, and is by several authorities regarded as the first step which led to the '98 rebellion. There is nothing whatever to show that Father O'Leary was in the secret of this letter, which was in reality concocted in Dublin Castle; hence the insinuation is most unwarranted. In another place the odious guess is hazarded that the priest was put on the track of certain French emissaries, men whom he had known in France, for the purpose of keeping the government informed of their movements. In other words, that a priest's character could not save him from the insult of a Catholic official ranking him no higher than a common detective base enough to "shadow" people for a consideration. It is not amazing to find a writer like Froude stooping to pick up a bit of scandal so utterly unlikely, but it is strange to find a respectable historian like Lecky giving qualified credence to it, and a Catholic collator like Mr. Fitzpatrick trying to piece out a case by ill-fitting odds and ends and illogical theories.

If the human countenance be not, like human speech, an instrument contrived to conceal men's thoughts, Father O'Leary

was a man incapable of the baseness attributed to him. He had an open, winning face, enlivened by kindly eyes which flashed the native drollery of the Celtic character. "His manners," says Mr. Pratt, in his sketch of him in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1802, "were the most winning and artless, anticipating his good-will and urbanity before he opened his lips, and when they were opened his expressions did but ratify what those manners had before insured. And you had a further earnest of this in the benign and ineffable smile of a countenance so little practised in guile that it at the same time invited to confidence and denoted an impossibility of your being betrayed."

The famous order called "The Monks of the Screw," of which Father O'Leary was at one time a member, was not altogether, as many suppose, a convivial club solely. It embraced in its membership some of the most illustrious Irishmen of his time. Among these were Flood, Grattan, Curran, Lord Charlemont, Lord Chief Baron Burgh, Lord Avonmore, Judges Day, Metze, and Chamberline, Bowes Daly, and many more lesser lights, literary and professional—famous wits and orators all. O'Leary did not seek for admission to this select circle; he was invited within it, and he was one of the most brilliant of the whole galaxy. Men of this calibre could hardly be deceived about those whom they associated with on the most familiar terms; no political or literary impostor could be long in their society without detection of his true character.

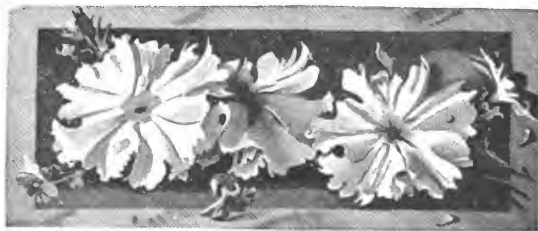
HIS CLOSING YEARS.

Father O'Leary's closing years were spent in London, and some of his finest sermons were delivered in the little chapel of St. Patrick's, Sutton Street, Soho Square. Those sermons were mostly devoted to the task of removing the prejudices in the public mind regarding the aims and organization of Catholic religious bodies, and they produced a lasting impression on the public mind, as many of them were printed and circulated in pamphlet shape. But the greatest effort of his life, perhaps, was a magnificent oration at the funeral obsequies of the venerable Pontiff, Pius VI., who fell a victim to the French irruption into Italy. The brutal treatment to which the aged pope was subjected by the agents of the Directory certainly cut short his earthly career. They were mean enough to deprive the feeble old man of his walking-cane, which they sent as a trophy to Paris, to be jeered at by the *canaille* who had got drunk

with the blood of fallen greatness. On this theme Father O'Leary expatiated with an eloquence which drew tears of pity and indignation from an audience representative of the English and French nobility, and embracing many distinguished prelates and the principal foreign ambassadors in London. The closing words of his moving peroration may in some sense be applied to the orator's own case, now that his memory is, as we believe, unjustly stigmatized :

"The member died as the Head, the servant as the Master, the vicegerent as the King who had delegated the power. He died, as Christ died on the cross and St. Stephen on his knees: he died praying for peace to the world and forgiveness to his enemies. The tear starts in the eye of pity at the recital of the unmerited sufferings of greatness and the wanton persecutions raised against unoffending innocence. 'Yet, weep not for him who died a death that kings themselves might envy. He died the death of the righteous; and may our last end be like theirs!'"

The orator followed the subject of his oration to the grave within a brief span. He died in London, at the house of a friend, Mr. John Murphy, of Howland Street, on the 8th of January, 1802, and was buried in St. Pancras churchyard. Over his grave his friend, the Earl of Moira, erected a fine monument; and a tablet in his own church of St. Patrick's does justice to his piety and his talents. It has not yet been proved that these memorials of affection were undeserved.



PFARRER KNEIP AT WÖRISHOFEN.

BY E. M. LYNCH.



One can fail to be astonished with the ways of Wörishofen. The *Kur-Costum* alone is a startling thing. Everybody goes barefoot, or else in stockingless sandals (ladies with small and shapely feet prefer the former style). Most men have open-throated shirts, very light coats, and no hats. Some have trousers to the knee only, like the shooting-breeches of the Austrian sportsmen, or like bathing-drawers; while others wear long-legged things, much turned up above the ankles. Under-linen is discountenanced by the disciples of Pfarrer Kneip. Like the men, ladies go hatless, and they wear very short skirts. The other morning the thermometer stood at barely 50° Fahr.; it rained, and there was deep mud in the roads, so that a long, wet skirt, dapping on the stockingless legs of the fair pedestrians, would have been a sort of "last straw." We often walk in deep mud on cold, rainy days here.

The most approved shape for ladies' outer garments is a sort of "Empire" dress. Corsets are tabooed, as well as everything else that the good country priest who invented this peculiar variety of water-cure considered unnatural. He had a fund of ridicule always at command for the falsities of fashion. On one occasion he said: "The women-folk come to me with a horse's tail added to their own tresses, and they imagine I'm such an old fool that I don't see what they're wearing. As the horsehair is bristly, they take lard to plaster it down; and then they think to make the lard dainty by drenching it with perfume, forsooth!" Powder and paint called forth his scorn; trimmed hats also. He said: "*Das Frauenvolk* think to look nice by tossing straw and hay on to their heads; and ribbons upon top of that, and false flowers to crown all. And then, if they can add a poor little dead bird or two, they believe that they have a lovely headdress." Gloves also are contrary to "Kneip-Kur" rules.

There is a French saying that not even the consciousness of uncommon virtue produces the glow of contentment in the human breast that the knowledge of being well dressed imparts.

At Wörishofen the "cure-guests" must know they are absolute guys; yet everybody goes about smiling contentedly!

A good many ladies have come to reduce a "too, too solid flesh." These "cases" are not becoming to the "Empire" style of dress. Some thin people are making a water-cure in the hope of putting on a little fat. There are paralytics and rheumatic sufferers; and people who have not recovered from the effects of serious accidents, as well as the multitude ailing more "from taking physic than diseases." Certain subjects are anemic, while others are badly plethoric. There are fewer acute cases than chronic. An asthmatic patient said that "all the ills that flesh is heir to" are represented in Wörishofen, with the exception of leprosy; but perhaps she unconsciously exaggerated.

There are people from all the ends of the earth among the patients, with just now a larger number of Hungarians than of other nationalities. There have been hardly any English, but probably many will come in the Princess of Wales' footsteps. (Her royal highness spent two days here last summer.) Among those following the course of water-treatment are an Austrian archduke and archduchess, and their numerous family. Even their baby of a few months old is taken out to the woods and laid down upon a rug in the midst of its imperial relations, when they are taking the prescribed afternoon airing. A Bourbon princess and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and family are now among the "cure-guests."

The routine of the day is something like this, for the majority: Pfarrer Kneip said, in fine weather, six A. M. is a good hour for rising. A barefoot walk in the dewy meadows before a substantial breakfast is recommended. Next, a little rest. In the afternoon six minutes are allowed for wading in a shallow stream, after which a walk is taken to help the circulation; or ten minutes, barefoot, in the wet grass. According as body or limbs are ailing, so the morning douches are prescribed, and the warm baths, half-baths, etc. After douching, patients have exercises with a pole or dumb-bells, in a covered hall; or they walk in the open air if strong enough, thereby to produce a reaction.

The old priest used to say, that to go into this *Wandelbahn* was like going into a mad-house, and he protested that the patients might perform their evolutions there as quietly as any other exercise. Yet, be it outside or inside the *Wandelbahn*, the new-comer is apt to think that there is a conspicuous ab-

sence of sanity at Wörishofen. At Dr. Baumgarten's weekly lecture to the visitors, the other day, one among the numerous questions was: "Does the Kneip treatment afford any cure for mind-disease?" The lecturer paused to reflect, and then answered with a truly enviable *aplomb*: "The question is not material to us. There are no sufferers from mental disease at Wörishofen."

Inquiries do not always relate to such grave matters. Some one asked: "What is good for making the moustache grow?" The handsome Rheinland doctor answered: "A decoction of the stinging-nettle." Pfarrer Kneip's prescription for improving the growth of the hair of the head was: "Wear no hat, and apply cold water to the head, *rubbing it well in*." Possibly he meant, *keep the scalp clean!*

The good priest's remarks lose much when not given in his own clownish dialect, but many of his sayings bear translation. A lady came to consult him. She began by, "I am the Countess of So-and-So."

"Is that all that ails *you*?" asked the healer.

He held that this age is mainly sick through its too great luxury, and tea was his pet aversion. Wörishofen coffee is a preparation of malt. Only in private do patients indulge here in "berry-coffee." But the Pfarrer believed in plenty of plain, nourishing food—especially during the water-treatment. The patient who has had his bath, and goes for a walk, is recommended to take with him some small refection, and not to wait, foodless, from his breakfast till his substantial German dinner in the middle of the day. In the afternoon visitors wander off across the fields or into the woods. Some are told to drink milk systematically and copiously; others take sipping draughts of water, walking about between the drinks.

There have been some remarkable cures lately; and, as a consequence, sick people have flocked into Wörishofen afresh; but Pfarrer Kneip's death has robbed the place of its prime attraction. There are 2,500 strangers now here, while at this time last year there were 4,000 or more.

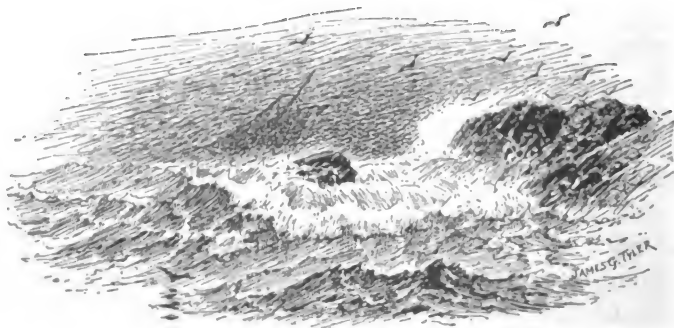
One of the "characters" of the Kneip-water-cure headquarters is Bruder Max, of the dispensary. When I first saw him he was rubbing the ears of two ladies with a greasy rag. A third came up and said: "My eyes are often weak. Rubbing the ears is good for the eyes; Bruder Max, please rub me!" Then one of the first two, gesticulating towards her friend's husband, said: "*He* really should be rubbed, Bruder Max.

His eyes are sometimes bad. Oh, do please insist that he shall have his ears rubbed." And this lady also had her way, for the same rag scrubbed the man's ears, too; Bruder Max's face was quite grave. It is a round face, with fine large eyes and a long nose, "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower." He dispenses medicine in his monk's habit, and looks a "perfect picture." Everybody is fond of Bruder Max. Having made my purchases, the other day, I went away, leaving behind me the four ear-rubbed patients. When next I returned for drugs I asked: "What did those ladies want to have rubbed upon their ears, brother?" To my great surprise the solemn monk's face relaxed and he broke into a peal of laughter, but he quickly pulled himself together and looked as grave again as a judge. "Malefizoel," he answered. (Let me render this dialect-word by croton-oil, or liquid fly-blister, or any such severe stuff.) "Malefizoel! A splendid remedy! Were *you* here *that time*? Well, one of the ladies came again just now, and she cocked up her ear to have it rubbed, though it was all swollen—swollen like anything!"

"And do you really mean to say that you rubbed it again?" I asked.

"Ah, that I did!" replied Bruder Max with evident relish.

The good founder of the water-cure at Wörishofen used to give his advice gratis to sick people, and the offerings that their gratitude prompted them to make have gone to beautify the parish church; to build and endow the school-home for children, and for many other good works. This Bavarian village, which used to be very poor and backward, has grown large and acquired prosperity under the influence of its late beloved pastor.



THE NEW FRENCH LOURDES.

A HARD CASE FOR THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

BY J. M. STONE.

THE world has never seemed so full of interesting problems as at the present time. Scarcely have the clashing of arms and the tumult of battle ceased than an entire reconstruction of the political chess-board becomes necessary and questions of racial significance engross the attention of many. But, in spite of the passions excited by the great temporal issues of the day, the general indifference to what is above and beyond our earthly horizon appears to be passing away, and the world to be gradually ranging itself under two standards.

On the side of Lucifer, utter infidelity, varied by sporadic attacks, traffic for devilish purposes in hypnotic influences, hallucinations of many kinds. On the other hand, divine revelations, prophecies, visions, conversions which partake of the marvellous. This sundering of spirits is none the less marked because of the difficulty of deciding which the pretender is and which the king; and vexed questions must still remain vexed questions, through the whole process of germ and bud and leaf, till the time when by their fruit men shall know them. Until then we must be content to observe, to notify, to surmise, leaving the solution in more competent hands.

THE RELIGIOUS AWAKENING.

Traces of a general tendency towards an awakened interest in the intangible, the immaterial, are not wanting in England, although the Anglo-Saxon temperament is slower than the Latin to receive new impressions, and less sensitive to spiritual phenomena both beneficent and malign. But when once we have crossed the Channel the change which has taken place in the mental attitude of the people during the last few years becomes strikingly apparent, whether it arises from a righteous recoil from the crass materialism which has so long held them in bondage, or whether it is but another stratagem of the enemy of mankind to seize the ball at the rebound and to use the opportunity for fresh conquests. Both influences are, no

doubt, at work, and France is teeming with currents and counter-currents of spiritual manifestations (to use the word in its broad and general sense) which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the most superficial observer.

To begin with the literature of the day: its latest and most characteristic developments have all a metaphysical tendency. One series of remarkable publications show how a soul, rising out of the abominations of sensuality that had touched its lowest level, aspires not merely to clean living and elementary piety, but to a mysticism as austere as that of a St. John of the Cross. They describe Durtal as first entangled in the meshes of Satan, morally submerged, almost drowned in a sea of turpitude, but at a given moment beginning to work out his salvation by the faithful following of a gleam that pierces the thick darkness in which he lay floating towards perdition. He attains thus to the solid foundation of Christian faith and works, and through them to the delectation of pure mysticism. He threads the thorny paths of the purgative and at least surveys the illuminative way, entering into the exquisite aspirations of those saints for whom the veil which divides the seen from the unseen is a mere film. The success of the work is a sign of the times, the fact of its having passed through many editions in the course of a few months testifying to the popularity of the subject. A further illustration of the spiritualizing movement is distinctly present in the kind of art now in vogue in France. This year's *Salon* marks a strong reaction against scientific realism, with its accompanying denial of all that cannot be explained or touched—*Der Geist des stets verneint*, which derides the intervention of powers beyond the realm of natural causes. The *Salon* is in a certain sense a barometer for estimating the degree of intensity of popular feeling. Last year Franco-Russian subjects chiefly obtained. The dominating note of 1898 is the occult, rising here and there to the supernatural. Among the subjects treated are miracles, apparitions, phantoms, legends, allegories, mystical studies, sibyls, witches, fortune-tellers, in confused but fluent profusion. The walls of the popular exhibition display an elaborate introduction to a life which, however checkered, grotesque, distorted or profane, is not, as was so long the case, entirely of the earth earthy.

STRIVINGS FOR THE SUPERNATURAL.

The change in the thinking life of the nation is thus very marked. It is as if painters, poets, journalists, dilettanti,

bourgeoisie, and peasants, sickening of the husks on which the materialists have fed them for years *ad nauseam*, weary of clamoring for a different food, claim for themselves the right of famished beggars to snatch what is denied to them, wherewith to satisfy their cravings. It may be doubted whether the last state of many of these is not worse than the first, but at any rate it is a changed one. Moreover, amid the chaos two distinct currents may be traced, meeting as extremes do meet, on at least one common debating ground. This is a return to the old belief in forces above and beside nature. But while the one current tends to a more fervent revival of religion than any France has seen since the great Revolution, the other makes solely for the occult, deals with the black arts, and counterfeits divine things, for the same reason that Satan is the ape of God. The only point at which they meet is the recoil from the doctrines which Zola and his fellow-propagandists have so long and successfully dinned into the nation's ears.

Gradual in its course for some years, the return of great numbers of wanderers to the religious traditions of the past has advanced of late by leaps and bounds, precipitated by numerous causes, among which not the least is perhaps Zola's recent abortive attack on Lourdes. Even those who still remain unconvinced of the divine nature of the marvels which take place there are now obliged to admit that they cannot be explained by natural causes. But Lourdes may possibly in the near future give way to a newer shrine, as La Salette paled before Lourdes itself. The apparitions which have taken place at Pontmain, at Pellevoisin, and more recently still at Tilly-sur-Seulles, seem to indicate that the Blessed Virgin has chosen for herself other sanctuaries on French soil in which to work perhaps still greater wonders of conversion and healing.

APPARITIONS AT TILLY-SUR-SEULLES.

During a recent journey through the northern provinces of France the present writer visited Tilly, its curé, and the field of the apparitions, conversed with the *voyante* Marie Martel, and spoke with several of the simple village folk who have themselves witnessed the apparitions.

Leaving the train at Audrien, a village situated about half way between Caen and Bayeux, the traveller enters a miniature omnibus, known in the country-side as *la patache du Père Morel*, and is set down in half an hour before the inn at Tilly dignified by the title of Hôtel St. François. The innkeeper, Père

Morel, as he is familiarly styled, his honest face wreathed in smiles, his every gesture expressing affectionate welcome, hastens forward to greet the pilgrims and help them to alight. Leading the way through the cleanest and most inviting of kitchens he shows us to our rooms, and having deposited bag and baggage our next step is to seek the *doyen-curé*, M. Guérout. His appearance and manner answer to the description we have received, and indeed would serve as a type of the Normandy *curé de campagne*. Simple, frank, straightforward, he is nevertheless measured in his words, devoid of enthusiasm, and gravely informative. In spite of all our efforts to draw him out on the subject of the apparitions, he will commit himself to no opinion, although he is quite ready and willing to tell the story, the *Divina Commedia* of the village. While he pronounces Marie Martel to be *une très-brave fille*, he only qualifies the strange series of events of which she is now the principal medium, instrument, or interpreter by the frequent expression *C'est bien curieux*. We too have determined to maintain a judicial attitude, not to jump at conclusions or to take anything for granted. One of us, indeed, is rather inclined to be sceptical on the subject of the visions so much talked of at Caen and Bayeux, but we have come to study the question on the spot, and are determined to glean all the information obtainable.

THE STORY FROM THE VILLAGE PRIEST.

The *curé's* narrative ran thus: Some three years ago about sixty school-children, with the nuns who have charge of them, saw from the windows of the girls' class-room a figure like a statue of the Blessed Virgin floating in the air, in the direction of a certain field about half a mile from the school-house. Beneath stood a tall elm-tree which has since become famous. Our Lady was surrounded by angels, and had long, blue floating draperies flecked with golden stars. Again and again the bright vision floated before the eyes of the whole school, and the wonder of the children and of the nuns was only equalled by their delight. Weeks passed, and still the whole school "saw" the apparition almost daily. They saw no longer at a distance, but on the spot above which the vision hovered. The excitement in the *pays* grew intense, and the nuns began to ask themselves whether Our Lady did not intend by thus appearing to express some wish, which they had not yet understood. One day they all agreed, mistresses and

children, to pray that she would deign to let them know her desire. After this, instead of the gracious vision of the Mother of God with her attendant angels, and the celestial radiance surrounding them, they saw a large church standing in the meadow just beyond the elm-tree, with its choir turned to the east, and in shape like a basilica. This seemed to them to imply that a church should be built on that spot; but as far as the school-children and the nuns were concerned the apparitions now ceased, and it was the turn of others to see. Many of the country people driving in carts through the village, or in passing to and from their work, would frequently see the church in the meadow. So common was the occurrence that to their simple minds it almost ceased to appear wonderful.

Meanwhile, three young peasant girls, Louise Polinière, Jeanne Bellanger, Marie Martel, the two first natives of Tilly, the other from the neighboring village of Christol, begin to be rapt in ecstasy. Our Lady appeared, spoke to them, answered questions put to her by the *voyantes*, and revealed to them certain facts which they were to communicate to the persons concerned in them. These visions differed from those of the school-children, the nuns, and those of the other village folk, inasmuch as *they* saw collectively, and without any disturbance of their natural condition, whereas the three girls saw separately, at different times, and in a condition of ecstasy, some say of catalepsy.

One of the listeners interrupted the curé at this point to ask him if he had himself been favored with a vision.

"No," he answered—they thought regretfully. "I have seen nothing except a reflection in the eyes of Marie Martel, and this others have also seen, and often. We thought of trying to get it photographed, but we found that a similar attempt had been unsuccessful in another case, so we abandoned the project. The picture reproduced in the pupils of the girl's eyes was of course very small, and looked like a tiny statue; but we could observe the exact position, and it tallied in all points with the description she afterwards gave us of Our Lady's appearance in her vision."

COLLECTING INFORMATION FOR THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION.

Our interest in the *voyante* increased as the curé went on to say that Marie Martel had been told by the Blessed Virgin to go every evening during the month of May and pray in

the field where the church had appeared, Our Lady promising that she should see her again on the Feast of the Ascension.

It was then the 15th of May, and the curé said that she would probably, as each day hitherto, have an ecstasy, see a great number of angels, and perhaps Joan of Arc, who frequently appeared to her, as well as a holy nun lately deceased, about whom he would presently tell us ; but that the middle of the vision would be occupied by dim clouds, which she would be unable to pierce. It was his duty, he informed us, to be present every day, in order to collect information for the ecclesiastical commission appointed to investigate the matter, and that, if we pleased, we might accompany him to the field. We accepted the invitation gladly, and M. Guérout, continuing his story, told us that one of the most curious circumstances attaching to the revelations made to Marie Martel was the fact of her being in communication with a certain nun, the prioress of a Norbertine convent near Paris, who had died a short time ago. She had been asked to pray for the nun's recovery during the illness which had preceded her death, when it was revealed to her that the improvement in her physical condition would be of short duration, and that her death would occur at a given time. On the day mentioned the curé received a telegram early in the morning, before going to the church to say Mass, the purport of which was to inform him that the mother prioress was better. He saw Marie Martel as she was leaving the church after Mass, and gave her the news. But she assured him that the nun had passed away the preceding night, mentioning the hour at which she had breathed her last. Returning to the presbytery, he found a second telegram awaiting him, which exactly corroborated the girl's statement.

Hearing of these things, Madame de B——, the mother of the deceased nun, came to Tilly for the purpose of questioning Marie Martel, who told her that her daughter had appeared to her twice, the first time in a suffering state with a crown of thorns on her brow, the second time radiant with happiness and crowned with roses. The lady showed her a large photograph of the whole community, of which her daughter had been prioress, and asked her to point out the one who had appeared to her. Glancing at the group, she unhesitatingly pointed to the mother prioress. There was nothing in her dress or position among the others to distinguish her from the rest of the nuns, and the girl's promptness in singling her out

caused a thrill of emotion to pass through the spectators of the little scene. Soon after this occurrence some workmen, most of them unbelievers, were employed to do some work in the vault in which this nun had been buried. It necessitated the removal of some of the bricks which lined her grave, and to their amazement they found them to be luminous with a strange brightness which could not be accounted for. Several of the workmen were converted, and others were deeply impressed by the circumstance, as the nun had always had the reputation of being a saint.

WE SEE MARIE MARTEL HERSELF.

By this time it was nearly five o'clock, Marie Martel's usual hour for going to the field, and the curé rose, saying he would fetch his hat. A walk of about five minutes brought us to the house in which the *voyante* lives with her adopted mother, Madame Henri. It was a modest abode, exquisitely neat, with a bright little garden on one side. Madame Henri received us courteously, and placed heavy high-backed chairs for each of us round the oval table in the middle of her parlor, while we waited for Marie. In a few minutes the girl entered quietly and stood by the door, so unobtrusively that we scarcely noticed her at first. About middle height, with the rather prepossessing appearance of the typical Normandy peasant, scrupulously clean, and neatly attired in a dark stuff dress with a small white woollen shawl over her head, there was nothing, save perhaps the dreamy expression in her eyes, to distinguish her from a dozen others. As we walked to the field each of us had ample opportunity to speak to her and ask her what questions we pleased. They were answered simply and with apparent frankness, in the strong accent and incorrect phraseology of the *pays*. Evidently she had no more education than her fellows. One of us asked her about the lameness from which we had heard that she suffered formerly, and which was said to have been cured miraculously. She told us that in one of her visions the Blessed Virgin had told her to lay down her crutches and to walk away without them. She had done so, and since that day had been quite cured of her lameness; but instead now suffered great pain in her arms, especially on Fridays, when the agony she endured in them was intense, and that except for about half an hour after her ecstasies she was almost constantly in pain.

THE PLACE OF THE APPARITIONS.

When we reached the place where the first apparitions had been seen, we perceived a number of people praying before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, over which a rough, shed-like chapel had been raised temporarily by the bishop's orders, to mark the spot pending the inquiry. Behind it rises the celebrated tree, now quite dead, thanks to the devotion of visitors who have robbed it, first of all its leaves and then of its entire bark. After kneeling for a few moments before the little shrine, with its lighted candles and already numerous *ex votos*, Marie Martel proceeded to the next field, separated from this one by a ditch. Followed by some forty villagers, the curé, and ourselves, she knelt down on the spot where, according to the vision, the sanctuary steps would be. Those present placed themselves in a circle about her, some kneeling devoutly, in spite of the wet grass, others more prudently standing. Her eyes bent on the ground, she began reciting aloud the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary, all present joining in the responses. It began to rain, and several umbrellas were opened. Some cows left off browsing and, coming close to us, eyed us complacently. Two children arriving late on the scene flopped down beside the *voyante* and began to join in the prayers, in a matter-of-fact way, as if visions, ecstasies, and revelations were quite every-day things.

MARIE SEES THE VISION.

At the third mystery the girl raised her eyes, and immediately lowered them. She went on praying, and a moment afterwards a thrill seemed to pass through her. She again looked up, and her whole face became as it were transfigured, radiant with joy, reverence, and love. Her wide-open eyes gazed, without even the faintest trembling of the eyelids, at something we could not see, and remained thus for more than a quarter of an hour, while at intervals she whispered fervently, "*Saints Anges*," at which the assistants answered, "*Priez pour nous*." Now and again she started and turned her head from one side to the other, as some fresh object of wonder and delight claimed her attention. During the whole time she appeared like one in possession of indescribable bliss, and we wondered, as we watched the effect produced on her by a vision of angels, what would be her expression on seeing the Queen of angels herself.

Once she moved slightly, as if some one had appeared suddenly close to her side, and murmured, "*Vénérable Jeanne d'Arc*," to which we added, "*Priez pour nous*." Then another quiver of the beaming face, while the upturned eyes glistened with fresh rapture: "*Mère Prieure*," rose the repeated invocation, in a voice of deep emotion, from the girl's slightly parted lips, and "*Priez pour nous*" from the forty witnesses of the strange scene.

Custom may, perchance, stale the enchantment of the sensation, but those who, like us, realized as never before the nearness of the seen to the unseen, must experience a feeling of awe in the presence of one whose consciousness is alive only to that which we are wont to think of as "afar from the sphere of our sorrow."

But at last the radiant light began to wane as the sunset hues fade before the approach of night, tears gathered in the eyes of the *extasie*, the lids closed over them, she bent her head, her trembling fingers sought her beads, and her voice regained its monotonous intonation as she took up the rosary at the point where she had left it. When it was finished she rose, a little unsteadily, and appeared to be somewhat dazed for an instant, but only for an instant; then she was simple Marie Martel again, with only that strange visionary look in her eyes to distinguish her from any other good little Normandy peasant girl. Followed for some distance by the little, straggling crowd, we accompanied her, together with the curé, back to her home. She told us how much she was looking forward to the Ascension, when she should see the Blessed Virgin again. What a pity that we could not remain till then! We asked her to pray for us and ours, and she promised to do so, asking for our prayers in return.

"That will be *une bonne communauté des prières*," she added "till we meet again."

"And after the Ascension," we asked, "when will you next see Our Lady?"

"She has promised to come on the Feast of the Assumption," replied Marie, "but after that I know nothing."

"Are you not going to be a nun?"

"Yes, later, when I may; but I am to remain at Tilly for the present. After the Assumption, perhaps, we shall know something more."

We left her with Madame Henri at her door, the curé walking with us till within a short distance of the Hôtel St. François.

THE CLERGY WITHHOLD JUDGMENT.

"*C'est une brave fille,*" he said; "we shall see what is to be the outcome of all this. Some of the clergy blame the late bishop's countenance of even so much public demonstration as premature, but it was unavoidable. Although there have as yet been no miracles *du premier ordre*, there have been partial cures on the spot, and some have been completed afterwards. We are praying that if these things really proceed from the good Spirit we may get a tremendous miracle, and that matters will then go forward quickly." A covered cart passed us at this moment, driven by a young man who looked like a well-to-do farmer. "That is one of the people who have '*seen*,'" remarked the curé.

Our landlady at the inn was much interested to hear of our visit to the field and told us that she often went there, although she had never *seen*. "It is perhaps through want of the right kind of faith," she said wistfully. "I did not go to-day on account of the damp, which is bad for my rheumatism. I suppose, to be in right dispositions for seeing, one should not think of precaution. The rain never wets Marie Martel, however much it pours. She goes in all weathers. My husband too, he has seen the Blessed Virgin several times."

When we next saw "Père Morel" we questioned him on the subject. "Oh, yes!" he answered with his cordial manner, "I have seen her as plainly as I see you. It is the greatest happiness of my life."

The next morning we walked up the hill which rises to the right of the Hôtel St. François, to inspect the school-house from which the first series of apparitions were seen. It was market-day at Tilly, and the people from Caen and Bayeux were establishing themselves with their wares in the open space in front of the inn. On the brow of the hill a pleasant-looking country-girl with a large basket on her arm, seeing us reconnoitre, stopped to point out the field with the leafless elm, pointing like a beacon heavenward. We asked her if she too had seen?

"Alas! no"; although her brother, who had stood beside her, had seen the Blessed Virgin as plainly as he saw the tree and the hedge and the field beyond. These things were not to be had for the wishing. At Bayeux, where she lived, the greater number of the clergy did not believe them; but then so few of the clergy had seen anything. If one saw, there

was nothing more to be said—*voilà* ! The effect produced on us by the recital of these marvels was perplexing in the extreme. We had no evidence but the corroboration of many witnesses, and the apparent *bona fides* of the ecstasica. It was hard to maintain a judicial frame of mind in the teeth of arguments the objections to which were neither answered nor admitted. "Seeing is believing"; and we added mentally, "getting a good many other people to believe."

DEPOSITIONS HAVE BEEN TAKEN.

A considerable number of documents in the shape of letters, depositions, etc., have accumulated in the course of the three years during which Tilly has been before the world. Three of these may be transcribed here as representing the experiences of three different classes of people.

We will first take the statement of M. Boullon, a clock-maker, a man about thirty years old, very intelligent and thoughtful. He says:

"On the 17th of April last (1896), a Friday, I was just finishing breakfast—it was about 8:30—when my friend, M. Charles L——, dropped in to wish me good-day. We began to talk about the apparitions and he asked me what I thought of them. I replied: 'They are nothing but illusions. I have been present five or six times without seeing anything, and I shall not go again.' Nevertheless my friend L—— persuaded me to accompany him to the field. He was to leave for Bal-leray at ten o'clock, and we had a good hour before us. About forty people were praying under the elm-tree. My friend jumped the ditch, climbed up the opposite bank, and examined the ground suspiciously. Then he returned and placed himself beside me, facing the tree. Twenty minutes passed, and I said to him impatiently, 'It's all nonsense; let us go; you will miss the coach.' We walked away, but had scarcely gone thirty paces when I said, 'Let us have one more look before we go.' We turned back, and I saw distinctly, at a distance of two yards to the right of the tree, the figure of a woman standing with her feet on the bank. She was clothed in white, her head covered with a veil, and looked exactly like a statue of the Immaculate Conception. I could see her features distinctly, and noticed that she was very white, and in all things like a statue except that there was no pediment. Without telling my friend that I saw anything, I begged

him to wait for a few minutes, and I walked towards the figure. When I was about five yards from it the vision disappeared suddenly. We waited a little and then went on our way. When we reached the gate my friend said, 'If I thought I should see anything I would stay here all day.' Upon this I turned and looked back, and was so struck with what I saw that I fell on my knees. This time it was the living form of a woman, standing to the right of the tree, holding an infant in her arms. She was the same height as the first apparition, her face was as pale but fuller, and I could distinguish every feature except the eyes, the color of which I could not see. Her look was not fixed like that of a statue, but was animated with a sad but benevolent and kind expression. The sun shone out brightly at this moment, and L—— fell on his knees, exclaiming in a voice full of emotion, 'I see her too!' To both of us there also appeared a plain iron crown hovering over her head. We rose, and together approached the vision as if to touch it, although we had at the same time the impression that it was impalpable. When we were about twenty metres from the ditch the figure began to move, turning its profile towards us. It walked to the tree, and leaned its head gently against the stem, on the spot up to which the bark had then been peeled off. We were both impressed with the fact that the movements were not in the least stiff or automatic. We continued to advance, and when we were at a distance of three metres from the figure it vanished as before. Then we went away, this time definitely, greatly rejoiced at having seen, and at the end of the field, close to the old disused quarry, I turned once more and perceived the same figure in the form of a living person, but intangible. This time my friend saw nothing. There were thus three distinct visions at intervals of four or five minutes, lasting about an hour in all. In the evening I returned to the field alone, and again saw what I had previously seen the second and third time. The crowd was in front of me and opened me a passage spontaneously. This time the vision lasted twenty-five minutes. Since then I have seen nothing further. To sum up the result of my experiences, I must note—first a movement of great sensible devotion and joy, as if the vision were of divine origin; but, secondly, a troubled sensation, which might perhaps point to a diabolical source. Nevertheless I still continue to hope that it was indeed the Blessed Virgin who appeared to me."

A NEWSPAPER MAN'S TESTIMONY.

The next document is supplied by M. Gaston de Méz, a journalist, in a pamphlet entitled *La Voyante et les derniers événements de Tilly*, in which he describes a visit which he paid to the school at Tilly in order to solve his doubts on the subject of the first apparitions. He says: "It was four o'clock. In the class-room were assembled Marie Martel, two nuns, a few ladies, two little boys, and the *doyen*. Marie, leaning against a table in the bay-window and supported by a friend, was reciting the rosary. I was a little behind her, my eyes fixed on the horizon. Suddenly I saw a kind of white cloud, slightly tinged with pink, which appeared to rise up behind the hedge. It looked like the top of the veil of a gigantic statue of the Immaculate Conception, and appeared to be moving from the earth upwards. But just as I was expecting to see the whole of the statue revealed, the vision, instead of completing itself, disappeared entirely at the precise moment when Marie Martel went into ecstasy. After a few moments I saw the same thing again repeated, but less distinctly than the first time. Was it an optical delusion? Right and left on the other parts of the hedge there was nothing to be seen. When the ecstasy was over I related what I had noticed, and the superioress declared that she had seen it also. All fell to praying once more, convinced that if they increased their fervor the Blessed Virgin would appear to me. The cloud dispersed and in its place I saw architectural lines representing the top of an edifice, of which the bulk would be hidden by the hedge. It seemed to be composed of brilliant enamelled bricks of a color between violet and pink. To convince myself that I was not the victim of an hallucination I rubbed my eyes, looked away from the hedge, then looked at it again and saw the same thing. I continued to see it for a few seconds, then the whole thing vanished. Such are the facts, and I explained them thus: That which I took for the veil of a statue was an iridescent light on the upper edge of the foliage, which disappeared each time that a cloud intercepted the rays of the sun. I was afterwards able to follow this play of light with a field-glass, but was puzzled to find that the iridescence was not produced on the other crests of the hedge. With regard to the embryo building which I perceived, I have never succeeded in accounting for its existence. I saw it perfectly; that is all I can say, and I affirm it on my word of honor."

The writer goes on to add that what he has seen may possibly have a diabolical origin. He holds no brief for Tilly, and of the three *voyantes* Louise Polinière is the only one for whom he has any sympathy.

The third document which we place in evidence is a letter from the Marquis de L. L. addressed to M. Gaston de Méz :

TESTIMONY OF A SCEPTIC.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I have just arrived from Tilly, where the devil, according to M. Brettes, has shown himself under the form of the immaculate Virgin, resplendent with beauty and light. He even pushed his coquetry so far as to surround himself with demons who for the occasion had put on the white robes of seraphs. The Satan of MM. Brettes and Mérie * received joyfully the prayers and invocations of five hundred persons, from 9 o'clock in the morning till 2 o'clock in the night; these five hundred persons fearing neither cold nor mud to render him homage. In spite of the formidable douche, little to his taste if I recollect rightly the teaching of the catechism, he appeared smiling and happy. Decidedly he is a good devil, full of benevolence and resignation. The fact is not to be denied. But to speak seriously, the 8th of December was a grand day for the Catholics. Louise Polinière and Marie Martel came to the field in the afternoon. Louise had two very long, sweet, and peaceful ecstasies in which her commonplace features were transformed into positive beauty. What can I say of Marie Martel? From a state of ecstasy she passed into one of rapture, and it is impossible to imagine a face more dazzlingly bright with celestial joy. She seemed to send out rays of light. The poor girl, tortured night and day with excruciating pain, lived for two long hours in another world. Her smile was angelic, and the tender words "*O ma bonne mère*" were constantly on her lips. Her arms were extended in supplication, her eyes raised to heaven. She walked slowly forward, escaping from the arms that supported her. It was a most consoling sight. The apparition was particularly luminous, standing on a crescent with the inscription, 'I am the "Immaculate Conception."' The two *voyantes*, separated from each other by the dense crowd which rose like a wall between them, and questioned apart in their own homes, were found to have had identically the same vision. This was my fourteenth visit to Tilly, which is as much as to say that my inquiry has been

* Two writers violently opposed to the Tilly apparitions, which they condemn as the work of a diabolical agency.

most thorough. As I was unable to study *de visu* the events which took place at the school, I have given myself up to the scrupulous investigation of what concerns the *voyantes*, and all that I have discovered about Louise Polinière and Marie Martel has confirmed me in the conviction that the laws of mysticism are immutable. Cures and other favors follow each other in rapid succession, and are clearly defined and very characteristic. These are my freshest and most recent impressions. *Le culté de Tilly est fait*, and the devil and modern science are on the alert. In these days, when all honest faith is threatened with annihilation, the testimony from on high must be equal to the peril which confronts us. Tilly is logical and could not be otherwise.

"Yours sincerely,

"MARQUIS DE L. L."

Far be it from us to pretend to decide on the nature of these things. Our business is but to collect "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time," to present the various opinions of those who have studied the matter from the beginning, and then to wait until it may be said *Roma locuta est*.

A LETTER FROM THE PARISH PRIEST.

A letter received from the doyen-curé, M. Guérout, since the above was written contains the latest record from Tilly. He says, writing June 14, 1898:

"A learned, pious, and distinguished ecclesiastic came to see me last Friday, having travelled two hundred leagues in fulfilment of a promise in case he should be cured by the intercession of our Lady of Tilly of a malady which had been declared incurable by the medical faculty. All that science could achieve had been done for him and the doctors had declared that he was to all intents and purposes a dead man, and that even if he should partially recover it would be nothing but a misfortune, for it would mean madness and idiocy. The patient had recourse to our Lady of Tilly on the 27th of October, 1896, and his cure was so complete that not only have his intelligence and memory remained intact, but his physical condition, which for years was one of intense suffering, is now such that for about twenty months he has been and continues without a shadow of pain or illness of any kind. Nevertheless, in spite of repeated favors, we remain in an attitude of respectful and prayerful waiting, conforming ourselves beforehand to whatever shall be the decision of the Church, and desiring only that the holy will of God may be done."

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY REV. WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

I.



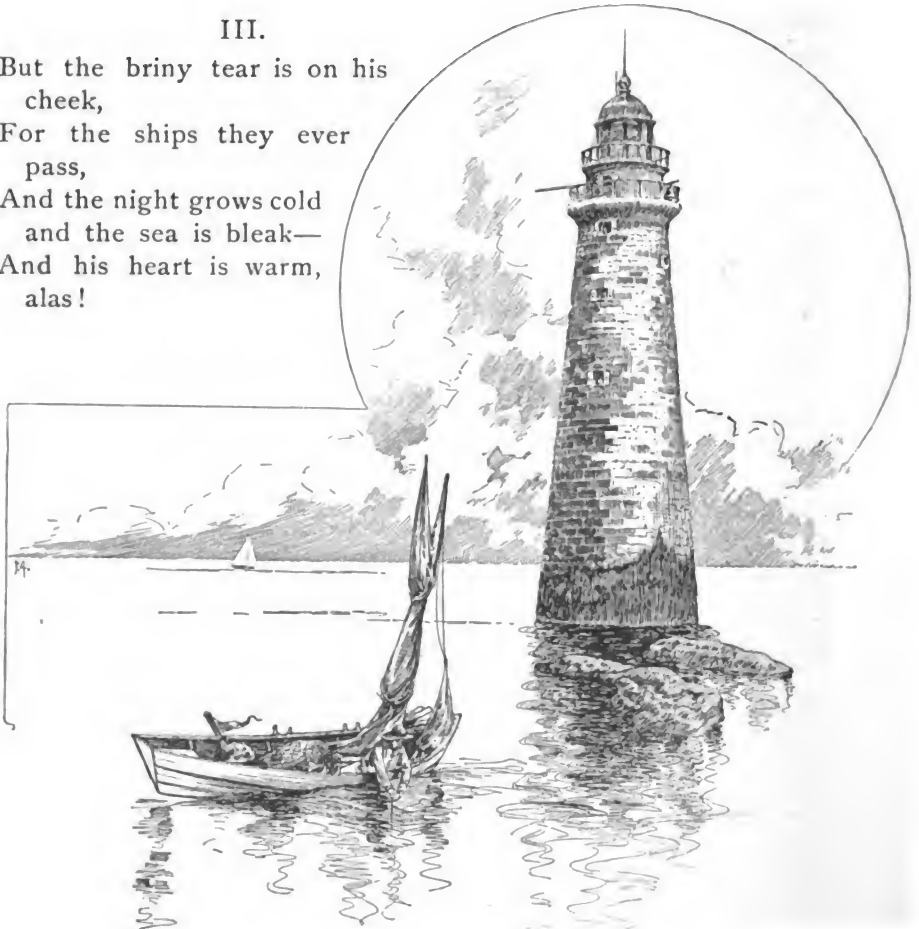
RIM and gray stands the faithful light
 And the waves crouch at his feet—
 Stands like the sentinel of night
 Guarding his silent beat.

II.

High o'er his head his strong arm flings
 His lantern's flaming blaze;
 And the phantom ships with the fleecy wings
 Melt through the glimmering haze.

III.

But the briny tear is on his
 cheek,
 For the ships they ever
 pass,
 And the night grows cold
 and the sea is bleak—
 And his heart is warm,
 alas!



A MODERN MIRACLE.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

I.

"Faith in womanhood
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him; and tho' he trip and fall,
He shall not bind his soul with clay."

—Tennyson.



AND so you really are a Catholic, Mr. Foster? How strange it seems."

As Mrs. Carlton spoke she glanced swiftly up at her audience of one as he stood, tall and straight, on the tiger-skin rug before the fire, and then as rapidly veiled her eyes with their long lashes. It was one of her "little ways," and as a rule highly effective.

Albert Foster looked rather bewildered. He was a frank-faced, honest English lad of two-and-twenty, very proud of the fact that he had arrived at man's estate, and anxious to impress the same upon all his friends and acquaintances.

"Of course I am a Catholic—never been anything else. But why do you think it strange?" he asked, smiling down at the pretty woman in the lounging-chair.

For a moment she hesitated. "I shall not offend you, shall I, if I say what I think?"

"Oh, rather not!" he answered. "Surely you know by this time you can say whatever you like to me." And his boyish face deepened a little in color as he spoke.

The men of Eva Carlton's acquaintance capable of resisting her fascinations were few in number, and her present companion had cast in his lot with the majority:

"Well," she said slowly, "I have always been under the impression that Roman Catholics were a very gloomy set of people who went about thanking God that they were not as other men, don't you know? But there is nothing of that sort about you."

Albert threw back his head and laughed—that laugh of intense enjoyment which was peculiar to him and which always had such a cheering effect upon those who listened to it.

"Don't you think you are mixing us up with the Metho-

dists? There is nothing gloomy about our religion; rather the other way, or I should say—"

Mrs. Carlton nodded her dainty little head with an air of profound wisdom.

"I know what I am talking about, my dear boy," she said. "Some of the dullest, dowdiest people I have ever come across were Roman Catholics, red hot Papists. The men pulled long faces and talked to me about my soul, and the women had not an idea how to put on their clothes, and looked as if they were going to faint every time I opened my lips."

Albert Foster laughed again.

"You have been unfortunate in your experiences! Where did you pick up such a crew?"

"Oh! some I met in Rome when I was there last winter. Newly converted they were and tremendously proud of it."

"Oh, well, that explains it," put in Albert eagerly. "They had not thoroughly imbibed the Catholic spirit, don't you see? There had not been time for it to soak in. They were like the sponge-cake in a 'trifle' when the cook has been stingy with the brandy. Besides, even if you have met gloomy Catholics, it does not follow that it is their religion that makes them so. It may be their liver."

"Very ingenious," said Eva, smiling up at him. "Did they teach you to argue like that at Upton?"

Albert had been educated at the grand old Benedictine monastery of Upton, where he had distinguished himself at cricket and foot-ball, and in the athletic line generally, been the "star" of the theatrical company at the annual Shakspeare representations, and acted as ringleader in many an escapade.

"If you knew I was an Upton fellow you must have known I was a Catholic."

"How literal you are," remarked Mrs. Carlton, lifting her penciled eyebrows. "I suppose I *did* know, since you will have it; but, as I said before, you do not fit in with my idea of the genus."

Silence reigned for a few moments in that pretty firelit boudoir with its softly tinted draperies, Eastern prayer-rugs, and violet-scented atmosphere.

His hostess' last speech had set Albert thinking. Why did she persist in saying he was unlike a Catholic, he wondered? Cant of any description was very foreign to his nature; but, on the other hand, he was thoroughly uncompromising in matters of faith, and no amount of ridicule, spoken or implied, could

induce him to yield an inch where his religion was concerned. Upton boys have always been noted for the ease and well-bred polish of their manners in society, and also, what is of infinitely greater importance, for their firm principles and moral backbone. That there are exceptions to this as to every other rule is a fact we have no intention of disputing, but Albert Foster was undoubtedly entitled to claim the credit of both these advantages.

"Had he failed in any way?" he asked himself. Certainly the greater part of his time for the last three months had been spent amongst Protestants, and a good deal of it in this identical boudoir. Were the heretical surroundings beginning to tell on him, as his Jesuit confessor had warned him would sooner or later be the case?

He was not particularly susceptible, few young men of his age are nowadays, but he had fallen completely under the spell of this lovely widow with her mocking hazel eyes, her piquant face, and her gay flow of talk, and the marvel would have been if he had escaped its magic.

She was a Protestant and some seven or eight years his senior, and in his wildest dreams he never imagined the possibility of a nearer tie than friendship existing between them. All he asked was to be allowed to bask in the sunshine of her presence, and worship her, on the pedestal where his boyish folly had placed her, as his ideal of all that was good and pure and womanly. He believed in woman with a capital W, and as yet had discovered no reason for abandoning the faith that was in him.

"How dull you have grown! Are you trying to live up to your Catholicity?" asked Mrs. Carlton suddenly, with a gay laugh. "Ring the bell, will you, and we will have tea—'the cup that *cheers*,' don't you know?"

With an effort Albert pulled himself together.

"Thanks, no; I must be off," he said. "I—I have got a special engagement on—"

"How confused you look," she said archly. "You are going to meet the auburn-haired young lady you were having such a flirtation with at your mother's 'at home' the other day? It is no use your denying it."

"I am *not*!" exclaimed Albert indignantly. "There is not a girl in the United Kingdom I would cross the road to look at so long as I could see you—and—"

"Yes, yes!" she interrupted hastily, satisfied with the suc-

cess of her words and wishing to check further protestations. "Calm yourself, there is a dear boy. I won't tease you any more. Tell me where you are going really," she went on in that low, caressing voice which had wormed so many secrets out of unsuspecting masculine victims. Mrs. Carlton was a woman who never lost a chance of exerting her power even in the most trivial matters. "There ought to be perfect confidence between friends, do not you think so?"

Albert colored crimson. "I—I am going to confession, if you want to know," he blurted out. "It is the eve of the Immaculate Conception."

Up went Eva's eyebrows until they almost met the fluffy golden curls on her forehead.

"Really?" she said incredulously. "What good will it possibly do you to confide your peccadilloes, give yourself away, in fact, to a man who is probably far worse than you are?"

"It doesn't make a pin of difference whether he is a sinner or a saint," said Albert stoutly. "He has power to absolve me from my sins, and that is all that matters."

A little gleam of admiration crept into Mrs. Carlton's eyes as she looked at him. "That boy has the courage of his opinions," she reflected, "even with me."

"Well, I won't detain you," she said quietly, "come and see me again soon."

"Won't I?" he answered eagerly. "Thanks awfully for letting me bore you."

And then, as a rustle of silk on the stairs announced the arrival of feminine visitors, he effected a hasty exit, hailed a hansom, and was driven rapidly off in the direction of Farm Street.

II.

"Man's world is bleak and bitter;
Wherever he has trod
He spoils the tender beauty
That blossoms on the sod,
And blasts the loving Heaven
Of the great good world of God."

—*Adelaide Procter.*

It was a fortnight later and Mrs. Carlton was indulging in another *tête-à-tête* in the firelight, her present companion, however, being of a very different type to Albert Foster. He was a tall, dark man of middle age, unmistakably a soldier, and having the appearance of one who has found that there is

"nothing new and nothing true," and has further made the discovery that "it don't signify."

Clive Fairfax's creed was at the same time simple and negative. He believed, as he expressed it, "in neither man, woman, nor devil"; he was a pessimist by temperament and conviction, and was wont to affirm that virtue and goodness were exploded theories, conspicuous only by their absence in fallen human nature. It was this man who had constituted himself Eva Carlton's principal adviser, and evil genius, ever since the death of her husband some four years ago. He was distantly related to her on her mother's side, which provided him with an excellent excuse for establishing himself on terms of intimacy in the South Kensington flat where she had taken up her residence. So far, however, he had not evinced the slightest inclination to fall in love with her, which sign of eccentricity on his part piqued her into giving him a larger share of her attention and her thoughts than she bestowed upon easier prey.

"I don't know whether I hate Clive Fairfax or whether I like him," she had admitted to a woman friend in one of the confidential moods which visited her so rarely; "but what I do know is, that he interests me more than anybody else in the world."

"There is something rather out of the common about your new protégé," remarked Colonel Fairfax, as he stretched his long figure luxuriously in a low, cushioned chair opposite the one where Eva sat toasting her daintily clad little feet by the fire.

"Which do you mean?" she asked mischievously. "There have been two or three new ones this year."

"Why, young Foster. There is grit in that chap, Eva, and I don't fancy somehow you will be able to twist him round your little finger as you do the others."

"You mean to imply that he is not so much under my influence, is that it?" asked Eva, the light of battle flashing in her hazel eyes.

"Precisely. The foolish boy is in love with you, we can all see that; but I do not think you will be able to laugh him out of his opinions, for instance, or make him swear black is white, to please you, as you did not long ago in the case of young Moore."

Mrs. Carlton tossed her head disdainfully.

"Pooh! Archie Moore was a perfect weathercock."

"Not as a rule, by any means. I am not in the habit of flattering you, am I, Eva?—but I will admit that you certainly have the knack of inducing nine men out of ten to think and say and do exactly what you please. It seems to me, however, that Foster will not be the tenth."

"Perhaps"—with a sneer—"his priests have warned him against you, and their influence is probably more powerful than yours."

His words were having the precise effect he intended upon his listener, though he himself might have been at a loss to explain his motives in thus rousing the demon of her self-love. It is possible, however, that, outwardly indifferent as he was, the charming widow had now and then made him suffer by her numerous flirtations, and that he would welcome the chance of seeing her pride lowered.

The cool, level tones acted as an irritant upon Eva Carlton's nerves as she sat silently staring at the glowing embers and revolving various plans in her active mind.

"I will make you admit I have an influence over him," she said at last positively. "He told me the other day he was thinking of 'making a retreat,' as he calls it, at Manresa. Well," with a defiant little laugh, "I fancy that on the day fixed for his departure you will have the pleasure of meeting him here at dinner."

Clive Fairfax shook his head incredulously, and a cynical smile played on his thin lips.

"Possibly," he answered, "he will postpone his little journey for one evening."

"No, no! postpone it altogether; give it up, I tell you," she exclaimed eagerly. "You will see. Have you any engagement for the 15th?"

"None, I think," he said; "but even if I had, I should promptly throw the other people over in order"—with a little ironical bow—"to witness your triumph, my fair cousin."

"Yes; you do not believe it, but you will witness it. Now let us talk of something else. We have had enough of Albert Foster. When does your battery sail for India? and—do tell me—have you heard anything more of that affair about Major Smythe's wife?" . . .

That evening, when Colonel Fairfax had left her, Mrs. Carlton went over to her writing-table with an air of decision, and composed a fascinating little note, inviting Albert to tea with her the following day. She was determined to prove to

Clive Fairfax, the man who attracted and repelled her at the same moment, that she did possess an influence over the majority of his sex in general, and young Foster in particular, even if he himself had so far succeeded in remaining impervious to her wiles. What her overweening vanity would have revelled in would be to see the boy relinquish his religious opinions at her bidding and for her sake, but, highly as she rated her power, she hardly dared hope for success in that laudable attempt.

Albert Foster meanwhile, little dreaming of the pitfalls which were being prepared for him, was making his preparations for a week's retirement at Manresa. The idea of a retreat was quite a new departure for him. He had never been one of what he called the "praying lot" at Upton, and although since he left college he had lived the life of a practical Catholic in the world, he was a little bit inclined to shirk his morning's meditation or visit to the Blessed Sacrament when it was a question of a polo match at Hurlingham or half an hour's chat in Eva Carlton's boudoir.

Lately, however, he had begun to think a little. There was some talk of his studying for the bar, though his own tastes led him in the direction of tea-planting in Ceylon; but the fact that he was the heir of a wealthy uncle obviated the necessity of adopting any profession unless it happened to please his fancy. It was this point he wished to consider, and it was by the earnest advice of his confessor that he was now making arrangements for a week's absence from Cinderella dances, Gaiety burlesques, crowded "at homes," and the seductive society of Eva Carlton.

III.

"Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light—
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in his sight."

—*Adelaide Procter.*

"And you will not do a little thing like that to please *me*?"

The soft, pleading tones stirred Albert Foster's pulses, and for an instant he wavered in his resolution. He had been spending a very bad quarter of an hour in that firelit, flower-scented room which was hallowed by such blissful memories and connected with some of the happiest moments of his life.

On his arrival Mrs. Carlton had received him even more

graciously than usual. She was more tenderly intimate in her manner than she had ever been before, and had he been older and more experienced this very fact would have warned him of his danger. She led him on to talk of the subjects that interested him most, and listened to his eager outpourings with the sympathy of an affectionate elder sister mingled with the subtle sweetness of a practised coquette. Then by degrees she skilfully introduced the topic of religion, and gave a little well-assumed start of astonishment when he told her, with a somewhat embarrassed laugh, that he was "going into retreat."

She had made use of several weapons in order to gain her end. A few stinging shafts of ridicule were interspersed between the earnestness of her pleading and the flattering appeals to his intelligence, judgment, and knowledge of the world. How could he, so up to date as he was in all other respects, believe in such mediæval nonsense and cling to a worn-out superstition which had had its day in the dark ages and was now openly acknowledged by all scientists to be a fallacy? Perhaps he did not dare to disobey his priests, however; possibly he had given himself up body and soul to their guidance, and in that case it was of no use for her to waste her feeble powers of persuasion. But—with a relapse into the old dangerously caressing manner—would he not give up his idea of a retreat for her sake, for the sake of the friendship which linked them together, and so on.

She had failed in her endeavors to induce him to abandon the Manresa project altogether. That was a dismal certainty, though there had been moments when, owing to her pathetic eyes and her intense personal magnetism, he had been on the point of yielding to her wishes. With regard to her secondary request, however, he was more than a little inclined to compromise matters. Surely one day's delay could not signify—so he argued with his conscience—and, well, hang it all, it was churlish of him to withstand her pleading as he had done. Secretly he was himself a little bit astonished at his own moral courage; and the devil, having come off badly in the recent encounter, now began to tempt him with thoughts of self-complacency.

"Well, look here, Mrs. Carlton," said Albert abruptly, in reply to her final plaintive appeal, "I can't give up my retreat altogether, but I will stretch a point to please you and put it off for a day. That will leave me free to accept your kind invitation for the 15th."

"That is something," murmured Eva pensively. She was intensely irritated with him, but her tones were as dulcet and her manner as caressing as before. "I see you are not quite so hard-hearted as you appear," she added.

"Hard-hearted to you!" he exclaimed fervently. "If you knew what it costs me to refuse you even the smallest thing!"

"Why do you, then?" she asked innocently.

The boy's handsome face flushed crimson at her question. "Because," he began—"oh, well, it sounds such a canting thing to say, Mrs. Carlton, but you do force a fellow to talk like a prig sometimes; well because I feel that I ought to make this retreat, and, yes you may laugh if you like, my confessor strongly advised me to, and I intend to follow his advice."

Once more a gleam of half-unwilling admiration came into his listener's eyes as the impetuous words fell from his lips. How was it, she reflected, that he was so brave, so fearless of her ridicule? What was the magic used by the Catholic Church which caused her children to be so outspoken in defence of their faith?

She puzzled over this question for some time after Albert Foster had left her, but none the less was she resolved to again put him to the test on the occasion of her little dinner party.

When Clive Fairfax was ushered into Mrs. Carlton's drawing-room on the evening of the 15th even his cool self-possession received a momentary shock at the sight of Albert Foster, with a gardenia in his button-hole, making himself agreeable to a pretty girl friend of his hostess' who had been invited to complete the *partie carrée*.

"Is the triumph partial or complete?" he murmured as he held Mrs. Carlton's hand.

Eva was looking radiant in a Parisian gown of shimmering yellow, but his keen gaze at once detected the discontented, restless expression lurking in her hazel eyes and at the corners of her mobile mouth.

"You will see later on," she answered in the same tone.

The sting of her recent defeat still rankled, and she ardently wished that the inevitable question could have been deferred.

Mrs. Carlton was celebrated for her little dinners, and the present occasion proved no exception to the rule. The newest ideas in decoration and the most recently invented delicacies were invariably to be found adorning her table and figur-

ing in her carefully chosen menu, and in the rôle of hostess she was irresistible.

For reasons of her own she skilfully avoided all dangerous topics until the moment of dessert had arrived and her guests were trifling with purple grapes and French bonbons. Then, with a mocking gleam in her brilliant eyes, she let fly one of her poison-tipped arrows in Albert Foster's direction.

"You will have nothing to say to us worldly people when you come back from Manresa," she said. "This is quite our last 'merry meeting,' I suppose?"

Albert flushed up and glanced reproachfully at her with his honest blue eyes.

"What is Manresa?" interposed his neighbor, Lottie Blake, a lively brunette of the end-of-the-century type, outspoken and advanced, and all that is most "modern." "Are there gold fields there, like Klondike? Oh, I do hope you will 'make your pile,' Mr. Foster!"

"Yes; you would welcome him back in that case, would you not, Miss Blake?" put in Colonel Fairfax, with his cynical smile.

"You are not so far out in your guess, Lottie," said Mrs. Carlton, with a malicious little laugh. "I expect Mr. Foster would say that Manresa was a *spiritual* gold field. Is that a correct definition?" she added, turning to her victim.

"Quite correct; it does you credit," answered Albert in colder tones than he had ever before used to his divinity. He was keen-witted enough to see that—as he expressed it—she meant to "get a rise" out of him, and that was a thing he was determined not to stand even from the woman with whom he believed himself to be in love.

"No, but really," persisted Miss Blake. "Do tell me what it is, Eva? What is Mr. Foster going to do?"

"Mr. Foster," began Eva calmly, leaning back in her chair and opening her spangled fan, "is, by the advice of his confessor, going into strict retirement for eight days at a Jesuitical establishment to meditate upon the state of his soul."

Lottie Blake put up her long-handled pince-nez and proceeded to make a critical examination of Albert's features. "How deliciously mediæval!" she exclaimed. "Are you looking for a new sensation, or what are you doing it for?"

"To oblige his father confessor," remarked Clive Fairfax. "There lies the word of the enigma."

With a tremendous effort Albert controlled the feelings of

anger which were taking possession of him. He was the only Catholic present, and it behooved him to keep cool and prove by his example that his religion was a practical part of his daily life, and not merely a romantic theory reserved for special occasions.

"I seem to have created quite a sensation," he said quietly. "There is nothing extraordinary in making a retreat, I assure you. It is an every-day matter."

"It is wonderful how contented you Papists are in your leading-strings," remarked Miss Blake, still regarding the young man as though he were a newly discovered phenomenon of nature. "Tell me, Mr. Foster"—leaning forward with a confidential air—"is it not a fearful bore always having to do what the priests tell you?"

"Certainly it would be," replied Albert calmly, "but I have never heard of such a necessity. In grave matters, when it is a case of right and wrong, that is another thing, but as regards liberty it seems to me that we Catholics have a larger share of it than other people. Look at the Ritualists—they are under the thumbs of their clergy, if you like!"

Clive Fairfax smiled to himself under his heavy moustache. He admired the boy's spirit, though at the same time he considered him a fool for his faith.

"You have not pulled it off this time," he murmured to Eva when they had adjourned to the drawing-room, taking advantage of the cross-examination on confession which Albert was undergoing at the hands of Miss Blake.

"As you see," was the petulant answer. "I got him to postpone it for a day, however."

"Oh, I quite admitted that possibility! Well, he deserves to be left in peace now."

"Fancy *you* standing up for a Roman Catholic!" said Mrs. Carlton, as she subsided into her favorite lounging-chair by the fire.

"Pooh!" returned Colonel Fairfax shortly. "I have no sympathy with the lad's religious convictions; I think them simple rubbish, to put it mildly, but I do admire the way he stands up for his folly." . . .

"You are quite determined to go to-morrow, Mr. Foster?" said Mrs. Carlton an hour later, when her guests were making their farewells. Colonel Fairfax and Miss Blake were comparing notes concerning the rival merits of their cigarettes, and she and Albert were comparatively alone.

"Yes, I must go," he answered shortly. His ideal's conduct this evening had greatly puzzled him, and though she still remained on her pedestal, its foundations were beginning to be a trifle shaky.

"And I thought you cared for me!" she said recklessly, forgetful for the moment of her usual endeavors to postpone the inevitable declaration, oblivious of everything but her own wounded vanity.

Albert's eyes lit up. "Care for you!" he echoed fervently. "I should think I did; but how can I explain? Don't you see that my religion must always come first, and"—as the remembrance of his late injuries returned to him—"you have been turning it into ridicule all the evening."

"May I interrupt these confidences to say good-night to you, Eva?" interposed Miss Blake at this moment, "or shall Colonel Fairfax and I efface ourselves gracefully? We seem distinctly *de trop*."

"Fancy *you* effacing yourself, Lottie!" exclaimed her hostess greatly relieved at the interruption.

"Good-night, Mr. Foster; good-by, rather."

"I shall see you again next week," said Albert. "You talk as if I were going to the North Pole."

Eva Carlton raised her eyes to his for an instant. "Our next meeting will find you altered," she said slowly.

As Albert Foster walked home in the moonlight Mrs. Carlton's parting words, and the prophetic tone in which they were uttered, kept perpetually recurring to his mind, and it was with an undefinable sense of some impending change in his life that he took his departure for Manresa the following morning.

IV.

"They shall see God who, bearing and believing,
Keep their hearts pure.
Some stony steps, and yet a little climbing:
The rest is sure."

It was at a musical crush that Eva Carlton and Albert Foster met again after the latter's return from Manresa.

"This is a surprise!" she exclaimed gaily. "I pictured you beating your breast in one of those uncomfortable costumes the saints of old used to wear, instead of attending a worldly function in correct evening attire."

Albert gave a resigned sigh and offered her his arm.

"Have you not had enough of that old joke?" he asked. "As for my being here, that is the mother's doing; she wanted an escort. Come and have some tea or something? I have lots to say to you."

Mrs. Carlton looked searchingly at him as she allowed herself to be led away in the direction of the buffet. The boy was altered and her prediction, spoken half in jest, was verified. Yet, how was it possible that only a week's experiences could have given that touch of dignity to his manner and bearing, toned down the buoyancy of his spirits, and bestowed upon him that expression of peace and newly acquired serenity?

"I am waiting for the revelation," she said presently, when he had provided her with a strawberry ice and conducted her to a flower-decked recess a little apart from the crowd.

"I won't keep you in suspense," he blurted out, his complexion rivalling the crimson hues of the Chinese lantern which hung above his head. "I have made up my mind about my future, and I am going to Rome in a fortnight to begin my studies at the English College."

"What studies?" inquired Mrs. Carlton vaguely, unable to realize the drift of his words. "Are you going to school again? You have been at one college; is not that enough?"

Albert Foster laughed his old laugh of unrestrained enjoyment.

"Yes, I am going to school again," he said, "and I shall be kept pretty tight at it, I fancy. I am going—at least I am going to try—to be a priest, Mrs. Carlton."

Eva gazed blankly at him, her ice-spoon suspended midway between her plate and her lips.

"A priest!" she exclaimed, in a tone of the liveliest horror. "Impossible! The Jesuits have been getting hold of you, Albert. Throw off their influence and be a man."

"Don't take it like that," he said softly. "You are the very first person I have told my news to except my mother, and though you are not a Catholic and do not realize all that it means to me, still I did count on your sympathy."

There was a little break in his voice as he spoke, a pathetic vibration which in some inexplicable manner appealed to the highest part of Eva Carlton's worldly nature. After all—so ran her thoughts—the boy had loved her more sincerely, perhaps, than many of his seniors who had laid their devotion at her feet, and in renouncing the sunny side of life for the sake of a delusion he was performing a heroic action, and deserved a little consolation and encouragement.

"Yes, and you shall have it," she answered, laying her hand on his arm. "I think it foolish of you to destroy your life and renounce everything that makes life worth living, which is, I believe, the law laid down for the priesthood; but I wish you happiness in what you have undertaken, and"—in a lower tone—"you have taught me a lesson, Albert, which I shall not quickly forget."

Albert Foster took her hand in his for an instant and raised it to his lips. It was his final farewell to what was not precisely love, but "love's first flash in youth," and though, since those eight days of meditation had revealed to him his inner self, his whole being was penetrated with a longing for higher things, yet it was not without a sharp pang that he turned down the page in this first chapter of his life's history.

On a bright June evening, some seven years later, two priests stood waiting for admittance at the door of the "Orphan's Home" at Weybridge.

"You will find this an institution after your own heart," remarked the elder of the two. "Thoroughly well organized, and a woman at the head of it who has thrown herself heart and soul into her work."

"Who is she?" asked his companion carelessly. He was tall and fair, with an expression of calm serenity, which had earned him the title of the "modern Sir Galahad" from enthusiastic members of the "devoted female sex."

"She is a Mrs. Fairfax," was the reply he received, "and has rather a curious history. She has been twice married, though she is still under forty. Her second husband, who died eighteen months after the marriage, was an agnostic, and although she herself was professedly a Protestant, she persuaded him to see a Catholic priest on his death-bed. Then she was received into the church, and spends most of her time and all her fortune, which is a considerable one, in doing good to others. Yet I hear she was tremendously admired, and worldly to the tips of her fingers. God's ways are wonderful—Oh!" as the door opened—"come in."

The visitors were ushered into a bright but plainly furnished room lined with well-filled book-shelves, and further adorned with one or two framed prints of sacred subjects, and in a few moments the matron of the orphanage made her appearance. As the elder of the two priests went forward to greet her the eyes of the younger dilated with astonishment,

and a scene from the past rose vividly before him. Once more he was in a firelit boudoir perfumed with the scent of violets, the rosy flames flickering on gleaming statuette, on priceless china, and on oaken cabinets, and the musical tones of a woman's voice were echoing in his ears. "And so you really are a Catholic? How strange it seems!" . . .

As the matron's glance fell on him she uttered an ejaculation of surprise.

"Father Foster!—is it possible? Don't you remember me?"

"Mrs. Carlton!" he stammered, "what in the world are you doing here?"

For an instant the old mocking gleam of amusement shone in Eva's hazel eyes, which, dimmed by much weeping, had lost a little of their former brightness.

"Que fait elle dans cette galère!" she murmured. Then turning to the somewhat bewildered spectator: "We are old friends, Father Keene, and it is six—seven—how many years since we met, Father Foster?"

"I don't know; six—seven I suppose," answered he in a dazed sort of fashion. "But," he repeated, "what are you doing here, Mrs. Carlton?"

A pensive look overshadowed Eva's expressive face.

"That is not my name any longer," she said softly. "I—"

"Why, of course; what a fool I am!" exclaimed the young priest in his old boyish manner.

"Then it is you who are the matron of this orphanage, and have done such wonders here, as Father Keene tells me. I have been puzzling my brains to remember why the name was so familiar to me."

"I daresay you would like to talk over old times," interposed Father Keene, "so I will make myself scarce. Mrs. Fairfax will show you over the orphanage, and you will find dinner at the presbytery at seven o'clock. Your train does not leave till 9:30."

"Now tell me everything," began the priest eagerly, as soon as he and the matron were left alone together. "Thank God, you have the faith at last; tell me how it came to you."

Then, in the gathering twilight of that fair June evening, Eva told him the story of her life since they had parted, seven years ago. She spoke of her ever-increasing attraction for Clive Fairfax, her subsequent marriage, and the marvellous manner in which love—such as she had never before experienced—had altered and softened her entire character, filling

her with hatred for her former self and her petty vanities. She dwelt on the heaven-sent influence which had so inexplicably caused her to labor and strive for her husband's salvation, her gratitude and joy at his final repentance, and her own reception into the church.

"Did you ever pray for me, Albert?—Father, I mean; the old name slipped out."

"I have prayed for you night and morning since the day we parted," he said simply; "prayed with all the strength of my soul that you might be led into the true fold, and since my ordination your name has never been omitted from my Mass."

"There! that explains it," she exclaimed. "Prayer has made more converts than controversial conversation or eloquent sermons have ever succeeded in doing. Thank God for your vocation!" she added fervently. "And to think how I jeered at you about it long ago!"

A smile lit up the young priest's features.

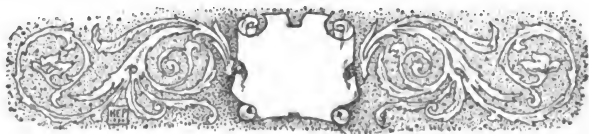
"You knew no better then," he said. "But you have responded gallantly to God's grace, and by the path of sorrow he has led you to himself at last."

. . . As they parted, half an hour later, at the door of the orphanage the spirit of mischief, never entirely dormant in Eva Fairfax, again rose to the fore.

"Father," she said demurely, "do you think the cook has been stingy with the brandy?"

For a second or two Father Foster stared at her in blank bewilderment, and then his laugh rang out upon the still evening air.

"Rather not," he answered. "It has thoroughly soaked in, and I think there is no danger of any Protestant applying to *you* the epithets of 'dull and dowdy.'"



HAMLET'S MADNESS AND GERMAN CRITICISM.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

WHETHER Hamlet was really mad was a question that used to be discussed with serious interest by critical students as distinguished from mere critics; but the discovery of the sources from which, probably, Shakspeare derived most of the matter and possibly something of the form of his play has caused the discussion to be shelved, as if in the light of more recent information there never had been a question to be discussed. It may seem to some of our readers inexplicable that men of high attainments should employ themselves in examining characteristics of a mere figment of the imagination, as if they belonged to a man who had really lived; but the value of an analysis of the psychological elements which combine in forming a great creation is very much greater than an examination of the qualities mental and moral which are attributed to a purely historical character. We say attributed, because no biographer has the inner man in his mind—he forms his own notion of him from acts and words; but these leave a good deal unrevealed. Now, we think that the fuller information we possess concerning the sources of Shakspeare's Hamlet does not alter the question of Hamlet's madness one iota, though no doubt it suggests to us why he made the action of the play turn upon madness, real or affected.

GERMAN ANTAGONISTS.

The anti-Shaksperian movement in Germany can only find in the madness of Hamlet a proof of the unscrupulous use which Shakspeare made of writings he found ready to his hand, and an inability to mould the materials he seized into an artistic whole. This madness in the old play which Shakspeare used had been assumed for a purpose, as in the old story on which the play was based it had been assumed. Among the writings which are held in this German movement to have supplied Shakspeare with his material is an old German adaptation which probably appeared about 1589.* Altogether it is con-

* *Der Bestrafte Brudermort.*

tended that as the madness of Hamlet in the previous works had been put on, so must it have been in the work of Shakspeare; and that any inconsistencies in Hamlet's conduct, however startling, are to be referred to Shakspeare's want of skill in adapting the works of others, or his eagerness to cause a sensation,* but by no means to the conception of a character upon whom external influences produced a morbid melancholy which ate into the brain.

Conceding all that Rümelin and Benedix, the heralds of this German attack on the traditional veneration of the English-speaking world for the genius of Shakspeare, ask with respect to his employment of existing works in the composition of his plays, we insist that there are mental and moral characteristics in his Hamlet not to be found in the Hamlet of the earlier works; that these characteristics constitute a new creation; and accordingly that whatever value there had been in discussing the question of the reality of Hamlet's madness before the discovery of the sources upon which Shakspeare drew, the same value still belongs to the examination of the psychological phenomena exhibited.†

THE TEST OF MADNESS.

In the old and somewhat crude tragedy the madness of Hamlet was put on, like that of King David or the madness of the elder Brutus. In these historical instances it would appear there was nothing of the subtle and varying moods described in works on mental alienation, and which lie in the experience of medical men. We think the test of madness in the last resort is legal responsibility, at least it is the practical one we can rely upon chiefly; but there are shades of mania between the shifting of the mental balance and the stage at which moral responsibility ceases—so many and minute that it can be readily understood how it is that men more or less mentally affected may be considered to enjoy the possession of their faculties. We are of opinion that Shakspeare knew this, understood it as well as any man who, without being a specialist in mental disease, has still bestowed attention on mental phenomena. He must have met with some very strange cases among the Puritans, the merchant adventurers, and the soldiers of fortune of his time. In our opinion Raleigh was a madman, and in the opinion of every man during the last years of

* To win the applause of the groundlings.

† One thing seems very clear, that Mr. Donnelly's theory is untenable.

Elizabeth, outside their stern and gloomy coteries, the Puritan of one kind or another was reckoned a madman. There might have been some question concerning the soldier of fortune who went to foreign countries under a private leader, but in the most favorable view of him he was regarded as a rolling stone, and his friends were, upon the whole, pleased if they heard no worse account of him than that he had fallen in the attack on a town, or had died of famine in defending it. The worst thing they could hear was that he was still alive, with the possibility of being hanged by a provost-marshal, or of returning home to be an eyesore and a burden. Again, Shakspeare had among the actors and dramatic authors of his time instances of a viciousness, malignity, and profligacy which to him must have argued mental overthrow. The sweet and equable temper to which his contemporaries bear testimony could hardly permit Shakspeare to look upon such men as Greene otherwise than as wretched creatures whose profligacy, exaggerated vanity, and consciousness of deserved failure had worked like madness in their brains. Indeed, this extract from the sort of autobiography which Greene wrote—it is hoped in repentance, for he says so—is so like the jealousy of madness, that we offer it in proof *pro tanto* of our implication that men against whom no commission *de lunatico inquirendo* would be sped are still mad, very mad indeed: "Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding, . . . be . . . forsaken?"

. . . There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast a blank-verse as the best of you, . . . is in his own conceit the only Shakspeare in a country." The detestable profligate here accused Shakspeare of having been beholden to him, and then abandoning him in his necessity. It was written in 1593, the perfect Hamlet in the beginning of the seventeenth century. There was not a word of truth in the libeller's statement, but it can readily be conceived that with Shakspeare's unexampled power of introspection he could take this instance and a thousand others in his own experience, and fuse them into an harmonious whole in the alchemy of his mind.

CHARACTERISTICS OF HAMLET'S MADNESS.

No doubt, if he were to make the madness of his Hamlet an assumed one, to be carried through the difficulties of a long ordeal, with watchful and jealous eyes marking his moods and the

certainly of his uncle's anger poisoning over the slightest reason for suspicion, he must also have borne in mind the knowledge that the long-sustained assumption of such a character is the most difficult exercise of concentrated will, if indeed such a character can for a long time be sustained. The case of King David is nothing more than the putting on of external characteristics for an occasion which in a simple state of society would be at once accepted as proof of madness. With regard to the elder Brutus we have not sufficient information, even if we are sure that the story can be trusted; still, taking the tale, we have features that seem to confirm the view we are trying to impress. The impression produced in this instance is that of folly bordering on imbecility; though long sustained, if the story be true. Consequently there would not seem to be any great tax upon the will necessarily, such as that demanded by the vast range of mental phenomena which lay within the reach of Hamlet's reading, and which, by the abnormal activity of his mind, came within the field of his speculation.

Take Hamlet's disposition as we have it in the play, and not through the medium of German criticism, and we find him oppressed by a profound melancholy. This we should like to analyze into its component parts, but our space will not permit it; but there is one thing clear, that in the older play and the story or saga on which it was based a fierce vindictiveness, and not melancholy, was the mental characteristic of Hamlet. The affectation of madness is the means in the saga and the crude old play of working out a revenge; but the first thing we find in the Hamlet of Shakspeare is the melancholy we have spoken of, his complete isolation from the court, a desire to return to the university, as if the whole purpose of his life had been changed by a violent wrench.

A priori there is in this determination evidence of extreme mental tension, and we can only understand it as something affecting a gentle, pure, and elevated mind almost like despair—that is, his horror at his mother's marriage with his uncle and the pregnant fact that the latter took the crown as well. The exclusion of himself he does not seem so much to have resented, as that it afforded evidence that the throne had been unfairly played for, and that this was most probably by some foul practice on the life of the late king. Still, this was no more than suspicion. The moral element, we think, important here is the justice that would not condemn upon suspicion. This is a thing no German could understand, but it is this

exaggerated sense of the authority of positive law which marks the character of Hamlet as one which three centuries ago only an Englishman could conceive, and which only one Englishman could work out in the manner it has been accomplished in this play.* He required more positive proof than the suggestiveness of circumstances. In its absence his mind was sinking lower and lower; then comes a message from the other world to supply the proof he wanted. It seems to us that the processes of thought in Hamlet and the working of events outside him afford a very satisfactory instance not only of the care bestowed by Shakspeare on the construction of his plays, but of the genius that rose so high above the playwright's art as to set in motion the forces of individual life in parallel lines with those of the surrounding social life, and to link them in the closest union under exceptional conditions, without violating in the slightest degree one rule of probability.

We think, therefore, that Shakspeare really intended that Hamlet was affected by a degree of mental tension amounting to mania; and we add, with a certain degree of tentativeness, that the delicate, overwrought sense of justice which would not condemn the usurper of his throne of a murder not clearly proved was a symptom of mania like the religious mania of the sectaries of the time.

AN ETHICAL MANIA LIKE UNTO THE SECTARIES.

We have stated it was an ethical mania analogous to the aberrations of Calvinism in Scotland, the furious moods of the sectaries in Germany, and the singular doctrinal tenets of those various shades of extreme Protestants in England who came later on to be included under the generic name of Puritans. Our space will not permit us to examine the intensity and variety of the displays of Hamlet's madness. It is enough to say that sometimes it is in the direction of intellectual activity and power, sometimes his mind is a stagnant pool in which all foul, degrading, desperate images rise and grow and rot like the rank weeds on Lethe's wharf. This explains why the chivalrous and just-minded Hamlet sitting at the feet of Ophelia says things gross enough for a stew and base enough for a robber's haunt. This, we take it, is an aspect of the mania of Hamlet which is not unlike the terrible contrasts in religious excitement when one hears of a plunge from spiritual ecstasy

* Any lawyer who knows the meaning and force of circumstantial evidence will, we think, agree with this criticism.

down to the lowest gulf of sensuality. If the mania be ethical, as we hold it to be in Hamlet, and not religious, there can be no reason in mental laws why there should not be contrasts as marked, inconsistencies as startling, as in the case of religious mania. This we think is the gauge by which the faltering, the hesitation in his purposes is to be measured, and the transitions from high and pure philosophy to a materialism alien to his nature.

The vagaries of extreme Puritanism afforded a temptation for parody—we have a hint of it in the case of Malvolio—but there was a danger in presenting the views of those stern sectaries in anything like serious language and action. The court was suspicious, and its eyes were upon the stage and wherever a book might be sold in which any reflection on the government in church and state might be offered. We have a petition from Shakspeare and the other “sharers in the Black Fryers playhouse” disclaiming the introduction into their plays of “matters of state and religion.” The stern and gloomy Puritan with his views upon church and state could not be made a character of except in an indirect way for mockery, but phenomena mental and moral exhibited by him might be made interesting if lodged in a character centuries back, and deducible from external circumstances injuriously affecting a nature of great sensitiveness and intense sense of honor.

This we take to be the explanation of the perplexities presented in the character of Hamlet. There is a species of madness which arises from distempered fancy, but which does not render a man unfit for the duties of life. In the same way that the vanity and self-centredness of Malvolio ate into his brain, poisoning his good qualities so that he would be capable of anything mean and vindictive in dealing with those he fancied injured him, but could still be a good servant of his mistress, so the profound and noble character of Hamlet, though warped by excessive self-consciousness, a sense that he had been unjustly treated, and a feeling that he was laboring under the depreciation of inferiors to the degree that he was swept into the night and the wild, he still preserved a love of justice which, in the extent to which he carried it, was a symptom of madness. This seems to be the conception Shakspeare intended; and upon some other occasion we may offer further proofs of our theory.



THE OLD SHIPMASTER.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.



He haunts the empty wharves where once were heaped
Great bales of silk and Orient fabrics rare,
And pungent spices scenting all the air,
And sandal-wood in tropic fragrance steeped.

No more a world's mart here—no more for him
The creaking yards, the broad and bellying sails
Of the good ship that battled with the gales,
And nine times touched the round world's utmost rim.

His slow step echoes from the warehouse wall,
That slants and sags beneath the sodden weight
Of moss-black shingles. One decree of fate
To ship and master, storehouse, wharf, and all.

Ah well! A final port, an evening's rest
Before the long, long voyage—'tis fitting so.
No more great ships that to the earth's ends go,
But thoughts of one white sail—ah! that is best!

ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

BY REV. A. P. DOYLE.



A MOST interesting volume dealing with the Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem has just been issued by the National Department of Labor, under the supervision of Carroll D. Wright. This volume is of very great value because it represents the results of extensive and searching investigation into the condition of the liquor-traffic as it exists here and now in the United States. It possesses additional value inasmuch as the investigations have been carried on with no other purpose in view than a sincere desire to get at the facts. There is no endeavor to exaggerate the drink evil in order to emphasize any one of the reputed remedial measures, nor is there any evident design of marshalling figures in order to antagonize any one of the well-known political methods of dealing with the liquor problem. The fact that the report is made by the government over the name of so eminent a statistician as Commissioner Wright is the fullest guarantee of its accuracy and its completeness.

We are quite conscious of the fact that in gathering material for such a report it is very easy for any one to obtain a one-sided view. The questions may be framed in such a way as to show the animus of the questioner. They may be tactfully put so as to draw out answers that will serve to support some preconceived notions, or, even after figures have been ever so truthfully gathered, returns may be manipulated in such a way as to exaggerate certain conclusions which would not in any sense be warranted by a more honest interpretation of the data in hand. Figures never lie only when there is a prevaricator behind them, and in no department of statistics have there been such varied conclusions drawn as those which are quoted in regard to the evil of intemperance. This is quite natural because, perchance, around no other topics have such bitter personal contentions raged as about the liquor interests of the country. There are almost as many pet theories proposed for the remedy of the drink plague as there are for the cure of consumption, or for the relief of the Cuban fevers. We have not been able to detect a particular bias in a single paragraph of this report, nor any leaning to one theory or another. The calm and consistent mathematical

calculation as well as the cold and colorless deduction are the chief merits of this report under consideration.

The first thing that impresses one in analyzing its varied tables and multiform investigations is the tremendous proportions to which the liquor interests of the country have attained. With the growth of the population there has been a steady increase in the consumption of intoxicating drink. Sometimes we temperance people lay the flattering unction to our souls that matters are not as bad in this present year of grace as they were a generation ago, and from many signs of the times we are often justified in these opinions. Undoubtedly with all the agitation that has gone on, and the strenuous endeavors that have been made by legal as well as persuasive agencies, there is less drinking in many quarters and there is more condemnation for drinking habits to-day than there were a quarter of a century ago. The business of selling liquor is less respectable and the public use of drink more apt to be frowned down with us than it was with our forefathers, and figures bear out the statement that there is less public intoxication. In spite of this the consumption of liquor of all kinds has gone on increasing from 4.17 gallons per capita in 1840 to 16.42 gallons per capita in 1896. This very large increase is due to the introduction of malt liquors. The actual use of distilled spirits has declined from 2.52 gallons per capita in 1840 to 1 proof gallon in 1896, while the use of malt liquors has increased from 1.36 gallons in 1840 to 15.16 gallons in 1896.

One might hastily conclude that the decrease of intoxication is due to the introduction of beers, but the observation of experienced men goes to prove that there is far more intemperance from beer these days than from the stronger drinks; especially is this the case among women. In the city of New York alone, during the last year, there were 23,295 arrests for disorderly conduct, principally on account of intoxication, and there were 21,630 persons arrested for mere intoxication besides, making 44,925 arrests in all on account of the abuse of liquor. Of this 44,925, nearly 40 per cent. were women.

One might imagine that the period of industrial depression through which we have just passed would naturally increase the consumption of intoxicating drinks, since among the very poor it is more economical to use cheap beer as a beverage than to get tea or coffee and to light fires to cook victuals; but it is gratifying to note that the hard times have contributed to a notable diminution in the use of all kinds of beverages, but particularly of spirits. Possibly the bicycle, the use of which

has become so common, has contributed to decrease the patronage of saloons. But whatever the cause, while there has been a steady increase when measured by decades, in the last few years since 1892, the consumption of distilled alcoholic stimulants has not increased. Moreover the use of the milder beverages has barely been steady, and the general total of all kinds has decreased from 17.04 gallons per capita in 1892 to 15.42 gallons in 1896.

The people of the United States are an exceedingly thirsty nation. They drank in 1896 883,678,219 gallons of intoxicating drink, and if one counts out the children, each adult must have consumed on the average 30 gallons. Considering that a quart would go pretty far in making the head reel and the feet unsteady, and that there are 120 quarts in 30 gallons, each adult could get pretty well on to drunkenness every third day. Verily no one would accuse us of being a sober race.

Commissioner Wright's report reduces the number of places where liquors are retailed to 161,483. This represents the number of retail saloons in the country—one saloon to 433 of the population, and by eliminating the children, one saloon to every 200 adults. In order to make a living out of 200 adults ways must be devised to encourage constant drinking. A great many must drink to excess to make up for the many who do not drink at all. So that we are in this country confronted by this state of affairs: a huge organization, with millions of capital invested, infesting the cities and hamlets of the country; ever on the alert to cultivate drinking habits by a code of etiquette all its own; defying the just laws enacted for its restraint, by a political influence; claiming all day to do its work, and then stealing the small hours of the night and the consecrated time of Sunday. In order that the 161,483 retail places of the country may make a paying interest on the capital invested, excessive drinking must be produced. The relation of the retail liquor-traffic as it exists here and now to the vice of intemperance is one of cause and effect, and so energetic is the cause there is little wonder that it claims its victims by the thousands, and it is not at all surprising that there are public-spirited men who consider it a terrible menace to our homes and our liberty, and who are willing to pledge their fortunes, their lives, and their sacred honor to banish it from this fair land.

Yet, what will one do? There are \$957,162,907 of capital invested. It gives employment to 241,756 hands. It yields a revenue to the government in one way or other, by special

taxes, fines, and custom duties, of \$183,213,124.51. This is the statement of the financial status of the liquor-traffic. What are we going to do about it? Abolish it entirely?

Suppose legal prohibition should prevail for a time. Suppose by some strange political combination, as occurred in Canada a few weeks ago, it would be the will of the people, as manifested at the polls, that the government should use its mighty hand to suppress the manufacture and sale of intoxicants; the next day, after a night of nervous strain and excitement about the polls, undoubtedly some of the very ones who voted for prohibition would be the first to clamor for something to steady the overstrained nerves or to whip up the flagging vitality. The tremendous drain on one's vital forces that is occasioned by the effort to keep up with the pace that is set by the intellectual and commercial life in this country demands a stimulant. Without a doubt, the only reason there is so much drunkenness in this country is the very same reason that makes us a nation of neurasthenics. Were we living a quiet, peaceful life, content with but few things, and not ambitious for place, nor avaricious for gain, nor eager for pre-eminence, there would not be the same demand for alcoholics. Alcohol is the goad, and when the beast flags, after days of work and nights of revelry with no rest, goad him on till he drops in his tracks or winds up in an asylum for paretics.

If, however, in our judgment, the policy of prohibition will never be realized, the efforts spent in fighting the saloon are not without their beneficial results. Prohibitionists are men with all the enthusiasm of high ideals and heroic measures. They spend and are spent in the effort to suppress drunkenness. They disseminate thousands of dollars and tons of literature, and throngs of people who have been saved from the withering scourge of drunkenness rise up and call them blessed. I have no special condemnation for them. They mean well, but are mistaken; but I cannot withhold my condemnation for the many who, seeing the ravages of the drink evil, do nothing and say nothing, though a word would mean a great deal from them.

The continued growth of the liquor-traffic may be expected. It is full of energy. It is backed by plenty of capital. It has its thousands of minions. Its capacious maw has plenty of victims to feed on.

In order to restrain the evil tendencies of the liquor-traffic the Supreme Court of the United States decreed on the 10th of November, 1890, in the case of *Crowley vs. Christensen*, that the sale of liquor is the proper subject for restrictive

legislation. "The police power of each State," it says, "is fully competent to regulate the business, to mitigate its evils, or to suppress it entirely. There is no inherent right in any citizen to thus sell intoxicating liquor by retail."

The larger the number and the more efficacious the quality of the restraining influences that are thrown about the growth of the liquor-traffic, the more quickly and more completely will the evils resultant therefrom be eliminated.

But more potent than prohibitory legislation is the placing of something which will be a substitute for the saloon. The saloon is not an unmixed evil. It does satisfy certain legitimate wants. Around it as a centre gathers a great deal of the social life of the plain people. The sense of freedom, the political talk, the free-lunch counter, the good-fellowship, the daily paper, and many other little things which enter into the rest and recreation of a working-man when away from the dull and hard routine of work, are all provided by the saloon. The problem is to provide all this in just as abundant measure, but without the sting of alcohol. If men of wealth who do not care to identify themselves with the organized temperance work for one reason or another, would devote their efforts and money to the creation of settlement houses, athletic clubs, gymnasias, lunch-wagons, cheap but well supervised theatres, they would do not a little to neutralize the baneful effects of the saloon.

In addition to the statistical knowledge concerning the liquor business itself, the report furnishes us with an amount of very interesting information concerning the extent of the use of liquor by employees who are subject to night-work, exposure, and overwork; concerning the relation of pay-day and Sunday to intoxication, and also to what extent the manufacturing, agricultural, and transportation interests of the country are contributing to the sobriety of their employees. The latter is of special interest, because an extension of this same work too will help to solve to a very large extent the question of drunkenness among the working-men of the country. Investigation was made among 6,970 employers, where 1,745,923 hands were employed, and of this number 3,527, or more than 50 per cent., require that their employees shall not use liquor when on duty, and many insist on total abstinence both on and off duty as a condition of employment. If still other employers were as strict in the condemnation of the abuse of intoxicating drink among their employees, we may readily see that it would not take long to eliminate intemperance from among the working-people.

THE LATE CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY G. M. P. BOWNS.



WHAT the doings of so great a body as the Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church should interest the whole world is not to be wondered at. From a human stand-point it ought to be of inestimable importance. Matters of great moment are to be discussed, which seem to be the deciding points between faith and infidelity, and doctrinal questions are to be settled which will either build up or destroy faith.

Says the *Churchman*: "An assembly, meeting as the General Convention does in the name of Christ and depending for guidance on the 'mighty power of the Holy Ghost,' ought to be the most august and the most influential of all human gatherings. Nowhere should it be possible to find more generosity in temper, more self-controlled utterance in debate, more wisdom in action, more single-heartedness in purpose, than in such a body." Conducted under such guidance and with such temper, the results of the convention should be of special import. What shall the historian write? Will it be of disappointment, discouragement, disloyalty? Will it be of what it did not rather than of what it did? What criterion have we upon which to base any expectations? All the signs of the times at present writing point to a repetition of the proceedings of former years. The position is anomalous, endeavoring to be logical by being illogical, to be consistent by being inconsistent. The contradictory character of the assertions and formulated canons, the negative and nebulous character of the doctrinal schedules, suggest a body of respectable men satisfied with themselves and not disposed to quarrel over matters of dogma. "Let every man be persuaded in his own mind." Scarcely had this "trienial" begun its momentous work when it placed itself in a most extraordinary predicament. At the last convention Article I. of the report of the Committee on Constitutional Revision was adopted, sent to the diocesan conventions, and returned by them to the present convention for final adoption.

The House of Deputies entered into consideration of this report. The title proposed in the preamble, viz., Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, does not meet the approval of the High-Church party, and by the tenderness of their persuasion, by their intense devotion to the sublime good of the church, the deputies almost unanimously rejected the proposed title. Simultaneously a message was received from the House of Bishops announcing the adoption of the title just rejected by the lower house. A dead-lock ensues upon the question simply of a name, despite the dependence upon the "mighty power of the Holy Ghost," who had but three years back directed them to accept and submit the same to the several diocesan conventions, completely undoing the work of the last convention. This law-making or law-suggesting body of the *branch* church places itself on record, through the medium of its well-known diplomacy, as follows:

"*Resolved*, That in view of the technical difficulties at present encompassing the matter of constitutional revision, the subject of the consideration of amendments reported by the joint committee be indefinitely postponed."

Were the "technical difficulties" only apparent when the upper house learned of the action of their brethren in the lower house, or were they but adopting the "jingo" methods attributed to less pretentious bodies, to hold the popular favor? Is it in debate rather than in the importance and fidelity of its legislative acts that the convention most fully reveals its spirit? If so, the spirit of the convention, at its very beginning, is evidently to spend three weeks in "verbosity" and fully exemplify the spirit of self-repression.

Bishop Potter, of New York, surely did not intend for us to conclude that the convention was guided by the Holy Ghost, "who should teach us all things," when he said: "You must not expect to settle anything. The only good to be expected from the discussion is such as might follow an interchange of opinion." We can scarcely conceive of the good to be arrived at by a discussion so broad, an interchange of opinion so extensive, as that which produced the above bit of conclusive legislation. The apparent purpose of each succeeding convention is to make null and void the work of the preceding, or to leave it in a labyrinth of "*nugæ canoræ*" (melodious trifles).

Canons are made and unmade by petition, and the formula is so carefully prepared, so adroitly launched, that it may

mean anything or nothing. A petition from the anti-Ritualistic party presented to the convention attracts our attention, as clarifying the atmosphere of any doubt as to the status of a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. Said the petitioners in their memorial:

"Believing it generally accepted among churchmen that the ministry of Christ's church is not sacerdotal, we hereby request that steps be taken for abrogating the office of institution as at present contained in the Book of Common Prayer." Then follow the objections, viz., the use of the word altar, which, though struck out at the time of the Reformation, is now re-incorporated, and it authorizes *designing* persons to *displace* the holy table and to teach that in Holy Communion there is a sacrifice. 2d. It refers to a sacrificing priest, which, as we stated, is contrary to the "general acceptance." 3d. It forms a base of authority for advocates of sacerdotal teaching to sustain their position.

Such an anomaly strikes the Catholic as peculiar, at least. By this "general acceptance," whatever that may mean, a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church is not a priest, his priestly functions are *not* priestly, and yet his name is priest.

This positiveness of definition is astounding; and yet is it more so than that which we listened to from the lips of a rector not long since when asked what the Episcopal Church taught regarding the existence of other children of the Virgin Mary? Note the dictum of authority: "The church neither affirms nor denies the existence of other children, but she *would rather* believe that there were none, as it would rob from the glory of our Lord." *Medium tenere beati*.

Peace is maintained by abstaining from war. Unity is desired only in so far as that unity is open hostility to the Catholic Church. In what an adroit manner has the Bishop of London, England, reached for unity. A pronouncement just made by him to Bishop Wilkinson is surely a novel means for *seizing* unity. Hitherto, even among the more lax of religious bodies, the rite of communion has been accepted as a sacred pledge of unity. Now, Bishop Wilkinson finds many dissenters within his diocese who have no church affiliation in the community, yet desirous of communing in Christian unity, with no intention of becoming a part of the church. He has qualms of conscience as to the correctness of such action. He looks for authority; scoffing at the possible power of Papal authority, he seeks the high and mighty Bishop of London, whose private interpretation is more authoritative than his own, and this authority electrifies the theological world by solving the diffi-

culty under guise of "courtesy"—"communion by courtesy." There seems to be no real significance in the term; the evident object "to console" means nothing.

But amid all these lesser matters to those outside her communion arises a question on which the liberty-loving American Christian world is looking with no little degree of interest—the much mooted question of *Divorce*. The English Church has met the question, and by its extraordinary skill in verbal construction has sent forth its *dictum*. Hear it: "Always and at all times the church has held that the marriage bond was indissoluble except by death, and that the remarriage of divorced persons was invalid and unlawful." *Vox, et praterea nihil*. History, we believe, has recorded some instances that are not consistent with the above assertion. A divorce court exists in England, and is the very urgent and powerful reason for the remarrying of divorcees adduced by Mr. J. G. Hodges at the Synod of the Canadian Church. Said another: A majority of the church authorities are in favor of the remarriage of the "innocent" party; "what the law of God has not forbidden the law of man should not." Of course, St. Paul was not a fair exponent of the law of God when he wrote: "The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband dieth, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will; only in the Lord" (I. Cor. vii. 39).

Our Lord himself said: "Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, for this cause shall a man leave father and mother; and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh. Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder" (Matt. xix. 4-6). But what the law of God has forbidden let the law of his church do likewise.

By what power of inference can aught else save the indissolubility of the marriage bond be promulgated?

By the nature of divorce it is either right or wrong. If divorce is wrong, can it be made right by petition or "general acceptance"? Right is a virtue by necessity, right is the foundation of morality, indeterminate of customs, however long standing. If it be right for the innocent party to marry, why stop them? If it is wrong, why permit it? Very apropos are the charges upon which the Rev. Dr. Benjamin F. De Costa, an Episcopalian clergyman of New York City, arraigns his church and all Protestantism. As one has said, Dr. De Costa is not "a thoughtless, foolish young man"; he is a wise, thoughtful

man, persevering in his labor for the cause of Christ as he sees it, and devoted to the interests of humanity; a man recognized for his scholarly attainments, a man free from mercenary motive. Such a man it is who charges Protestantism with being chiefly responsible for the state of things, viz., "blatant infidelity"—she having deliberately degraded marriage from a sacramental plane and unloosed the monster divorce, now preying on society. To meet this monster fifteen hundred clergymen have presented the following memorial to the convention:

"We, the undersigned, bishops and clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States—being persuaded that any canon of our church on the question of marriage and divorce ought to be consistent with the words the priest must use when he solemnizes holy matrimony, according to the service contained in the Prayer-Book—do hereby declare it to be our conviction that any legislation on this subject in the way of an amendment to our present canon ought to be based on the following principles:

"1. That the marriage law of the church is clearly set forth in the marriage service, namely, that Christian marriage consists in the union of one man with one woman until the union is severed by death.

"2. That this law does not permit the marriage of any person separated by divorce, so long as the former partner is living, whether such person be innocent or guilty."

Things which were once vices are now manners and customs. "Was the Blessed Reformation a Blessed Mistake?" Surely the founder of the church had two living wives, and the authorities declared them legal. One would hesitate to destroy the smallest little flicker that might light the way to consistency. It certainly would prove a most embarrassing position to an ordinary person, acting a priest not a priest, when he says: what God hath joined—he means God has not joined, or maybe he has joined for a little while. Now speaks the senior Bishop of Connecticut, speaking as one with authority, though private, he says in effect: The proposed canon does not assert the indissolubility of the *matrimonii vinculum*; it is only a canon of discipline. It will effect nothing but confusion, says this learned episcopus, to show that the church disapproves of marriage after divorce. The direful results that will fall to the unfortunate *priests* not *sacerdotes* who are conscientious are summed up in the necessity of leaving their cures. What high and holy principles influence the attachment to their places? One asks the question, Is it because of sympathy with the *cure*

that "conscientious priests," because there is no *verbal assertion*, may remarry the divorcee without objection. The basic principle of the Protestant church is private interpretation. Why should these "conscientious priests" wait for an official interpretation? It may mean a great deal and it may mean nothing to them.

By such a petition it will not be possible to change the relation of the parties already joined together with one or two or more husbands or wives living. If the church's position "is, and always has been," as stated in the petition, viz., that remarriage of a divorced person is bigamy and the state of the person so united is a sinful one, then why present such glaring misconstructions of the tenets of the church, bishops of dioceses, familiar to every reader, startling the whole ecclesiastical world, affirming the innocent party may remarry. Allowing that the exposition of the Scriptural law given by the Incarnate God (St. Mark x. 6-9) is of no importance when the great "theological minds have spoken," and these parties "no longer very innocent," though only permitted to be married in the vestry or office, why set the seal of approval on their lost innocency by giving them Holy Communion? Self-repression, skilful diplomacy, no doubt will still permit the canon to exist with its fog of doubt, its miasma of social and spiritual death, lest some one shall take offence.

It is commonly believed that the convention will not take the stricter ground. Even if it did, by what authority will it be able to enforce its decrees. The fashionable set of New York society is against such an interpretation, and moral laws are the result of petition, you know, and rely for their binding force not on the word of God but on public sentiment. If the decision is not based on the fundamental principle that matrimony is a sacrament which no man can put asunder, where will they stop in numbering the causes for divorce? Once concede the right of divorce, and a door is thrown wide open to the destruction of home and family.

Truly did Bishop Whipple say at the opening: "Never since the Lord ascended into Heaven has he given to any church such a glorious mission to plan out and such great work to execute." It is a gigantic undertaking to harmonize this worse than "Mexican muddle." "Spargere voces in vulgam ambiguas" may pour oil on the turbulent waters, but the signs of the times are ominous. "Blatant infidelity" on the one side, on the other one God, one Christ, one Holy Ghost, one Teacher, one Church, one faith, one doctrine.



*My truly yours,
R. M. Johnston*

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON, GENTLEMAN
AND MAN-OF-LETTERS.

BY REGINA ARMSTRONG.



WE write our own epitaphs; some of us in words, the most of us in deeds. To few is it given that the moving finger writes what one's own desire might suggest or one's desert compel as life's fitting transcript in mortuary epitome.

In the published works which he has left, no less than in the quieter annals of his life, Richard Malcolm Johnston has simply and convincingly written himself down—gentleman. "For a gentleman," he tells us, "is one who lives justly and considerately among men and humbly before God."

It was so that he lived, and now being dead, his own words best describe him.

He came of the old régime of the South, and was born in those days when the term gentleman had back of it lineage, courtliness, and gentleness, and a social setting that was little less than baronial.

His great-grandfather was the first rector of the parish of Cornwall, in Charlotte County, Virginia, an appointment under the reign of George II. This Rev. Thomas Johnston came from Dumfries, Scotland, and married Francina, the daughter of Colonel Thomas Bouldin, of Revolutionary fame.

Their son, William Johnston, removed to Georgia when the father of Richard Malcolm Johnston was only eleven years of age, locating in Hancock County, where the Johnston family has lived until very recent years.

The father of the author, Rev. Malcolm Johnston, was a well-known Baptist minister, and owned a large plantation near Powellton, in Middle Georgia. It was here that the future author and lecturer was born on March 8, 1822. It was here also that his boyhood was passed and his education was begun in the traditional country school. And it was here that he re-



ROCKBY, NEAR SPARTA, GA. HOME OF RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

ceived those impressions which, long dormant, eventually evolved in the pleasing form of the *Dukesborough Tales*, for Dukesborough is but another name for Powellton.

From this neighborhood school he entered Mercer College, graduating with the first honors of the first graduating class of



RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON AT ABOUT 39 YEARS.

that institution. After a year spent in teaching he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1843.

In 1857 he was offered at the same time the judgeship of the northern district of the State and the presidency of Mercer College. Both of these offers he declined, to accept the chair of belles-lettres in the State University of Georgia. He held this position until the beginning of the war, when he left Athens and opened the Rockby School for boys on his farm near Sparta. He had about forty boys under his instruction during the war, and he was also on the staff of Governor Joseph E. Brown, and was of great aid in organizing the militia of the State.

At the close of the war Colonel Johnston removed to Maryland, establishing the Penn Lucy School for boys at Chestnut Hill, a suburb of Baltimore. This school was named as a

memorial to his daughter Lucy, who had died some years previous in Georgia.

Mr. Sidney Lanier was, for several years, professor of mathematics in this school, and a warm friendship and literary sympathy existed between the poet and Colonel Johnston, who had begun to write the stories on which his fame rests.

He was over fifty years of age then, and with no thought of publication ; but as a relaxation from his cares, and to revive the memories of his youth, he embalmed its fading images in the quaint and homely characters that preserve the bourgeois type of Georgia. Mr. Lanier, recognizing their literary ability and faithful delineation, prevailed upon him to have them published. The first stories were sent to the *Southern Magazine*, and were accepted without remuneration. The first recompense he received for his work was through the kindly offices of Mr. Lanier, who sent a story to the *Century Magazine*, for which the author was given eighty dollars.

In the meantime Colonel Johnston, long associated with the Baptists of his native State, had become a Catholic, and the patronage of his school, drawn from Baptist influence, suffered greatly in consequence. So strong was the feeling against this change that his closest friends said they would prefer for him to have become an infidel.

Although strong in the new faith, his nature was too gentle to combat such influences and material contingencies. His literary popularity was increasing and promising still greater and substantial emolument. He gave up the Penn Lucy School and devoted himself entirely to literature and the lecture platform. He gave yearly courses of lectures to the senior classes in the Johns Hopkins University and the Notre Dame School at Baltimore, besides being one of the popular attractions at the Catholic Summer-School at Plattsburgh. He also travelled, filling engagements in the principal cities, lecturing and reading selections from his own works.

Honors and recognition came to him. By three universities he was given the degree of LL.D. His short stories appeared in all the standard magazines of the day, and one of his books, *The English Classics*, is used as a text-book in the advanced classes of colleges and universities. His original work in this book was supplemented by Mr. William Hand Brown adding some chapters on modern writers, for which he was given a half-interest in the proceeds.

Of his published works, *The Dukesborough Tales* appeared

in 1871-83, *Old Mark Langston* in 1884. These were followed by *Two Gray Tourists* in 1885, and *Mr. Absolom Billings and other Georgia Folks* in 1888. *The Primes* and *Widow Guthrie* are among his latest publications. The Appletons, who have published most of Colonel Johnston's books, say that the *Widow Guthrie* has had the largest sale.

In 1891 the Bowen-Merrill Co. issued a collection of his essays, which are perhaps as finely analytical and scholarly as any like mod-
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ter opposing secession; for with himself, as with most Southerners, the principle of patriotism counted far more than individual preference and the far-seeing conservatism that recognized the only outcome possible of secession. It was so with General Lee, who turned from the halls of state, where his voice had been lifted in protest, to take up arms in defence of the very measures he had deplored. There were no Lacedæmonians in the South.

Colonel Johnston had this passionate love for his country and particularly for his native State. On one of his recent, if not his last trip to Georgia, he came away in company with Robert Erwin, vice-president of the road on which they

were travelling. "Robert," he said wistfully, "tell me when we get to the State line. I want to know when we are on the last foot of Georgia soil."

Mr. Erwin told him.

He put his head out the window and gazed longingly as the distance shortened; so abstracted was he that his friend had fears of his meeting with some accident. He seemed entirely oblivious of the projections on the bridge which spans the river marking the States' division. He long continued to gaze back into the receding land. Mr. Erwin ordered a bottle of champagne. "We will drink to Georgia, Colonel." So the toast was drunk, and with what tender and sad memories may easily be imagined.

Of his conversion to Catholicism there is much that is beautiful and infinitely pathetic. Bred in Protestantism, and with the unreasoning prejudice of generations surrounding him in tradition and association, he yielded slowly to the conviction of Catholic tenets. He has said that he was over thirty years of age when, for the first time, he saw a Catholic priest.

During the Know-nothing campaign of 1855 it was necessary to offset the diatribes of his opponent against the Catholic Church. For this purpose he consulted Catholic books, a friend lending him the writings of Bishop England. These not only furnished him with arguments but dispelled his own prejudices. He continued to read books of this character, Newman's *Justification* in answer to Gladstone carrying him far beyond a negative condition of mind in regard to the Church. As an antidote he read Hooker and Laud; they were no longer convincing.

His wife had been a Catholic for some years, and he knew that his acceptance of her faith would be a joy and comfort to her. He relates that he was sitting out under the chestnut-trees on his lawn reading Balmes, when the decision came to him with overwhelming force. He closed the book and walked to the house. The struggles, indecisions, and waverings of years had been brushed aside by the wings of faith on which his soul must evermore rest. To his wife he said simply: "I am going with you, my dear." This was in 1875.

He was not unmindful of the fact that such a step would provoke difficulties and work material changes for him. But it was not for the man to falter who had refused the presidency of Mercer College, with such incidentals as a house and a three-thousand-dollar yearly salary, because he had felt that his

Baptist faith was weakening and he could not, therefore, loyally accept the offer. He did not stop to consider. He had turned his face to the light; humbly yet firmly he would follow the way it led. The attendance of his school began falling off. His



MANSFIELD HOMESTEAD, NEW HAVEN, CONN. BUILT 1740.

most intimate friends, while unchanged in their affection, could not conceal that they felt that a barrier had come between them. But he never wavered or seemed to acknowledge the change. It is said that few could forget the edification he gave who saw him serving at his son's Mass. He accepted whatever conditions confronted him in a spirit of gentlest resignation, and, instead of repining over individual misfortune, with calm eyes looked over the broadening horizon and publicly said: "I am glad to see the prejudice concerning the Catholic Church fade away." Of Southern Protestants he said: "None had doubts now that a Catholic may be as much a patriot and a gentleman as other people. Thousands and thousands not only say prayers for their dead, but are glad when Catholic friends and sympathizers do likewise."

Colonel Johnston was married in his young manhood to Frances Mansfield, who came of New England stock. Their golden wedding was celebrated four years ago, and he survived his wife by less than a year. Of their union were born eleven children, of whom seven are living. Strong in his friendships,

his home ties were above everything, the family being singularly united. Their devotion to him was touching.

Colonel Johnston, like his friend, Sidney Lanier, was an excellent musician and a master on the flute. His wife was a brilliant pianist, and there were musical evenings when the entire family played together.

In appearance Colonel Johnston was tall and slender, his figure slightly stooped. One could not look into his face without recognizing his character, which was the embodiment of gentleness and sweetness. His hair was perfectly white and he looked feeble. He often taxed his strength, fainting at one of his last appearances on the platform and being carried from the stage.

He was amiable and kind to a degree, and of unusual conversational powers. He delighted in telling anecdotes, of which he had an apparently inexhaustible fund.

Although his speech was halting, he was most interesting to hear. He had a keen sense of humor, and an intimate knowledge of human nature.

His writings are distinguished for their fluency and polish, yet he lacked both these qualities in speaking, slurring his words and retaining the Southern colloquialisms to the last.

He was very absent-minded and absolutely without guile, so it is not strange that his business interests suffered. He was the sort of man whom his friends always wished some stroke of good luck would befall, so that he would be placed beyond the need of care. He had the Lovelace sense of honor. If there was anything he loved, he loved honor still more, and in all the relations of his life he was conscientiously just and considerate.

An instance of the extremes to which he imposed such obligations on himself is related.

He appeared on a programme with George W. Cable, Thomas Nelson Page, and Mark Twain. Each had an allotted time for his reading. It was so limited that it was impossible to give anything representative, or in which one could do himself justice. Of the four, Colonel Johnston was the only one to observe the regulation. The others took their own time.

He had a human sympathy with every one. He was wont to say that the Georgia negro had five times the sense of the South Carolina negro, for the very good reason that the Georgia negro was always with his master. He referred with pride to the fact that one of his slaves had become a bishop.

Of his characters in fiction Miss Doolana and Bill Williams were his favorites. "I started out to make Doolana mean and stingy, like her father," he said, "but she wrenched herself out of my hands; 'I am a woman, and you shall not make me mean.'"

His place in literature will be definitely fixed. As a man of letters he had no small part in his day and generation. Yet when the final word is written the context must come from his own thought, the essence of his life among men.

Colonel Johnston, above all his other literary qualifications, had the knack of story-telling. His characters are living, human. In his *Dukesborough Tales*, the title under which most of his stories are issued, the people of a certain section are reproduced with inimitable felicity and faithful regard to accuracy. Unlike most types in which quaintness and humor predominate, they are not overdrawn. They stand before us homely children of the soil in homeliest mien. For a little space we observe their rustic



"IN APPEARANCE HE WAS TALL AND SLENDER."

trials and joys, their tears and all-too-fleeting mirth. And we feel, somehow, that when we close the book we do not close their lives.

The humor which pervades these tales is not strained; it falls alike on the just and the unjust, and is diffused in tenderness and loving sympathy.

With what a delicious touch the boy is drawn who chatters with fright in learning his lesson. "An ye-empire," said he fiercely but not over loudly, "is a ke-untry ge-uvrned by a ye-emperor"; yet who, reading it, fails to recognize the deeper plea for the consideration of such little ones in those schools where "the back of genius was kept as sore as stupidity's."

Even for Mrs. Malviny, whose surname varied, and who spruced up in her widowhood and relaxed into a sloven in her occasional married estates, we feel no disgust, but even a secret regret at her failure.

The slumbering possibilities of Bill Williams and the clear-cut character of Betsy Ann Acry do not belong alone to Georgia. Wherever there are human beings, these types are to be found; the good-natured, self-centred clown, and the arch, straightforward girl.

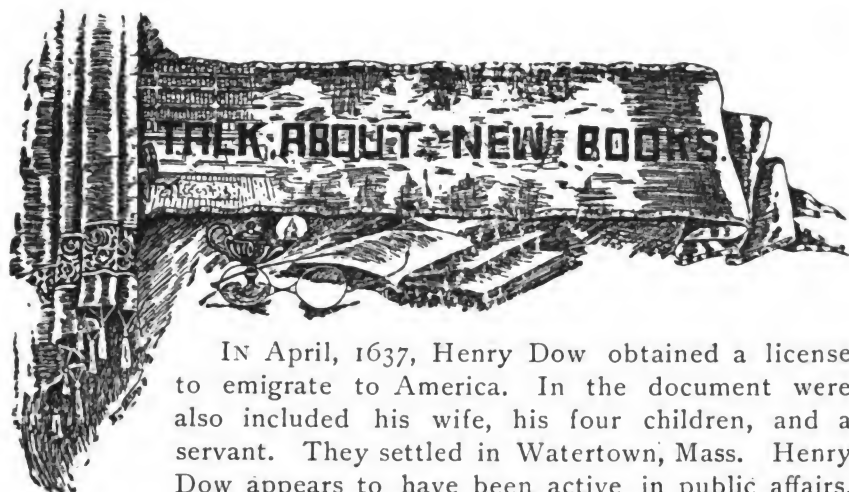
In his more didactic writings Colonel Johnston does not employ that broad sympathy that leavens his fiction. He will have no middle ground where intellect, reason, and the conditions for true living exist. One must be wholly good, consistent, and unselfish, or the goal is lost.

He can comprehend Socrates and Belisarius, but for George Eliot and Madame de Staël he has only a wail of regret. Benjamin Franklin, whom he styles the only American Philosopher, he condemns as selfish, mercenary, and lacking in most of the traits of manhood. What he says of him is interesting, and in the main convincing, for he quotes from Poor Richard's Autobiography: "Franklin was the first to exalt Plutus among the superior gods—indeed, to put his throne at the summit."

But of literature he possessed the most delicate, the most just appreciation. As a critic he had almost poetic sympathy with the beautiful, and a wise discrimination as to the best.

His own style is serene and facile, possessing the charm of delicacy and a mingling of the humorous with the philosophical. His phrases and sentences are always happily put, and show a wide and intimate scholarship singularly free from pedantry.

His life was but the reflex of what a gentleman should be. The definition he has given us in lasting and simplest eloquence, an asphodel to lay on his tomb, no less than the living interpretation of the human and vital quality of his writings. Above all else he was a gentleman, living "justly and considerately among men and humbly before God." Whatever he bore throughout his long and vicissitous life, he did it willingly, uncomplainingly. When he came to die, the years stood out before him without reproach. "Life is so weary," he said, "I am glad to go."



IN April, 1637, Henry Dow obtained a license to emigrate to America. In the document were also included his wife, his four children, and a servant. They settled in Watertown, Mass. Henry Dow appears to have been active in public affairs, and this disposition animated his descendants. The details, though condensed, are suggestive of the family history of early settlers in New England, and interesting in themselves and by reason of their suggestiveness. When his grandfather cleared a farm in Weare, N. H., the forests were infested by wild beasts, and the settlers' homes in danger from raids by the Indians. A few anecdotes from the time of his grandfather and that of earlier ancestors in the wilderness, which he tells with the directness of *viva voce* narrative,* illustrate the difficulties which surrounded the lives of those pioneers with whom began the first work in building up the United States. Coming down to his own boyhood, he gives an experience of driving which shows that in this country, at all events, the cruelty inflicted by check-reins was realized very early in this century. Now, in England and elsewhere in the United Kingdom the stylish appearance which, it is thought, check-reins give to a horse is held sufficient to justify their use and to answer the allegations of cruelty made by merciful and experienced men.

His admiration of the simple, peaceful life led by his forefathers supplies a key to his own social and moral views; and the determined spirit in which he asserted them in his crusade against the liquor-traffic. "If," he says, "we of this day would keep constantly before us the picture of the plain, perhaps homely, but virtuous lives of our ancestors, we might the better inculcate for the benefit of our children . . . a fear of God and love for man," etc. This is a true and touching sentiment, and given expression to at a time when greatly needed. There is a danger that the imperial spirit which seized upon the

* *The Reminiscences of Neal Dow.* Portland, Maine: The Evening Express Publishing Company.

Roman republic, and to which must be attributed the overthrow of liberty and finally the ruin of the state, may descend upon us. Of course there is in one important matter a wide difference between the two republics—the necessity for America to extend the sphere of her commercial activity, which implies the obligation of defence, if not of aggression, and the fact that Rome was under no such necessity.

The officers of the Revolutionary War must have had some tincture of the old Puritan sense of personal relations with God such as the Israelites possessed. We are informed in a casual way that one of them burst in upon the quarters of the commandant of Ticonderoga and in a voice of thunder demanded his surrender in the name of the Almighty and the Continental Congress. An Irish Williamite ballad gives William of Orange credit for a somewhat similar saying at the Boyne :

“God will be your king to-day,
And I’ll be general under.”

The Orange author of this old ballad preserved the ways of thinking and of expression of his Puritan ancestor, who had settled in Ireland in Cromwell's time. Every one recollects Cromwell's order to the troops crossing a river in face of the enemy : “Trust in God and keep your powder dry!” It is quite remarkable the effect which their study of the Old Testament produced on the early Puritans when their descendants in Ireland, under conditions of life so widely different, preserved them to a degree not inconsiderable. The second generation of the Puritan in Ireland aimed at being a country gentleman, and so he was desirous to forget the usages and the history of his predecessors ; but the influence of early training was too strong. It was different with the American Puritan. He was in an uninhabited land fighting for existence, like primitive man, against the forces of nature and the beasts of the forest. He had a more dangerous foe than these to contend against ; he had the native, upon whose untamed nature the white man's acts of injustice and cruelty had branded themselves in characters of fire. Face to face with the vast solitude of this unknown land ; around him the primeval forest, above him the skies with their changes of cloud and the movement in solemn beauty of the stars—all influences to make the soul strong, stern, and profound in the midst of difficulty and danger, it is only to be expected in his case that the Scriptural language and mode of thought would be constantly with him.

Dow's earliest venture upon his own account was when he was only seventeen years of age. He and some relatives purchased some land in Maine, and thither they went on a journey of an arduous character, poling a flat-bottom boat upon the rivers which formed the greater part of their highway and camping out during the nights of their journey on the water. On this expedition we have a curious instance of his zeal on the drink question. He was only seventeen years of age at the time, and his cheating the guide into the practice of total abstinence may be excused as a boy's act. The fact was, he had promised this man a good supply of drink, because he refused to accompany the party on any other terms. The promise was fulfilled to the extent of one quart of liquor, so that the beguiled guide had to observe total abstinence almost for the whole time. Some seventy years ago the region which they sought was primitive forest, with paths here and there such as the feet of the nomad Indians had made in their expeditions for war or the chase; now it is intersected by roads, covered by farms, and inhabited by communities as prosperous as can be found anywhere in the States.

At this time, June, 1825, having business at Boston, he had the pleasure of hearing the oration which Webster delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. A few days later he was one of the procession in honor of La Fayette when that gallant Frenchman was received by the citizens of Portland. Five years later he married Maria Cornelia Durant Maynard, the descendant of one John Maynard, who came from England in the year 1660. These Maynards seem to have been thorough Americans, for there were four of them at the battle of Bunker Hill. In connection with this bit of history we are informed that Mrs. Dow's grandfather, a lieutenant, was wounded there and that the bullet was never extracted. He subsequently became a captain. He was a school-teacher, and after the Revolutionary War went to South Carolina. He offers in his own person evidence of the adaptability of Americans for change of circumstances and the successful coping with altered conditions and new duties. We find the same quality in a high degree among the Greeks and Romans, and the English of the time of Elizabeth; and the possession of it doubtless explains much of the fortunate commercial adventure of the Greeks and the English and the enduring colonization of all three peoples.

One of the first public conflicts in which he was engaged

was in opposing an appropriation for a Latin school. We find him at the age of twenty-nine a bank director, a position he filled for forty years, a circumstance very honorable because he could only have held it by the suffrages of the shareholders. It meant a succession of votes of confidence in his ability and integrity. There were several other enterprises in which he held an honorable place besides his partnership in the firm of Josiah Dow & Son. For instance, he was trustee of a savings-bank, and for awhile president of the Portland Gaslight Company; he was on the directorship of railroad, manufacturing, and other corporations.

With regard to public questions, whether of a local or national character, his convictions were strong and held with a tenacity which nothing would loosen. That he formed correct views upon all political and social questions that interested him is more than any one could expect, but it is to be allowed his views were not taken up for self-seeking or ambitious purposes. His first essays in politics were on the subjects of temperance and slavery. At the time he began the advocacy of abolition the institution of slavery was a power supported by wealth, custom, usage, and the prestige derived from the notion that the slave-owners were the only part of the people capable of the higher exercises of government, and whose courage and diplomacy alone could steer the country through the shoals and quicksands of international complications. He had a great experience of men during his long life from boyhood, when he used to hear the little boys "hurl into the teeth" of himself and the boys who were Federalists the calumny that Washington was a coward. We have read with amazement this statement, and the explanation that those "Jacobin scamps," as he calls them, took up the idea from the talk of their elders at the fireside and table. Upon this circumstance and the accounting for it, we can only observe that the difficulties which beset the leaders and the American people must have been beyond anything told in history of a similar insurrection. There were great difficulties in the rising of the Netherlands against Spain; but we do not find on the part of Protestant or Catholic a word said against the patriotism of William the Silent. Yet this man was ambitious, he repeatedly left the country to find security in Germany, while Washington risked upon the game life and all that makes it endurable.

Up to Mr. Harrison's presidency there were eleven presidents born during Mr. Dow's lifetime. He was of age when

Adams and Jefferson died, but their terms of office had terminated before his birth; but by reading and hearing traditions to be relied upon, from the time they held the chair, he became as familiar with the leading events of their time as if he had been living then. The value of an experience like this can hardly be conceived, it cannot be overestimated. It did more for Gladstone's influence on his party and the people of England than his genius and scholarship. It explains the ascendancy he possessed over the House of Commons. The judgment of the "old parliamentary hand" settled disputes in which he was himself involved as though Mr. Speaker were only the registrar of his decrees. Now, we think, a long experience must have been useful to Mr. Dow in the formation of opinion on public questions, whether they affected his neighbors only or the whole American people, by the knowledge he derived from it concerning parties and sections, and their animating principles, and concerning their prejudices, their attractions, and their estimate of expediencies. So far as we can judge himself, anti-slavery and anti-liquor were double centres round which local and national questions and interests revolved.

From his eighteenth to his twenty-fifth year he belonged to the volunteer fire department of Portland. We mention this because his connection with that body has an important bearing on the early days of the temperance movement in that place; and, of course, may be regarded as the beginning of the high-handed views of reform he put in practice later on. The laws of Massachusetts continued in force for some time after the separation. One law of this description was that requiring service in the militia between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. From its operation among the exempted classes were the members of the fire brigade and the members of the Society of Friends. Dow was as Quaker doubly exempted. But he did not rely on his exemption on either ground; so that he was dismissed from the Quakers as one favoring the use of "carnal weapons," a clear proof that his reason for refusing to serve in the militia stood upon another ground than disinclination purely for such a quasi-military occupation. The reason he gives—it is painful reading—is that the musters of the militia were scenes of drunkenness unparalleled in their character. Everything calculated to excite the disgust and contempt of a decent man was witnessed there. The lines reeled disorderly during drill, the vast majority of the men were dirty and more or less ragged, serving to bring out more

prominently the epaulettes and feathers of the generals and colonels, and the regulation uniforms of the more particular among the inferior officers and the men. An opportunity came to prove the honesty of Dow's sentiments on this matter—the excitement commonly known as the "Aroostook War." He wrote, on behalf of the fire department, to the governor of Maine informing him that "The firemen of Portland can be depended upon for a regiment if necessary."

We have an incident of the anti-slavery agitation connected with the position held by Dow in the fire brigade known as the Deluge Company, of which he was captain. A meeting had been announced to be held in the Friends' Church at which prominent anti-slavery leaders would speak. It became known that an attempt to "mob" it would be made, whereupon the mayor requested Dow to be present to maintain order, as the watch was inadequate to deal with the emergency. He was eminently successful in preserving the peace. It was from the influence he obtained in this department—rising in it to be chief, and as chief engineer—that he obtained a powerful lever in the first effective efforts to advance the cause of temperance. The account he gives of the exclusion of liquors from the celebration of an anniversary of the company is at this stage a strong proof of the influence he was to exercise. He did not escape criticism, but later on all the fire companies except an ultra "fashionable" one adopted the rule. Eventually this company came in to the practice, and with reference to its conversion there is an anecdote characteristic of the readiness and strength of will possessed by the subject of this notice. When he was Mayor of Portland he took the pipe out of the hands of a drunken pipeman at a fire and served in his place. It somewhat surprised the captain when he saw the mayor executing his order to remove the pipe from the roof a little later on.

Whatever may be thought of the views held by Dow on the liquor-traffic generally, fair-minded men must award him praise when they consider the condition of the State of Maine before the Maine Liquor Law was enacted. It would appear, from testimony cited in the work before us, that in the rural districts almost all the trade in the neighborhood was done at the grog-shops. The population is described as a poor set of fellows, half laborers and two-thirds loafers, who hung about the village whetting their appetite for rum with crackers and codfish. Medical men are quoted for the murderous results of

drinking as practised in town and village in Maine, and authorities of various kinds speak of the very great misery and destitution which prevailed throughout the State.

Mr. Dow declares that his native State would not be rich as she now is in all that constitutes the prosperity of a country—which we take to be, as he implies, material wealth, moral elevation, and the considered pursuit of knowledge suitable to one's condition in life—only for Prohibition. He tells us that in 1850 there was not one savings-bank in Maine, that in 1890 only five States outnumbered her depositors, and this though she ranks as the twenty-ninth State in population. This he attributes to the operation of the Liquor Law; and we conclude this notice by submitting a statement made by the Hon. Frederick Robie, a former governor, in which he bears testimony to the "immense advantages" worked by Prohibition. "The vast sums of money," says Mr. Robie, "which formerly went into the tills of the saloon-keepers are now spent for improving farms, households, and a thousand other ways which benefit society, and the entire State feels the beneficial effect."

Father Gigot, whose *Outlines of Jewish History* was published a year ago, has now issued a sequel, entitled *Outlines of New Testament History*.* Its admirable and accurate division, its clear, succinct style, and its brief yet thorough and reliable treatment of matter, are characteristic of the writer. He has added another valuable contribution to our growing library of helps to Scripture study.

Again and again we have reiterated the statement that most people do not understand what wonderful interest and pleasure will reward a very little study of the Bible. Catholic activity in this direction is constantly progressing nowadays, but still there are too many who fail to appreciate and use the opportunities which are now so easy of attainment. Those who find time to devote to such matters of grave interest and moment as are developed in each few months of history, seem to be most strangely and unreasonably blind to the fascinating charm of Scriptural studies. Many a bright young Catholic woman who values her leisure moments sufficiently to read up geography, foreign literature, economic history, or social theories, because she realizes the utility of information thus acquired, will smile at the notion of being "up" on the Bible. A brief

* *Outlines of New Testament History*. By Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.S., Professor a St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass. New York: Benziger Brothers.

experience would teach her the lasting beauty and unequalled value of the fruit to be gathered by passing moments among the leaves of Sacred Scripture and works concerning it.

We look for improvements large and speedy. The publication of the encyclical *Providentissime Deus* and the revived activity of Catholic scholars in the last quarter of a century have been the sure forerunners of a popular readiness to learn more of the Bible, and the instruments for such study have been forthcoming in generous profusion. Such works as Fouard's volumes, and various recently published lives of Christ, and Father Gigot's publications, are giving the people a love for reading upon these subjects.

The book before us, as a help to intelligent reading of the sacred text, is worthy of all praise. Its plan and arrangement of detail are as nearly perfect as we may look for. Scarce a superfluous word occurs, and any given point may be looked up in a moment, if one has once grasped clearly the general scope of the New Testament; and indeed, for those who have but a vague and uncertain idea of the New Testament as a whole, this book is an invaluable aid. A few hours devoted to it will make the history of our Lord and his Apostles clear as a bird's-eye view, and the Gospel heard in church each Sunday will thereafter be intelligible and full of meaning in every detail. It is the kind of a book which, if appreciated and used, and kept by one's side for a few months, will make the reader a sure authority on a thousand matters concerning the relation of different Scriptural passages and scenes that are constantly being asked about without any one knowing just where the answers are to be found.

A work entitled *A Guide to the True Religion** would rather seem to deserve the title: A Historical Sketch of the Foundation and Progress of the Christian Religion. How it answers either its title or the following profession of the preface, "The author has endeavored to show that as Christ is truth, he cannot be the author of two or more faiths differing from each other," we have been quite unable to discover.

A short collection of poems,† many of them occasional and of local and personal rather than of universal interest, makes an interesting addition to the works of our minor poets, and the promise of this first volume will make us look with interest

* *Guide to the True Religion*. By the Rev. P. Woods. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

† *At the Foot of the Mountain*. By Emily R. Logue. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

for succeeding ones. There are a few faults of technique, as a matter of course with a young writer of verse, but in the more matured pieces we find a happy expression, an earnest sympathy with the subject, and a purity of conception which are very winning. We see every reason for answering in the affirmative the following question of the author:

“And this is my question to-day,
As each beautiful record I trace,
Oh! as the long years pass away
Will one word of mine merit a place
In some world-weary heart, dreaming on through the cold
Of a day that the sunlight will turn into gold?”

There is no aim in life more worthy of human praise or more pleasing to God than that which lately inspired an Englishwoman to put into clear and simple language, such as children can easily understand, a brief sketch of our Lord's life, together with plain and instructive explanations of his parables, the Apostles' Creed, the commandments of God and of the Church, the Sacraments, and various other important points of Catholic doctrine.* The story of Christ's love and labor for our souls works great things in the hearts and minds of men, giving them oftentimes their first strong impulse along the path of salvation and stirring them continually to zeal and fervor of spirit until death finds them ready to meet him face to face. It is a story whose eloquence never palls and is never equalled by the eloquence of men; one that is sure to move the hearts of all, young or old, simple or learned, if only it gain free entrance into them. The purpose of this book is to give it full play in the hearts of children, to help it plant in them early and deep the seeds of grace, to acquaint them with the saving truths of our holy religion and thus to preserve that innocence which makes Jesus love them so tenderly. A noble aim, as we have said, the winning of souls to Christ, gave birth to this book. A hearty love for that same grand work will not let it lie in the dust of booksellers' shelves, but will send it far and wide into Catholic homes, where its simple turns of speech and numerous illustrations will render it intelligible and attractive to the young, while the sweet story that it tells and the lessons it unfolds will work great good in their souls.

An exquisite little brochure† tells of a devotion which

* *Catholic Teaching*. By Winifride Wray. London: R. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary*. By Eliza Allen Starr. Published by the author.

has evidently been a consolation of many years to its gifted author. We are first led into the beauty and tenderness of the spiritual side of the Seven Dolors, and are then, with souls filled with compassion for the Mother of Sorrows and chastened by the spirit of the great events from the Presentation to the Entombment, conducted through monastery and cathedral, convent and gallery, and shown how these mysteries of suffering have found expression in Christian art. Rarely have we seen so sweet a blending of the artistic and the devout. Rarely have we found so fine an interpretation of the old Catholic masters or one so charmingly expressed. To every client of Mary, first of all, and then to every one who loves what is most chaste and sanctifying in literature, we heartily commend the work.

CLERICAL STUDIES.*

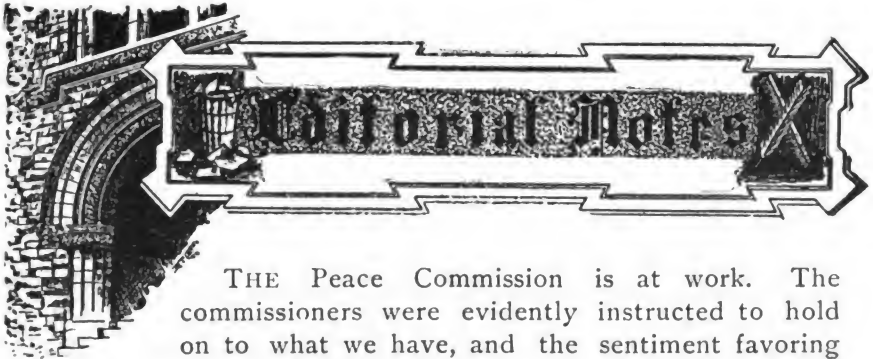
The president of Brighton Seminary has conferred no small benefit upon us in giving us his thoughts on clerical studies. Seminarians and the clergy in general have occasion for gratitude and thankfulness for the volume before us.

The importance of the subjects treated and interest felt in them would insure a hearing to a writer less widely known and less highly appreciated than Dr. Hogan. He is no tyro; he is a master expounding the principles and the development of a science whose every part is familiar to him. The whole course of studies is taken up, thoroughly examined, and, if we may be permitted to use the word, illumined in a beautifully clear and attractive style.

Erudition, practical common sense, and suggestion are constantly in evidence. Throughout there is presented a noble ideal standard of excellence. From the day of his entrance into the seminary until he passes out to the work of the ministry, the student of theology will find Dr. Hogan exceedingly helpful. And in the career of the graduate of the seminary a frequent reference to *Clerical Studies* will, we believe, be no small aid in deepening and broadening what, after virtue, is most desirable and attractive in a clergyman, cultured learning.

This brief notice is but a welcome to Dr. Hogan's volume; in a later issue we hope to present our readers with a fuller review of this excellent book.

* *Clerical Studies*. By Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S.S., D.D., President of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass. Boston, Mass.: Marlier, Calanan & Co.



THE Peace Commission is at work. The commissioners were evidently instructed to hold on to what we have, and the sentiment favoring the policy of expansion is growing in public opinion. The Commission will hardly deal with anything more than the arrangement of the conditions of the Treaty of Peace, to be submitted to Congress next March. Certain internal questions of the separation of church and state, the fixing of school revenues, and the arranging of certain land tenures will come later, and the fairness of the American courts of adjudication can be depended on.

It is lamentable that the great Episcopalian Church did not have the courage of its convictions on the question of divorce. No one knows better than the Episcopalians the frightful ravages of this social abomination, and no one knows better than they also that the only effective barrier against the further spread of divorce is to take the courageous stand of forbidding ministers to remarry divorced parties. To admit of any exemption breaks the nerve of the law, and once that is done there is no standing-place between the Catholic position and free divorce.

It is very evident from the proceedings of the "Triennial" that the Episcopal Church is not a body with any divine authority, but rather a parliamentary organization in which morality and dogma are made by the vote of the majority or by the use of the right of petition, and enforced or not enforced only by the consent of the constituencies who elected the delegates. The worldly people of wealth and fashion want divorce, hence the church cannot decree against it.

To have taken the subject up and to have failed to enact the "stricter" law will have the result of still further lowering the standard of action in regard to the remarriage of divorced persons. Now an Episcopalian minister practically can re-

marry any one. He is judge in the case. All he needs is the statement from the party coming to be remarried that he is innocent. It was Bishop Potter's opportunity to provide the salt that would save fashionable society from corruption. But the dose was repulsive. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*

The non-Catholic religious papers are recognizing the wisdom of the stand taken in these pages last month in regard to missionary work in the Philippines. It is said that logically, on the principle of private judgment, the Tagals have just as much right to their belief in the teachings of the Catholic Church as General Morgan has to his adherence to the Baptist doctrines. Why, then, spend money to take from the Filipinos that which is their own, and that which they enjoy, particularly when it cannot be replaced by anything better?



LIEUT.-COMMANDER DANIEL D. V. STUART, U.S.N.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.*

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER DANIEL DELEHANTY
V. STUART, U.S.N.

The first and last battles of the war are always of popular as well as historic interest.

The subject of this sketch has the distinguished honor of having fought the last battle of the war. Daniel D. V. Stuart was born in Albany, N. Y., in the year 1847. His youth was

* In this department the Magazine will present each month the portraits of distinguished Catholic officers, with short sketches of their careers. It will be our endeavor to make these short sketches authentic in all the detail of statement, so that they may be relied on. While sincere Catholics are not given to flaunting their religion, still at the same time because they are Catholics is not an adequate reason why they should be ignored in the public prints. It will be a revelation to some to know how many and how prominent the Catholics are in army and navy circles.—THE EDITOR.

spent in the city of his birth, where his parents still reside. He received his early education at the Albany Academy, and when not yet sixteen years of age he was appointed a naval cadet by the Hon. Erastus Corning, member of Congress. He entered Annapolis Academy in 1863 and was a "middy" two years during the Civil War. His cadet life was one of earnest application; he was faithful to the trusts reposed in him, and exemplary in obedience. He was graduated in 1869, and then began his steady promotion—made ensign in 1870, promoted to be master in 1872, he was made lieutenant in 1876, and raised to his present position, lieutenant-commander, in 1897. At the outbreak of the war he was on duty at the Washington navy-yard, in the ordnance foundry, having just returned from a South American cruise during which he acted as navigator on the *New York*. With the characteristic spirit that has made Mr. Stuart beloved by his associates and respected by his superiors, he applied to the Navy Department for sea-service. His application was favorably considered and he was sent to sea, assigned as executive officer to an old-time frigate, the *Lancaster*, at Boston, and thence ordered to Key West. Upon the *Lancaster's* arrival at Key West he was transferred to the command of the *Mangrove*, a vessel of about nine hundred tons displacement. This vessel was devoid of all the comforts peculiar to naval life; it was a lighthouse tender and had been turned over to the Navy Department. Unmindful of his own ease or comfort, he impressed his genial and happy nature upon all who were dependent on him, and it is said that not once were there any sounds of discontent among his subordinates—"If Captain Dan can stand it, why so can we."

The *Mangrove* was attached to the North Coast blockading squadron, and assisted in the blockade off Havana for a whole month; the remainder of the time it aided in the blockade off Cardenas. Mr. Stuart's ship, the *Mangrove*, was under fire four times: Havana, Matanzas, Sagua la Grande, Caibairén. A hotly-contested engagement was fought at the last named place on Sunday, August 14, two days after the close of the war.

It was here that Lieutenant-Commander Stuart displayed his fighting qualities, as well as his clear-headedness amid trying circumstances. "Give her one, Dayton, and find out her distance," was the characteristic command, and for two hours he directed and encouraged his men, ordered the course of his vessel, against three Spanish gunboats, assisted by riflemen all along the shore.

At the end of the two hours of fierce fighting, during which the *Mangrove's* guns fired 103 shots, one of the Spanish vessels sent out a flag of truce, with a letter from the authorities of Santa Clara, stating that peace had been proclaimed between the United States and Spain two days before. With courteous acceptance, the *Mangrove* steamed away. However, so effectually were the shots directed against the enemy that the Spanish gunboat, *Fernando Cortez*, was damaged to such an extent that she had to be towed to Havana harbor. Said a sailor, writing to his home: "Such matchless courage as was shown to-day at Caibairen is unknown. There is not one, from the mate to cabin boy, but would give his life in defence of his flag and to do the bidding of Lieutenant-Commander Stuart." At Key West he was transferred again to the *Lancaster* and ordered to Portsmouth, N. H.; thence, after having been detached, to the ordnance department at Brooklyn navy-yard. Unmindful of himself, considerate of others, charitable in judgment; firm in convictions, practical in Christianity, faithful in devotion to the church, he justly merits the existing confidence of his superiors, good-fellowship of his equals, and the devotion of his inferiors.

Mr. Stuart's love of honesty and hatred for any suggestion of dishonesty is shown by this characteristic statement, the writer overheard. Refusing to make a minor requisition, he said: "I will make a requisition for everything that is needed, but not one requisition, however small, for anything needless—that is dishonesty, robbery. Even in so large an institution as this we must be careful that we are not culpable through indifference."

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

JUS PRIMÆ NOCTIS.

(Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D.)

BIGOTRY and ignorance are twins; and a very nasty pair they are when they are engaged in assailing the Catholic Church. No lie is too ridiculous or too stale for them to hurl at her, with the purpose of defiling her white robes. When Goethe makes Mephistopheles say of man, "*In jeden Quark begräbt er seine Nase*," the poet must have had the ignorant bigot specially before his mind, for whether he rants in a pulpit or manufactures interviews in the newspaper sanctum, he is always sticking his nose into the ill-smelling places of history with the hope of finding a scandal that may redound to the discredit of the church which he hates.

If men would only study history in its origins, in original documents, instead of taking the second-hand statements of the writers of compendiums, how much of this ignorant bigotry would disappear! Would that the recent prescription of the Roman Congregation of Studies to the bishops of Spain ordering the study of theology and canon law in their original sources, and proscribing the use of the so-called text-books, were extended to history also, and that the ranters and the editors could be induced to make a good course of history among the manuscripts and original documents which abound in the archives of every good library.

I am led to this train of thought by an incident that recently occurred. Several of our newspapers within the last month have published attacks on the morality of the Philippine clergy, and among other things charged them with using a right reprobated by every human law as well as by the law of nature, and by the divine law. The *Herald* has been particularly guilty in this respect in quoting as authority for its statement the general-in-chief of the American army sent to Manila. But it is more likely that the statement, in the supposed interview with the general, is the creation of the brilliant newspaper reporter who published it.

He probably found it somewhere in some of the many scandalous works published against the clergy, and that was authority enough for him. To publish it would amuse the public, and make every debauched libertine chuckle with delight.

It is true the Talmud speaks of this right as practised against the Jews by their pagan persecutors, and it is more than probable that among the pagans it had a sporadic existence. But it never did exist among Christians. Louis Veuillot, in a work published in Paris in 1854, thoroughly investigated the subject and proved that the so-called right is a pure myth. His work, *Le droit du seigneur au moyen age*, reached the third edition in 1858, and although scrutinized by all the French infidels of the time, his contention was never shown to be erroneous even in the smallest particular. Schmidt, in 1881, wrote a classic

work on the same theme, "*Jus prima noctis, eine geschichtliche Untersuchung*,"* and came to the same conclusion as Veuillot. Starcke, a Protestant writer of the University of Copenhagen, in praising Schmidt's work says: "Karl Schmidt has made a thorough and intelligent study of the subject, and he has come to the conclusion that it is not proved that such a right, namely, a legitimate claim to the first night, existed either in Europe or elsewhere at any time or at any place."† And again, page 125: "The *jus prima noctis* must be historically proved before we can give credit to it."

The fact is, that all the archives have been searched, and no trace found of the existence of this so-called right. There is no vestige of it in the decretals of the popes, in the collections of councils, in the German law books, nor in the French *Contumiers*, or books of customs, nor in the published sermons of preachers, nor in the writings of jurists. Not a solitary instance of this right has been found in any of the sources of mediæval information.

Yet, in spite of all this, the enlightened wits who edit newspapers will repeat the stale calumny because it injures the Catholic clergy; and ranters will continue to imitate the debauched and burly drunkard who was the author of the *Tisch-Reden*. The "Reformation" was begun by this smutty fellow, and I suppose it must be continued by smutty fellows to the end. Part of their stock in trade is "The smutty joke, ridiculously lewd."

FAILURE OF DENOMINATIONALISM.

DR. BENJAMIN F. DE COSTA, pastor of the Episcopalian Church of St. John the Evangelist (New York), on the eve of the gathering of the Triennial Convention of the Bishops and Lay Deputies at Washington, D. C., made the following statement from his own pulpit:

"The time has come to think. It is simply criminal to attempt to shut our eyes to the facts presented by the census, showing the spread of irreligion in the land. Millions of young men of three generations have gone down to unsanctified graves. Morally, denominationalism has not saved the people. It has not saved religion or morality. This morning Christianity is ignored by the masses of the people. Sectarianism has played a high game and it has lost. Even among its membership, if reports be true, there are men who reflect little or no credit upon its work.

"What is the prospect? Take the fact this morning that there is no plan for the conversion of the people from irreligion. One hundred years ago there were one million people out of the church; to-day there are fifty million. How long is it going to take at this rate to convert the nation?

"They say the old church was not fit to live; that it was not a success. I want to call attention to the fact that denominationalism is not a success.

"Denominationalism does not hold the people, and to-day there are fifty million out of the seventy million people in this land who are either hostile or indifferent to the teachings of the church.

"There is a set of reformers who would reform the Bible, and rid it of what they call myths. They would have us believe that Christ was blind, leader of the blind; that he did not know as much about the Old Testament as they do. So the reform goes on, and I ask this morning if it is not time that every rational

* Freiburg, 1881.

† *The Primitive Family*, p. 124, by C. N. Starcke, Ph.D., University of Copenhagen. Appleton, 1889.

man, not wholly given over to denominationalism, to pause and ask whither are we drifting?

"It is something pitiful to see the secretaries of church societies prepare figures to show an increase in the membership of their organizations, when the masses are drifting further away from the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour. You can count the gains on your fingers, while the census counts up the losses by millions. Blatant infidelity prevails throughout the land.

"Now comes in higher criticism, which only asks to be let alone. Thank God! it is not to be let alone. We must take care of the Bible at all hazards. The one thing we have got to do is to remember that sectarianism has nothing in accord with Christianity.

"What we need is a combination of all existing bodies animated with the spirit and thought, one Lord, one faith, one hope, one baptism, in one grand body, which will win the respect and confidence of the people of the land. If those who call themselves Christians cannot stand together in such a work, in a short time they will not be able to stand at all."

Monsignor Mooney, Vicar-General, Diocese of New York, was asked by one of the great New York dailies what he thought of Dr. De Costa's statements and how far they applied to the Catholic Church, and replied as follows:

"As to my own church, it is certainly not showing any decline, either in the number of its members or in loyalty on their part to its teachings. We have had, generally speaking, a fair field from the beginning of the Republic's existence, and that is all we ever asked or do ask, and the result is that the state of the Catholic Church in our country is, from almost every point of view, satisfactory.

"Moreover, we regard the future without apprehension, for we feel we have every reason to be confident, judging from the present outlook, that our church will keep pace with the growth and development of our country to the same extent that it has in the past. We believe that the dogmatic teaching of the church will always furnish an ultimate resting-place for the sincerely religious-minded, while its presence and its influence will be a conservative force of which the moral and social world stands in need.

"In fact, our faith, which we hold to rest on a divine basis, obliges us to maintain that the truths of Christianity, no matter what vicissitudes they may suffer, must in the end prevail. Therefore there can be no permanent discouragement with us as to the outcome of the circumstances that may now confront us, for we rely on the workings of the Spirit of Truth promised to this church by its divine Founder to bring about final success within the domain assigned by himself."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey, of Malden, Mass., has given excellent lectures at the Champlain Summer-School. Some time ago he wrote as follows in an article on Reading Circles and Parish Work: The members of a Reading Circle should be drawn from the varied walks of life. Those who are teachers in schools most naturally enter into this movement, but to the workers in store and shop it is no less a boon, and through them all the general benefits are procured to the parish. The teachers, owing to their occupation and pursuits, are the more readily adapted to certain works, such as is involved in the reading necessary to essay-writing, and that writing itself. The others, to whom is wanting time or opportunity, engage in the ordinary work of the circle and profit by the labor of the writers. But all find their minds more open to truth, their intellects made keen, their grasp of knowledge more sure, and their hearts better awakened to holy influences. Such workers give a new impulse to the work of Catholic education, as well where there are Catholic schools as where there are not, and such persons elevate the tone of the community wherein they live. They do not lose interest in general church affairs, nor sodalities, nor other societies; rather, they gain in devotion to every object, from the stronger and surer methods of understanding to which the Reading Circle trains them.

Reading Circles are as yet in their dawning. They have arisen with beautiful splendor, and they promise a brilliancy and radiance of light as they mount higher. In the aggregate, perhaps, their spirit and influence have been best shown in the Catholic Summer-Schools. The leaders in these most excellent enterprises have so frequently and eloquently expressed their appreciation of the Reading Circles that it is sufficient here to call attention to the acknowledged fact that the success of the Summer-Schools in the past is greatly due to the Reading Circles of the different sections, while the hope of the future is most powerfully centred in their steadfast co-operation, and with the same zeal, the same enthusiasm, the same interest that they have entered into the Summer-School movement do they enter into every movement that involves the glory of God and His Church.

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An article by Mr. William Archer in the *Pall Mall Magazine* calls attention to the supremacy of the great minds in literature, and the value that may be discovered in the best productions of American literature. English critics of the beginning of the century so convincingly set forth the reasons why America, absorbed in the conquest of nature and in material progress, could not produce anything great in the way of literature, that their arguments remain embedded in many minds even to this day, when events have conclusively falsified them. It is quite a commonplace with some people that America has not developed a great *American* literature. If this merely meant that, in casting off her allegiance to George III., America did not cast off her allegiance to Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Swift, Pope, the reproach, if it be one, must be accepted.

If it be a humiliation to American authors to own the traditions and standards established by these men, and thereby to enroll themselves in their immortal fellowship, why then it must be owned that they have deliberately incurred

that humiliation. One American of vivid originality tried to escape it, and with what result? Simply that Whitman holds a place of his own, somewhat like that of Blake one might say, in the literature of the English language, and has produced at least as much effect in England as in America. If, on the other hand, it be implied that American literature feebly imitates English literature, and fails to present an original and adequate interpretation of American life, no reproach could well be more flagrantly unjust. It is not only the abstract merit of American literature, though that is very high, but precisely the Americanism of it, that gives it its value in the eyes of all thinking Englishmen.

* * *

A Directory of Catholic Authors in the English-speaking world is now in course of preparation by Mr. William Bellinghausen, Freiburg, Baden, Germany. He wishes to make a complete collection of all who have written a book, pamphlet, or articles for periodical literature. Full name and address is requested. Such a vast undertaking deserves encouragement and prompt co-operation from all concerned.

* * *

The Rev. Thomas Bouquillon, D.D., of the Catholic University of America, contributes to the Catholic University Bulletin a very wide-reaching article on European Congresses of 1897. If this is the age of congresses, Brussels is the city of congresses, for of the forty-three noted by Dr. Bouquillon, nineteen were held in that enterprising Belgian city. A great number of these congresses were convened in the direct interest of social and economic questions; and many, called for another specific purpose, concerned themselves with social questions indirectly. At the International Congress for the Protection of Labor, held at Zurich, August 22-28, Catholics and Socialists met for the first time in convention, and gave united support to many questions, among them the forbidding of Sunday labor in general, and of night-work for women and children, the determination of a minimum age for the work of children in factories and of a maximum to constitute a legal work-day. They parted company on the question of woman in industry, the Catholics insisting on her higher mission to society, and favoring her gradual exclusion from industrial pursuits, the Socialists standing for absolute independence and equality for women, regarding the family only as an association based on interest, and suggesting that the children be placed in the care of the state. Socialistic opinions dominated the congress. There was but one Woman's Congress, and that began at Brussels on August 4. Dr. Bouquillon makes this significant allusion to the Congress of Women:

A serious observer, if he be fair-minded, cannot fail to see that we have here a question whose solution will vitally affect every side of social life: religion, family, morals, social economics, politics, education, population, labor, salary, hygiene. The most difficult problems confronting society belong to the woman question. The effort of woman to aid society in their solution merits at least serious consideration.

One of the most notable of the congresses was the Fourth International Scientific Congress of Catholics, held at Fribourg, Switzerland, August 16-20.

In the scientific, historical, social, and professional congresses Catholics were, as a rule, well represented. There were six distinctly religious congresses of Catholics, one of which, the Congress of French Catholics, held at Paris, November 30-December 5, was an important factor in bringing about union and co-operation among the Catholics of France.

M. C. M.

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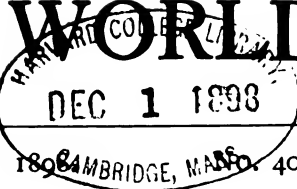
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VOL. LXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1898. 405.

THE VIRGIN'S SLUMBER SONG.

Slumber, slumber, Mary's Treasure,
On Thy mother's loving breast;
While I sing in joyful measure,
Baby darling, sweetly rest.

Slumber, slumber, Son and Brother,
Close Thine eyes and dream of me.
Never, never lived a mother
Blessed with such a babe as Thee.

Slumber, slumber, sweetest flower,
Blossom of a stem divine.
Jesus, God of love and power,
Rest Thee sweetly, Baby mine.

BERT MARTEL.

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VOL. LXVIII.—19

AT THE CRIB OF ASSISI.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.



THE last rays of a gloriously setting December sun are pouring down in crimson waves of splendor on the hill-side of Assisi, and striking direct through the high windows of the "Sagro Convento," the home and last earthly resting-place of the great St. Francis of Assisi. In the dim Lower Church, where the tomb of St. Francis lies deep in darkness, the twilight shadows of a short winter's day have already settled; but in the Upper Church daylight still shines clear and rosy, throwing into bold relief the exquisitely frescoed walls and the marvellous wood carving of the choir.

This lofty church of Assisi, now in possession of the Italian government and disused and dismantled, has a desolate and forsaken aspect, and is no longer used by the Franciscans as a place of worship. The choir is deserted by its brown-robed occupants, and the sweet sound of the chanting of the Divine Office no more resounds through the long aisles and soars to the vaulted Gothic roof; while in the empty Tabernacle over the dismantled altar the peaceful and serene presence of the Prisoner of Love no longer lingers with His tender benediction.

But a certain melancholy grandeur lingers in the ancient shrine; and the grand old frescoes on the walls are full of the simple faith and piety of those ages when religious scenes were a strong and living reality to the artist's heart, and not a mere picturesque accessory of the craftman's skill, as it so often is in our days.

All around the walls, in a series of frescoes, the whole history of the life of St. Francis is painted in detail, more curious than beautiful in their unfinished drawing, lack of perspective, and crude coloring; yet instinct with deep religious feeling, and full of interest on account of their associations.

A pair of strangers were wandering through the church, lost in admiration of its solemn beauty; pausing every now and then to linger before some fresco that aroused their special interest. They are two ladies, evidently American strangers;

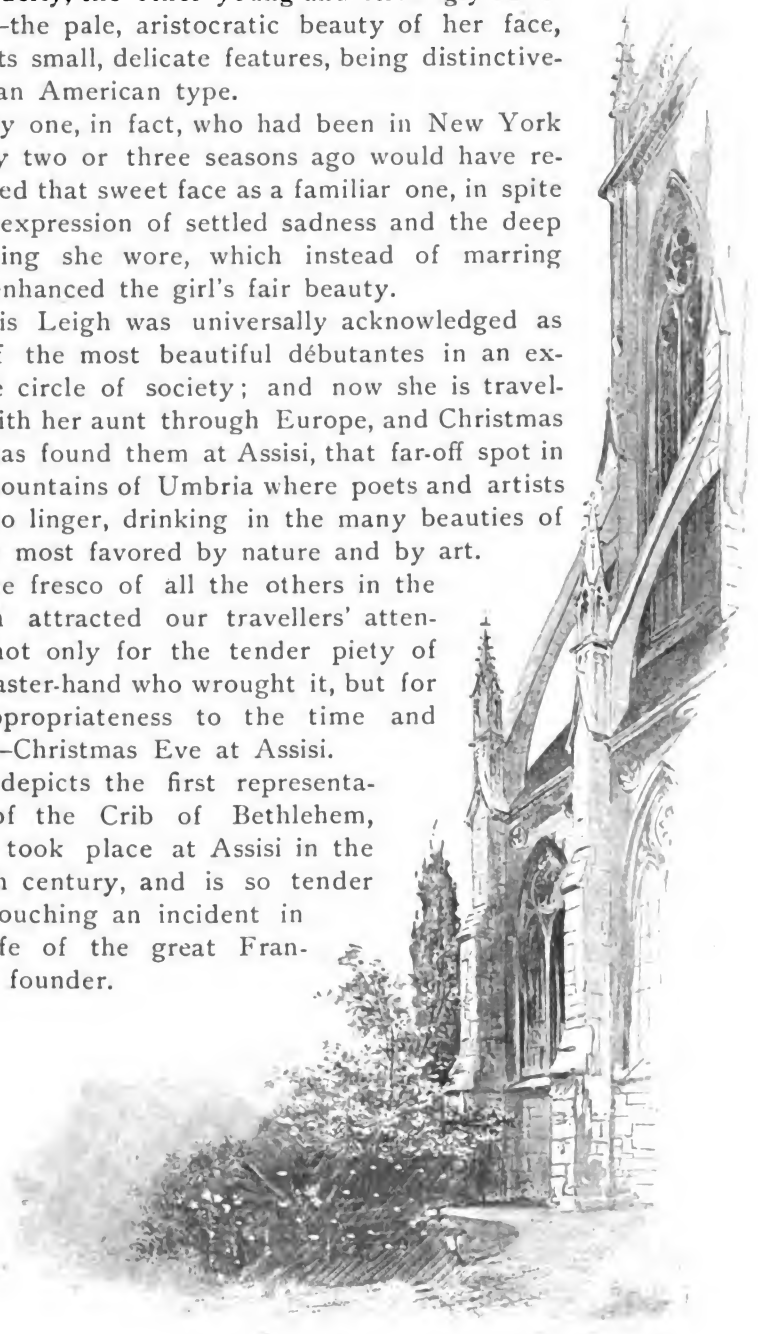
one elderly, the other young and strikingly handsome—the pale, aristocratic beauty of her face, with its small, delicate features, being distinctively of an American type.

Any one, in fact, who had been in New York society two or three seasons ago would have recognized that sweet face as a familiar one, in spite of its expression of settled sadness and the deep mourning she wore, which instead of marring only enhanced the girl's fair beauty.

Avis Leigh was universally acknowledged as one of the most beautiful débutantes in an exclusive circle of society; and now she is travelling with her aunt through Europe, and Christmas Eve has found them at Assisi, that far-off spot in the mountains of Umbria where poets and artists love to linger, drinking in the many beauties of a land most favored by nature and by art.

One fresco of all the others in the church attracted our travellers' attention, not only for the tender piety of the master-hand who wrought it, but for its appropriateness to the time and place—Christmas Eve at Assisi.

It depicts the first representation of the Crib of Bethlehem, which took place at Assisi in the twelfth century, and is so tender and touching an incident in the life of the great Franciscan founder.



"THE LAST RAYS OF A GLORIOUSLY SETTING DECEMBER SUN ARE STRIKING DIRECT THROUGH THE HIGH WINDOWS OF THE SAGRO CONVENTO."

In the simple language of the "Fioretti" (Little Flowers) his historian narrates of St. Francis of Assisi that, being consumed with such ardent love of the Babe of Bethlehem at Christmastide, his apostolic heart was inflamed to make all hearts join with him in his worship of the Infant King.

And as the saint humbly prayed that he might be able to compass his desire, an inspiration came to him; and on Christmas Eve, taking two of his brethren apart to aid him, St. Francis set about preparing a copy of the Crib. First, with the work of his own hands, he made the semblance of a cave or grotto with its rough manger of straw; and then persuaded a "contadina" (peasant woman) of Assisi, with her husband and tiny baby, to come and represent the characters of Our Lady, St. Joseph, and the Infant Saviour.

Finally the dear saint of the gentle heart, who so tenderly loved all God's dumb creatures, brought in an ox from the hill-side and the little ass which had carried him so safely on his many mountain-journeys, and yoking them together, he placed them at the head of the Crib, docile and obedient to his slightest bidding. At last, when all was complete, St. Francis, overwhelmed by love and devotion, sank down on his knees at the foot of the manger and, weeping and praying with joy and ecstasy, spent the whole night in contemplation beside the rude representation which was the work of his own patient hands.

What a picture it must have been, on that Christmas Eve at Assisi long centuries ago! The manger, poor in its bare simplicity and Franciscan poverty, yet rich in the gloriously simple faith of the saint and ecstatic; the group of brown-robed attendant monks, full of sympathy and reverence for their dearly loved master; and the gaping, curious crowd of the townsfolk of Assisi, who had come to gaze, more in curiosity perhaps than in devotion, at this new pious fancy of old Pietro Bernadone's visionary son.

Softened and subdued in spite of themselves into reverence by the childlike faith of St. Francis, they too remained to pray by the Crib; and wondering, they looked with awe unspeakable at the slender figure of the saint kneeling so motionless, so absorbed, with a look of unearthly rapture and ecstasy shining on his pure, ethereal features.

The burning zeal of St. Francis pouring out the overflowing love of his seraphic heart at the Crib of Bethlehem had gained the favor for which he had so humbly begged; and in his wake the "Poverello" (poor man) of Assisi drew many an erring



THE VIGIL OF ST. FRANCIS
CHRISTMAS EVE 1223

and world-weary heart to his Master's feet that Christmas Eve.

Crude and simple, perhaps, as St. Francis' Crib had been, the fresco of Giotto representing the incident is none the less so; but Avis Leigh and her aunt lingered near it, loving to recall its story—for the pilgrim to Assisi learns to live again in the life of St. Francis and to treasure every painted or written record of his life. High up on a scaffolding an artist was painting, making a copy of the fresco, reproducing the quaint outlines line by line and bit by bit.

He seemed absorbed in his work and never even glanced at the passing strangers below him, for tourists are the rule and not the exception at Assisi. Then the ladies passed on to admire one and another of the frescoes, slowly making the round of the church; but still the artist painted on till the rosy sunset light faded; and at last, with a start, as if realizing for the first time that the painted figures on the wall before him were fading into gloom, he put aside the brushes and prepared to make his descent.

At the sound of the opening door by which the two travellers were just going out the painter turned his head, and that instant's glance was enough for the girl. Avis Leigh clutched her astonished aunt's arm tightly, and drawing her rapidly after her, hurried out and down the staircase, never pausing for breath till they had gained the door of their hotel once more, which was only a short distance from the church.

"My dear Avis, what has come over you? You must be ill or bewitched!" ejaculated the bewildered old lady, as soon as she recovered her breath. "You nearly killed me dragging me down those stairs so fast; but oh! my dear, you are as white as death, and look as if you had seen a ghost."

Once inside the safe shelter of their own rooms the girl tried, but not altogether successfully, to laugh away her aunt's fears, explaining that she had felt suddenly faint and weary (which was indeed the case).

"Indeed, dear auntie, you must not trouble about me," she said at length tenderly; "I was very stupid and fanciful to frighten you so, but I shall be all right to-morrow. It is only that I have been doing too much sight-seeing, and have become tired and out of sorts."

All through the long, tiresome *table d'hôte* and in the quiet of her room afterwards Avis's thoughts were strangely disturbed; and though she held a book before her eyes, it was but a pre-

tence of reading, for her mind was far away in the dreamland of memories, recalling all the incidents of the last three years which this Christmas Eve in Assisi had summoned up! It was indeed a ghost that the poor child had seen in the Upper Church a few short hours ago—the ghost of a dead and buried love she never thought would revive again; for in the mysterious painter of the fresco Avis Leigh had recognized Herbert Carlton, the man to whom her girlish love was once given, and to whom she had been engaged two years ago! It was a sad little story and full of bitter-sweet recollections to the girl, and Avis had locked it up, as we lock up so many of our deepest thoughts and feelings, deep in the inmost recesses of our hearts, even from those nearest and dearest to us, and she had striven to forget it utterly.

But on Christmas Eve, the very day of their engagement, it always arose to confront her, and on this one especially, in the face of that chance meeting, the memory refused to be thrust away, and bit by bit in her lonely vigil Avis had to go over it all again.

How happy she had been that Christmas Eve when Herbert first told her he loved her; and her parents had consented to the engagement, only stipulating that she should wait a year before she married, as she was so young—too young to know her own mind, they said. Then all the happy months that followed; Avis so rich in her youth and love and sweet faith in her lover, which he amply repaid with honest, manly affection. But just before the time appointed for their marriage, early in the next December, the cruel blow came which was to ruin their happiness. For a long time Herbert Carlton became grave and serious, and seemed constantly preoccupied and worried, though tender and loving to his *fiancée* as of old; but Avis' quick eyes noticing the change and fearing he had ceased to love her, summoned up her courage after many doubts and fears to ask him what was the matter.

He told her the truth—that he was about to become a Catholic, and feared her and her parents' displeasure, knowing that they came of a family strong in its Protestant convictions, who could see no good in any one belonging to the "Romish Church," and would look with horror upon an alliance with a member of that creed, more especially one who had left the "faith of his fathers" to become a "pervert" (as they call it). Carlton had been perfectly right in his apprehensions. Avis begged, prayed, and interceded with him to give it up; using

every loving art and persuasion, and reproaching him that he cared for her no longer, till his heart was almost torn asunder in the struggle between love and duty. The blood of Puritan ancestors ran in Avis's veins, and at last, weary of importuning and dashing herself in vain against the solid rock of her lover's convictions, she declared passionately: "I will never marry you, Herbert, *never*, if you are a Catholic, much as I love you!" And so they parted.

His religion cost Herbert Carlton, as it has cost many others, the supreme sacrifice, not in this case of worldly honors and goods, but the one love of his life; and in the first darkness after the struggle can he not be forgiven if he thought his lot was hard, and that the Master had asked too much from him in return for the gift of faith?

He still worked on hard at his profession; steadily, doggedly painting his way to fame, and plunging heart and soul into the art which was to take the place of happiness to him in the future.

Herbert Carlton never saw Avis again after their bitter parting, for he went abroad immediately to paint, and the only reminder of the man she had loved so dearly were occasional rumors of his whereabouts abroad and the success of his pictures. Avis on her part plunged wildly into all the dissipation of society, for her one desire was to forget—to bury the past and shut her eyes resolutely to the prejudice that had blinded her; and in vain she fought against her own sense of self-reproach, and the fact that she had acted cruelly and foolishly.

The loving, impulsive girl, whose sweet girlish gaiety and innocence of heart had first won Herbert Carlton's love, was fast turning into a woman of the world; brilliant and sparkling when she chose, but with an undercurrent of sadness and sorrow. Her contact with the world, however, did Avis Leigh good in one way: it made her more tolerant and broad-minded, and since the bitter outburst of foolish prejudice which cost her her life's happiness many of her dear and trusted friends had become practical members of the church she had despised and hated.

Now and again a more than usually bitter half-hour came to Avis, as with a gay party of friends she wandered through some gallery or exhibition of pictures where Herbert Carlton's name figured at the foot of many a gem of art—a gorgeous sunset in Algiers, a moonlit river scene on the Nile, a Moorish mosque in all its wealth of Eastern coloring—and every one spoke in terms of highest praise of the artist whose exhibits

were so well known a feature of every art exhibition, not only in America but in the capitals of Europe.

Time went on, and Avis, brilliant and beautiful as ever, continued her series of society triumphs, outwardly successful, inwardly disappointed and disillusioned, till in the dark days of January another blow struck the girl's already aching heart. One after the other her parents fell ill with typhoid fever, and within three short weeks Avis was left an orphan, lonely and desolate in the beautiful home where she had reigned so long as queen.

Fate had indeed been cruel to her, she thought bitterly: all had gone which made life worth living; first her lover, then her parents and her home, for the empty riches of her solitary abode seemed home no longer without her dear ones. Her mother's sister, Aunt Ruth, came from her quiet home in the Quaker City to keep her niece company; but even her gentle companionship failed to rouse the girl from her grief, and she passed day after day in a complete apathy, far more painful than demonstrative sorrow. Even after some time had elapsed since her loss and the first grief had grown less keen, it seemed impossible for Avis to interest herself in anything, and she went nowhere and saw no one.

One day her aunt, trying to divert her by telling the news which some callers had brought, happened to mention Herbert Carlton's name, and spoke incidentally of the report of his marriage. "He had married the daughter of a French count," the visitors said; and they wondered if he was ever coming home, or would take up his residence abroad with his French bride.

Poor Avis! it seemed as if another blow had been dealt her; not in the fact of Carlton's marriage, for any thought of a reconciliation with him was as far from her mind as ever; but the thought that he too had forgotten her utterly and completely, and that she had passed out of his life for ever. All the butterfly friends of her gay society life dropped off one by one, too; for Avis Leigh in her heavy mourning, silent and quiet, and no longer giving receptions and entertainments, was a very different person to the society girl they used to know; so our young heroine found out bitterly the value of worldly friendships and acquaintances in times of trouble.

Wholly disillusioned of the world, Avis tried to find comfort in her religion; but the church services seemed cold and formal, altogether conventional and utterly lacking what she

had hoped to find. Finally, passing a Catholic church one day, the girl had the curiosity to enter it. She did it half shamefacedly and feeling quite reprehensible in so doing. After that she began to be attracted and interested in spite of herself. It is the first step that costs in religion as in anything else, and soon Avis Leigh became a frequent visitor to the quiet little church, sitting there for hours in the peace of that Presence which makes every Catholic church so truly the "House of God."

The sequel to this is not hard to surmise. It was only the old, old story, new in every heart, of the triumph of divine grace, and after many a struggle with her prejudice and pride Avis gave way to the overwhelming conviction which mastered her; and in return for her sacrifice found the peace and comfort she had never hoped to find again on earth at the foot of the Cross.

After her conversion, which caused a nine-days' wonder among her friends, Avis Leigh went abroad with her aunt, bound for a pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land; and the good old father who had received her into the church begged her to stop on a visit to Assisi on her way, and see the home of dear St. Francis, of whom he had spoken to her so often. And it is thus she came to be found at Assisi this cold Christmas Eve, in company with her good aunt, who, though not having the least leaning towards Catholicity herself, looked with leniency on the religion which seemed to give her dearly loved niece so much comfort and resignation; for, after all her troubles, Avis was slowly gaining strength and courage once more. Amid new scenes and faces the dull misery passed from her young face, and, in spite of the mourning she wore and the ineffaceable memories of troubles past, she seemed more like her old self again—more like she was as Herbert Carlton's girl-love than the brilliant, worldly woman of those hollow society days.

But as she sat by the fireside in the Assisi hotel on this Christmas Eve all the trouble seemed to have come back to the beautiful face; for that one glimpse of the artist in the Lower Church revived all the dormant memories and made them doubly keen.

He was so little changed, she thought, since the Christmas Eve she saw him last, standing at the door of her father's drawing-room with that grave, questioning look on his face as he said "So it is to be good-by, Avis?" as if giving her a last chance. And in her childish resentment she had never even answered him.

And now, when it is too late, Avis acknowledged to herself what she had never even dared to dwell on, even in her secret thoughts, that the love of her youth was not dead and buried, as she thought, but had endured through all her gay life and through all her trouble.

Then the poor girl pulled herself together with a powerful effort and with her accustomed courage. It was only a temptation, to be met and conquered as she had already conquered others, and she reproached herself for the momentary weakness. What business had she, Avis Leigh, to be stirred so strangely by the face of a person she had known and loved long ago, but who was nothing to her now? Why, *worse* than nothing when he was another woman's husband, and should not even want to recognize her; for in that momentary glimpse of Herbert Carlton's face Avis had seen that no gleam of recognition rested in his grave eyes. No; they had met as strangers, and as strangers they must remain; though the longing to see him, to speak to him, if only once again, seemed to grow stronger and stronger.

"We must leave Assisi to-morrow," Avis thought to herself, "for in a small place like this these meetings are always liable to take place, and I could not stand them—could not go through another."

A few minutes after, when she had roused herself finally from her thoughts, the girl stepped softly into her aunt's room adjoining, to call the old lady; but no one answered. Aunt Ruth, having found her niece but poor company in her abstracted mood, had gone down-stairs to the "salon" to talk to some of the guests at the hotel; and presently she returned full of the information some one had been giving her about the beautiful representation of the Crib of Bethlehem arranged in the Lower Church of San Francesco, which was to be lighted up this evening.

At first Avis refused to accompany her, alleging as an excuse that she was very tired and weary. "I am so tired of it all, the sight-seeing and the strange country, and I feel homesick to-night, and wish we were on our way homeward! Dear auntie, let us leave Assisi to-morrow," she said.

"Leave on Christmas Day?" asked the old lady, surprised. "Why, you were so anxious to spend Christmas here; but do as you like, my dear, if you are so anxious to go," she continued good-naturedly, "for I am ready to start again when you wish. But I should like to go and see the Crib to-night; they say it is so very lovely."

So Avis bravely put aside her own feelings and accompanied her aunt to the church; and they were well rewarded by the beautiful scene that met their view as they passed through the arched cloisters in the moonlight and entered the dim precincts of the church.

Gloriously beautiful at any time is that Lower Church of

Assisi; for even in full daylight the sun's rays only fall with a subdued and mellow radiance through the narrow windows and cast shadows, purple, gold, and crimson, on the marble pavement. Within this dim Gothic sanctuary the everlasting calm of eternity seems to dwell, as if the gentle spirit of St. Francis still hovered over it and around it; but on Christmas Eve it is transformed from a shrine of mediæval piety to a living representation of the Stable of Bethlehem on that Night of Nights, nineteen centuries ago, when Mary and Joseph knelt by the side of their new-born King and worshipped him.

The great Gothic arches of the church, stretching away into gloom, seem to frame as a picture the lowly manger of straw with its figure of the Babe of Bethlehem, surrounded by



"WITHIN THE DIM GOTHIC SANCTUARY THE EVERLASTING CALM OF
ETERNITY SEEMS TO DWELL."

his Mother and foster-father and the kneeling shepherds, while numbers of starry lights cast their radiance on the scene. Childish and simple this representation might appear to a mere onlooker, but, oh! how touching in its tender devotion to one who looks below the mere surface of things, and thinks of the great mystery it so graphically pictures.

Around the Crib kneels many a silent, motionless figure in the Franciscan habit, so still that one might fancy the living friars part of the painted representation, and in the deep mysterious awe of the place, in the stillness of the Christmas midnight, one feels it would cause no wonder if the brown-robed figure and pale, ecstatic face of St. Francis would reveal itself to come and kneel once again, as he did on earth, by his well-loved representation of the Crib of Bethlehem; for, though not present to our bodily eyes, the spirit of the dear Saint of Poverty is very near Assisi on Christmas Eve.

Avis and her aunt gazed spell-bound on the sight before them, but with widely varying emotions; Aunt Ruth with curiosity not unmixed with wonder, but with an involuntary softening of her heart towards the religion which could produce a scene so deeply religious in its almost childlike simplicity. "Blessed are the pure in heart!" murmured the dear old lady softly, as she gazed from the Crib to the face of an old Franciscan friar, bowed with the weight of years, who knelt with clasped hands in an attitude of deep devotion, his aged face lit up with a light of tenderest love and devotion.

She turned around to look for Avis; but the girl had fallen on her knees not far away, her face buried in her hands, as she laid the burden of her sorrows at the feet of the Babe of Bethlehem, there to seek strength and comfort; for the struggle going on in her heart was bitter, and stronger than it had been for years rose up the love she thought she had put behind long ago.

It swept over her in a tide the girl felt powerless to resist—the poor human longing for the happiness she had forfeited, and which could be hers no longer. Bitter tears rolled down her face and sobs shook her slight frame as she knelt, unheeding all around. The simple peasants near glanced at her in pity, and with a compassionate exclamation of "Poveretta!" applied themselves to their rosaries again, for in these Umbrian hill-sides, alas! sorrow and want and suffering seem but the common heritage of every-day life, to be borne with patiently. . . . And Avis prayed on, patiently, almost hopelessly, fight-

ing the struggle with her thoughts, till at last light seemed to dawn through the darkness, giving her strength to banish all thoughts of the love which from a blessing had come to be the torment of her life. With the coming of the Infant King of Peace comfort flowed in to her sorely-tried heart, and she felt that, come what would, now she had more strength to endure, and if happiness was to be denied her, peace would at least be hers. The old priest in New York had been right when he begged his young friend to visit Assisi, for the unflinching peace of the home of St. Francis had done its work and brought balm to another wounded heart.

When Avis rose at last to join her aunt near the door they turned back on the threshold to take a last look at the Crib, and another figure took its place in the group there, a familiar figure which, in spite of its bowed head, Avis recognized as Herbert Carlton's! He was standing quietly not far from the manger, his eyes fixed upon it thoughtfully with an earnest expression on the strong face she knew so well, and in the bright light of the candles shining around the Crib Avis saw he had changed greatly and grown older, thinner, and graver. It was by no means the face of a happy or successful man, brilliantly successful though she knew his career to have been; but of one who had struggled and suffered but conquered in the end, and who yet bore the marks of the trial.

Suddenly Carlton raised his head and looked unconsciously straight in the direction where Avis stood apart in the dim shadow, and in that glance he too recognized the face of his old love! Their eyes met for a second, his wondering and almost incredulous, hers deep with unutterable sadness. Beautiful and unapproachable as a sorrowing angel Avis appeared to him in her fair young beauty, the shadows but serving to whiten the fairness of her skin and lighten the gold of her shining hair; and as he looked at her almost spell-bound the girl turned to go, unable to bear the tension of the moment. Carlton's first impulse was to spring to her side and break the spell, for even yet he thought his eyes must have deceived him and that it was no flesh-and-blood Avis who stood there in the shadows, but the dream-like vision of a Christmas midnight evoked from his own sad thoughts and the associations of this mediæval world. Then as she turned away he recognized Avis fully, for she looked just as she had when she turned from him on that Christmas Eve in New York two years ago, and in the action he accepted a renewal of her dismissal, and once more seemed

to hear the bitter words that had rung so often in his ears: "I will *never* marry you, Herbert, *never* as long as you are a Catholic, much as I love you." Hope died for ever within him now, and Carlton tried to turn away his thoughts and resolutely crush down his trouble, as he had done for months past.

The softening which had come over his face at the sight of Avis passed quickly away again, leaving it even harder and sterner than it was before, for a bitter flood of anguish overwhelmed the strong man at this moment. He had been true to Avis all these years, but the first sorrow of their parting had become more passive, and it was hard, hard to see her again and to be obliged to renew the struggle of two years ago—a fiery furnace he had hoped never to pass through again.

He tried to pray, but words failed him in the face of his misery, and he could only kneel there silent and hopeless; but surely the compassionate heart of the Babe of Bethlehem could pity and forgive the poor human weakness, for he too knew the bitterness of the cup of self-sacrifice.

Another trial, another struggle, was going on in the place where Avis had laid down her burden of sorrow, and Herbert Carlton prayed—not for strength to resist temptation, for, thank God! that had been met and conquered long ago, and the thought of giving up his religion for his love never entered his steadfast heart, but for forgetfulness—that he might be able to forget the love of his life and learn to give it up willingly and freely; above all, that he might never see Avis again to disturb the peace which had been so hardly won. The sweet face of the Christ-Child smiled upon him from the manger, and he seemed to hear the words: "He that loveth father and mother, brother and sister more than Me, is not worthy of Me." And Herbert Carlton raised his face to the arched roof above, where St. Francis's mystic wedding with his Lady Poverty is painted in Giotto's glorious fresco, and the deep peace of the spot stole gradually over his senses, while for a few brief moments the joy of renunciation was his.

The storm had passed and the calm came after it, and, strengthened and consoled, Herbert Carlton rose from his knees and passed out of the church softly into the glorious moonlight which was flooding the picturesque town of Assisi with its silvery light. As he stood there a sudden desire seized him to make his way to the Upper Church and visit his beloved Giotto frescoes in the moonlight, to mark the effects of its mellow lights and shadows on their quaint beauty, and perhaps to ban-

ish for a time the present in the art he loved and which was to be the only companion of his life's loneliness. The moonlight poured through the church as he entered it, and in the pale, ethereal light the pictures on the wall assumed almost an appearance of life, and the spiritual features of St. Francis and his companions shone with a strange, clear radiance like faces in a vision.

Slowly Carlton wandered through the sanctuary, pausing every now and then to admire his special favorites, and finally stopping before the fresco he was copying, "The Crib of Assisi." The artist had just stooped to lift the draperies from his copy when a faint sound, like a suppressed sigh, met his ear, and turning sharply towards the doorway whence the sound proceeded, he just caught a glimpse of a shadowy figure disappearing. In a second he was at the entrance, and in his haste almost stumbled up against a black-robed figure on the green-sward in front of the church.

Surely the golden hair, the tall, slender figure were the same he had seen by the Crib, and, forgetting all his resolutions never to see her again, he cried out, "Avis, is it you?" the sudden shock and effort for self-control making his voice almost harsh as he spoke.

The girl drew back swiftly into the shadow with an involuntary cowering movement; and, as if made aware of the brusqueness of his manner by the action, he forced himself to speak gently and evenly, for who was he that he was to address her by her Christian name? And when Carlton tried again it was more in the calm and courteous manner of a chance acquaintance.

"Miss Leigh," he began again, very quietly this time, "forgive me if I startled you just now. I could not realize it was really you, and I am naturally astonished to find you in this remote corner of Italy." His self-possession was returning now and he got on bravely, but the evident trouble of his companion unnerved him. "I am sorry to find you alone and in trouble; you perhaps have lost your way down to the hotel; your friends—?" . . . He came to a full stop, hesitating, for the task of making conversation alone was hard and no response came from the dark figure in the shadow. Poor Avis was beyond words, for a passion of tears, long fought against, shook her from head to foot, and only a suppressed, tremulous sob broke the silence at last after Herbert's gallant effort at talking. His studied coldness of manner, instead of reassuring

her, as he had intended, had quite the opposite effect, and man-like, at the sight of tears Herbert Carlton could endure it no longer, and self-control flew to the winds as a wild, irresistible influence to tempt his fate once more came over him. "Avis, my love, my darling!" he pleaded, the whole intensity of his strong love ringing in his voice, "we have met again at last after all this long time. It is your fate; forget the past, forget the prejudice and your decision on that dreary Christmas Eve, and take me now, dear, Catholic as I am, for you are alone and in trouble, and you want some one to take care of you. Avis, you loved me a little once; listen to me, only for this time," as she tried to turn away, "and I will never trouble you any more. My life has been hard—God knows how hard!—these last two years, and you make it harder by refusing me even one kind word in parting."

His voice ended abruptly, for he could go no further, and silence reigned between them, broken at last by Avis's tones, low and trembling. The passionate pleading of the man she loved had touched her strangely, but the fatal rumor of his marriage rose up like a spectre before her. Was he deceiving her and himself, and was his love but a passing emotion evoked from a sudden impulse of pity for her loneliness and the memories of "auld lang syne"?

"Forgive me, Herbert; I was wrong—wrong that Christmas Eve, and wrong to-night. They told me you were married long ago, and I thought perhaps you only spoke to me in a sudden impulse and in pity for my loneliness, and so—"

Suddenly through the hush of the moonlit night the joy-bells rang out with a glorious peal from the monastery, to give warning that the holy night is ended. Midnight is striking and another Christmas is breaking over a sleeping world. Merry talk and laughter were hushed into utter stillness, and Herbert Carlton raised his hat as his companion involuntarily bowed her head to salute the holy hour in which the Christ-Child came on earth. Avis and he were at last one in faith as in love.

Over hill and valley, from every church and monastery on the Umbrian hill-side, the peal of Christmas bells softly echoed and re-echoed with a rhythmic chime, and below in the valley the lights of "Our Lady of the Angels" twinkled through the darkness. Looking down over the broad spaces of the rolling Umbrian plains and the vast expanse of starlit sky, they thought of another plain near Bethlehem, where the

shepherds watched their flocks by night, and the light of the heavenly host shone in the dark blue sky while their angelic chorus fell on earth's listening ears, bringing its divinest message of peace and pardon. Upon this scene St. Francis looked on a Christmas midnight long ago, and its inspiration caused the first representation of the Crib of Bethlehem; which after all these centuries, when the tender heart of the Seraph of Assisi has long ceased to beat on earth, is still so faithfully carried out by his Franciscan brethren in his early home, and over the place where his relics now rest in the everlasting peace of the saints.



A PORTRAIT.

FRAIL as the petal that falls from the rose,
 Fair as a day in June;
 Dear as a babe in its dreaming repose,
 Sweet as the sweetest tune.

Pure as the purest saint above,
 True as a mother to me.
 Image on earth of a heavenly Love,
 Mine for eternity.

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL, THE CATHOLIC,

PRINCE OF DUTCH POETS.

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.



N Amsterdam, the quaint metropolis of dear little Holland, as the gray mist rises from the canals that flow through the Dutch Venice, the tourist will, sooner or later, find his way to the *Dam*, in the very heart of the city. The *Dam* is for Amsterdam what the *Puerta del Sol* is for Madrid, and the *Place de l'Hôtel de Ville* for Brussels: the great square to which all flows, and whence all goes forth. Towering high above the more modest structures rises the Royal Palace. At a remote period it was the town hall, and later it became the residence of Louis Bonaparte during his brief reign. The second edifice on the dam, that demands our attention, is the *Nieuwe Kerk*, situated quite near the palace. This magnificent edifice, once used for our Eucharistic Sacrifice, is now devoted to the cold worship of Protestantism. Within its walls repose, together with the remains of Admiral De Ruyter, Holland's greatest naval hero, those of Joost van den Vondel, Holland's greatest poet. De Ruyter lies in a tomb occupying the site of the altar, as was pointed out to me, while on the occasion of my visit the poet slumbered in an obscure grave, marked by an insignificant slab. I have a faint recollection that a monument has since been erected in his honor; but it matters not, for Vondel needs not marble to perpetuate his fame—he will live for ever in the hearts of his countrymen. The name of Vondel is familiar to every child of the land of dikes, but outside of Holland few know anything of the Dutch Dante. The world of letters owes a great debt of gratitude to the pen of Mr. Leonard Charles van Noppen, who has recently given us a beautiful English translation of "*Lucifer*," Vondel's masterpiece.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

By birth a German, Vondel's life belonged entirely to the Netherlands. The poet first beheld the light at Cologne, in

1587, the year that witnessed the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. He remained in the city of his birth until his tenth year, when his family migrated to the United Provinces of Holland, which were then in their most flourishing epoch. After a brief sojourn at Utrecht, they removed to Amsterdam, where the elder Vondel engaged in the occupation of a merchant. The musty counting-house, in which Joost assisted his father, was little suited to the genius of him who was later to rise to the very summit of literary greatness. Poetry was more to the liking of young Vondel than the selling of socks and stockings. His first effusions gave little indication of his future greatness, but the association with men of learning like Roemer Visscher, Spiegel, and Hooft gradually developed the talents of the young poet. His success in after-life was not altogether owing to his genius, for he labored hard and incessantly to perfect himself in the art to which he intended to consecrate his life. At the age of twenty-three he bound himself by matrimonial ties with Maaiken de Wolf. The assistance of this faithful companion aided Vondel no little in the prosecution of his beloved studies, for by the death of his father he had succeeded to the hosiery business, and Maaiken undertook to conduct it, so that the poet was enabled to devote himself to the cultivation of his beloved Muse. His friendship with the learned men who at that time flourished in his country awoke within him a love of knowledge, and, after perfecting himself in the modern languages, he began, at the age of twenty-five, the study of Latin and Greek, and in a short time he was enabled to read the classic writers.

His first drama, "The Passover," appeared in 1612, the beginning of a splendid series of Bible tragedies, unique in the history of literature. It opened to him the doors of the Chamber of the Eglantine, one of the most brilliant literary societies of his country, and thus placed him on a level with the most distinguished literati of his day.

HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH THE VISSCHERS.

Those were times of great religious discord, when the bosom of the Calvinist Church of Holland was torn by the fierce controversies of Arminian and Gomarist, Remonstrant and Contra-Remonstrant. In the midst of these storms there was one mansion in Amsterdam into which the din of religious strife never penetrated. It was that of Roemer Visscher, the writer of epigrams, known as the Dutch Martial. In the household

of the Visschers, the ancient Catholic faith, so despised in Amsterdam, shone like a quiet and steady lamp in the midst of darkness. Thither came the distinguished poets of the time to seek rest in the bosom of a literary gathering from the controversial tempests that were agitating the outer world. Vondel met here in this charming circle some of the most distinguished literary men of his day. Here he read his latest poems and listened to the charitable criticisms that were passed upon them. Like two radiant stars in this intellectual circle, illumining with their presence the guests of the Visscher mansion, shone Roemer's two beautiful daughters, the blooming but sedate Anna, and the vivacious Tesselschade, whose beauty was celebrated by Brederoo. Poets themselves, these young women exercised an influence upon the literature of their time which has seldom been surpassed. Not a poet of the day who was not inspired by them, or who did not dedicate to them some of his poetic effusions.

The familiarity of the Visschers could not, however, preserve Vondel from taking an active part in the troubles of his country. The Gomarists, or extreme Calvinists, had triumphed, and with the iron heel of a religious oligarchy they trampled upon the liberties of the Republic.

POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS AGITATION.

Vondel wielded manfully his pen in defence of those liberties, and got himself into trouble in consequence. His allegorical tragedy "*Palamedes, or Murdered Innocence*," was a scathing denunciation of those who had been instrumental in bringing about the execution of the aged Johan van Oldenbarneveltdt, the greatest statesman of his time. The hatred of the party in power forced the poet to seek safety in flight, but his hiding-place being discovered, he was brought before the court, and might count himself lucky in getting off with a fine of three hundred guilders.

The years of Vondel's life passed on in the midst of political and religious agitations. From 1618 to 1630 he wrote little, but in the latter year he began his satires, which only served to embitter his enemies the more. Now followed a translation of Seneca's "*Hippolytus*," the "*Farmer's Catechism*," the "*Decretum Horribile*," against the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination, and other works. Poetry in that age, more than now, was the vehicle by which to convey instruction as well as reproach. It served to please, but also to bite and sting. A

channel of praise and glorification, it was also frequently used to cast ridicule upon men and things. Like Dryden's "The Hind and the Panther," it rebuked the strong and defended the weak under allegorical figures. It was, to some extent, what the editorial of the modern newspaper afterward became. Vondel was not sparing in its uses in attacking the vices of his age. This shows the versatility of his talent, for the man who afterwards, like Dante, was to soar to the loftiest heights of mystic contemplation, was at one time, like Juvenal and Perseus, the scourge and terror of many of his contemporaries.

The great epic "Constantine" may be said to mark an epoch in his own life. For this work he read the Fathers of the church and ecclesiastical historians, and he entered into correspondence with his friend, the learned Hugo Grotius. The work was never published, for the death of his wife cast such a gloom over the life of the poet that he had not the heart to complete it. The loss that Dutch literature suffered hereby was irreparable.

HE BECOMES A CATHOLIC.

The star of Vondel had been constantly rising, and he was now universally acknowledged as the greatest poet of his time. Meanwhile his religious convictions had undergone a change. Whether it was the familiarity of the Catholic Visscher family, the dissensions among the Calvinists, or the study of Christian antiquity, that had influenced his mind, the fact is that Vondel, thus far a Protestant, had been drawing nearer and nearer to the Catholic Church. It was only a few years since, in his "Funeral Sacrifice of Magdeburg," he had composed a heroic poem on the Lutheran king Gustavus Adolphus, but his tone had entirely changed, for the saints and the Blessed Virgin, whom he called "the Queen of Heaven," were now his themes, which gave evidence of the transformation that had been wrought within him.

In 1641 he openly avowed himself a Catholic, his daughter Anna having preceded him to the church and even taken the veil. Vondel ever afterward remained a devout Catholic, though he lived in an atmosphere of the coldest Protestantism. The church found in him an ardent champion.

He lived thirty-eight years after joining the church. In the evening of his life he felt the weight of the cross which every just man must endure, for at the age of seventy he was com-

pelled to earn his living by the sweat of his brow as a clerk. He continued to write poetry until the age of eighty-seven, when his increasing infirmities forced him to bid the muses an eternal farewell. He slept his last sleep on February 5, 1679, in his ninety-third year. He was laid to rest in St. Catherine's Church, the Nieuwe Kerk in Amsterdam.

HIS MASTERPIECE "LUCIFER."

Vondel's greatest work, his masterpiece, is "Lucifer." He wrote it after his conversion, for it was published in 1654, thirteen years before Milton's "Paradise Lost." There is strong circumstantial evidence in favor of the theory that the Dutch poem exercised great influence on that of the Englishman, and this has been the contention of several learned critics. At all events, it is certain that Vondel did not borrow from Milton, though both may have been inspired by earlier writers in Spain, Italy, and even England.

Unlike the great English epic, the scene of "Lucifer" is placed entirely in heaven, but toward the end of the poem the fall of man is touched upon, the incidents of which are related by Gabriel to the conquering hosts of heaven. The principal theme of this soul-stirring drama is the rebellion of Lucifer and his angels, and their defeat by Michael and his heavenly warriors.

"Lucifer" is a drama, modelled after the Greek. It is rhymed throughout, blank verse being less suited to the genius of the Dutch language. The dialogues and colloquies are in hexameters, while the chorus varies in rhythm according to the nature of the theme.

There are those among the interpreters of Vondel who think that the "Lucifer" is an allegory, typifying the struggle of the Netherlands against Spain. In like manner did a certain school endeavor to give a political interpretation to the *Divina Commedia*. In regard to Vondel's work, his critics who adhere to the political theory do not by any means agree as to its meaning, for according to some it refers to the Thirty Years' War in Germany, while yet others maintain that it represents the English rebellion of 1648.

Others, averse to the political theory, regard it as the type of the struggle between good and evil. The real meaning of the poet may perhaps never be known, and, like Dante's immortal work, the "Lucifer" will probably for ever remain the subject of much discussion.

It is strange that the English-speaking world has never taken more interest in the literature of Holland, composed in a language so much akin to our own. For the first time the "Lucifer" of Vondel has been translated into English by Leonard Charles van Noppen, an American of Dutch descent.

HIS LATER WORK.

Although the "Lucifer" is Vondel's greatest work, his other poems deserve also to be better known. We have translations of Goethe and others; let us hope that some day Mr. van Noppen will favor us with a complete English edition of all the works of the Dutch poet. They have generally the merit which not all poetical works possess of being pure, while those written after the poet's conversion to Catholicity are of a deep religious tone.

Nothing is more pathetic than the sweet little ode composed by Vondel on the death of his infant son Constantine, who was born while the poet was working at the epic of the great Roman emperor, after whom the boy was named. Little Constantine lived only a short time, his death and that of his mother casting such a gloom over the poet's soul that he gave up the poem, which would surely have enriched Dutch literature. The arrangement of the words in this ode is most pleasing to the ear, and their sound seems to call up before the mind the image of an infant suddenly snatched away by the ruthless hand of death:

Constantyntje, 't zalig kyndje,
Cherulyntje van omhoog,
D'ydelheden, hier beneden,
Uitlacht met een lodderoog.

Constantine, thou child divine,
Cherub mine from worlds above,
Laughing eyes of thine despise
Vanities that mortals love.

The original must necessarily lose some of its charms by an English translation, as we have nothing to take the place of the diminutive, so sweetly expressive in the Dutch language. In the continuation of the poem, the soul of the child tries to console his mother by the thought that he still lives in a better world. That mother was soon to follow her darling, leaving her desolate husband to mourn his two-fold loss.

Sometimes the poet tunes his lyre to the softest melodies; he places us 'mid all the loveliness of rural scenes, and we seem to catch again the notes of the Mantuan bard, in his incomparable eclogues. Now we hear the song of the birds, then the gentle murmur of the rivulet, as it meanders through the low lands between banks that summer has clothed in richest verdure. Rising to loftier flights of style in his admiration of nature, the poet breaks out into fervid eloquence as he sings the praises of the river on the banks of which he was born—

Doorluchte Ryn, myn Zolte droom.

O glorious Rhine! my sweetest dream,
That heard my infant cry,
What words can praise, enchanting stream,
Thy lovely majesty?

At other times, filled with patriotic spirit, the bard attunes his lyre to the sound of martial music, and sings the glories of his country, when he celebrates the victory over the Spanish fleet off the coast of Zealand, or that of the Venetians and Hollanders over the Turks in 1549.

Again we catch the faint notes of doleful melodies, as he strives to pour the balm of consolation into a wounded heart, or stands beside the bier of a departed friend. Outside of his religion, to which Vondel came when the sun of his life was beginning its descent, and which he calls the "hidden pearl," that he had received from God's grace, the poet obtained great consolation from his art. The translation of the Psalms was like a balm poured over his afflicted heart, at a time when the misconduct of one of his sons filled him with grief, and, at a later period, he derived great pleasure from the composition of his tragedies. To these belong, among others, "Jephtha," "King David in Exile," "King David Restored," "Samson, or Holy Vengeance," "Adonias, or Wretched Striving for a Crown," "The Batavian Brothers," and "Adam in Exile." The last he calls the tragedy of tragedies. "Noah" was composed when he had reached his eightieth year, and in it he gives us a graphic description of the destruction of the antediluvian world.

Among the classic writers whom he translated I will mention here Euripides and Sophocles. Dutch literature is also indebted to him for a translation of the whole of Virgil.

HIS THEMES ENTIRELY RELIGIOUS.

His religious poems have made him the foremost Catholic poet of his day. This is especially noteworthy when we reflect that he had not enjoyed the benefits of a Catholic education, that a great part of his life had been spent among the chilling influences of Protestantism, and that he continued to live in an atmosphere hostile to the church.

At a time when Catholics in Amsterdam were obliged to serve God in out-of-the-way nooks and corners, in buildings which have bequeathed their names to many of the Catholic churches that exist to-day, the Catholic poet of Holland devoted his fertile pen to those sublime subjects, as dear to the Catholic heart as they were hated by so many among his countrymen. The Blessed Sacrament, Our Lady, the virgins, martyrs, and the saints in general, these were some of the themes that called into action the loftiest inspirations of the poet's genius.

We have gloried in the possession of a Dante, a Tasso, and many more; we have loved to study their works. Let us not forget that in Protestant Holland, in an age of bigotry and persecution, there flourished a Catholic poet, reclaimed from Protestantism itself, and one of the brightest ornaments of the church, as well as of literature—a poet of whose Catholicity there never has been the faintest doubt, as it is admitted by himself, and denied by none. His works will afford an inexhaustible mine to the student of literature, as much as those of Shakspeare, Milton, and other bright stars who, either before or after Vondel, have shone in the firmament of literature.





TOWARD BETHLEHEM.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.



TOWARD that sweet city where the Virgin mild
Brought forth her Child
Fain would I turn upon this Christmas day,
And softly pray

That I might see the place wherein he slept,
While Mary kept
Her watch and ward about His sacred bed,
And kissed His head ;

And I would pray that I might see His face
In that poor place,
And be a shepherd or a worshipper,
Bringing my myrrh

Unto the little Babe who is my King—
Heaven's offering ;
Bringing my frankincense and all the gold
That earth doth hold.



And I would kiss the crib wherein He is,
 And I would kiss
 The little swaddling-clothes that wrap his form
 Safe, safe and warm.

O little city far beyond the sea!
 'Tis not for me
 To journey unto you. Here must I bide
 This Christmas-tide.

Hush! tho' wide wastes divide us, still near me
 Your walls may be,
 And I can dream of you, and shut mine eyes
 And see arise

The little manger-bed where once He lay
 So far away.
 And I can love Him just the same as tho'
 Across the snow

I came toward you on that first Christmas night,
 Led by love's light,
 And laid my gifts before Him. Now, as then,
 With those wise men,

I too can journey o'er the midnight hill,
 Weary, until
 I worship Him and feel Him at my side
 This Christmas-tide.



A WORD ON THE CHURCH AND THE NEW POSSESSIONS.

BY REV. HENRY E. O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.



THOUGH my country be only the spot where Providence has placed me to do the most that I can for humanity, nevertheless it is dear to me for another reason. It is an object of sentiment; it prompts the affections of my heart as deeply as do the remembrances of those who are bound to me by the strong ties of blood. There is a divine purpose beneath every mood of emotion. Love of country, love of home, love of kin are in their varying degrees but human and personal loves, yet they control very largely the issues of history.

But doubly dear to me is my country if I believe or hope that she has a special mission to extend Christ's kingdom across the face of the earth. She becomes lovable beyond expression if the feeling comes to me that she has a sacred vocation among the nations. Yet every nation has been or is possessed more or less with the same idea. Impartial students of history, however, know beyond doubt that not only nations but whole races are no longer destined to play heroic parts in the world's future drama.

How strange are Providential workings! Time was when Spain covered the seas with her ships of commerce; when from her realm there rose troops of saints and heroes, artists and poets, soldiers and statesmen; and now there are none so low as to do her reverence. Her decay begins with the dawn of the eighteenth century, while two centuries before that—in the period of romance and chivalry—her Flower of Castile shed her jewels to reveal to Europe the vision of a new world. Spain's golden era was in the reign of Charles V., her decadence begins with the Bourbon dynasty. For the last two centuries the deep interior Catholic spirit which once characterized her has been losing its vitality, and in high places her holy religion has become merely external and official. Yet the power that lurks beneath religion and the craving for religion has saved her people to the faith.

Along with this spiritual degeneracy has come the waning of her material splendor. Suffering anæmia within, she sought aid by drawing blood from without. She taxed her possessions

beyond measure. She intimidated her peoples. Her officials became venal, and some of her clergy the victims of the state.

To speak of the defects of one race at the expense of the other argues a lack of the philosophic spirit. Nations as well as men fulfil their ends in human life; then die and are confined to the tomb. It would be a vulgar national feeling which would provoke us to glory over a feeble foe; but if an inspiration has possessed us that our Republic has a work to do, it would be but false humility to deny it. The sun of a strange century is lifting itself upon the horizon. A new race with the mingled blood of Saxon and Celt and Latin has risen up to adjust a new complication in history. Let us not sin against the light or deliver our trust into the hands of men, but into God's. The retention of the recently acquired fruits of conquest seems inevitable if we are to complete the humanitarian purpose for which the higher spirits opened out an unseemly war. Islands—some of them mere barren rocks in the sea, others laden with fruitage and flower—seem to be honestly ours in the judgment of the world.

Of old it was said of the Romans that they lusted for dominion. True as this may be, Heaven rewarded them for their civic virtues by converting their world-wide colonies into gardens of Christian civilization. It has a very weak parallelism in modern history in the example of the British Empire. With our inventive genius and political temper it is obvious that material amelioration would be shed upon every land that our hands could touch. But most of all can we breathe new life and inject new blood into millions of peoples who have lost the first fervor of the religion of their fathers. A thousand difficulties present themselves. The horror of it all is that perhaps in our country religious bigotry will be violently tempted to vent its spleen in vandalism worthy of barbarians. The art treasures, the churches, paintings, jewels, mosaics, and sacred vessels must not be polluted by irreverent hands. Let us gently and prudently, if we must, separate state officialism from church government, but let us revere as is becoming a liberal Christian nation every expression and embodiment of religion. Most pathetic it is to see the England of to-day striving in her mediæval cathedrals to remove the whitewash from wondrous frescoes, and gathering together the fragments of rich stained glass which religious bigotry shivered into a thousand pieces. This was not necessary, as was proved by her most happy colony—neighboring Canada—whose cities are for the most part Catholic and eminently prosperous.

It is good that at this moment we are distracted away from our internal problems. The time had not come for their solution. Departments of trade and commerce have become congested with us, and now a new crisis in affairs has revealed new avenues of industry and adventure.

The very competition among the contending missionary forces of the different sects will evoke from our souls the desire to sacrifice ourselves in the name of that church which has ever been the fruitful mother of heroes. Possibly in few countries of the world can you find a clergy so much like ours leading lives of such holy freedom and high moral purpose. It is no reflection upon other countries to believe that our methods for the propagation of Christ's gospel are quicker, healthier, and more thorough. We are increasing so rapidly that we must soon have an outlet to spend our energies, else tepidity shall take hold of our spirits, as it has in many of the nations of Europe.

Our leaders of state are men unskilled in the arts of diplomacy. Our country has had no intimate relationship with any foreign power. We are young and quite unused to the ways of the old world. The fear is that to hold our new position we shall be driven to create fresh armies and build strong ships, but this is the least part of the difficulty. The danger shall rather be when we lose the consciousness that our purpose in history is to effect the betterment of high and low types of races by imparting vigor to their religion and giving them the material benefits of our mechanical genius.

O glorious mission for the Republic of these United States! Again and again in history the sceptre passes from Juda, and tribes which were chosen as divine instruments forget the fact and wander over the face of the earth.

Our prayer to the God of nations must be that there shall come no strained relationship with our new and foreign friends. If we find it wise not to respect all land tenures, let us at least be not ruthless in confiscation of church and school properties. We have much to learn from England in her treatment of India. English subjects are confined to penal servitude if they violate the sanctity of the temples of the natives.

As Catholics we have nothing to fear from Protestant boards of missions to our new countries. Wealth is the weakest power in missionary tactics. The warmth and glow and strength of Catholicism, so fitly represented in America, will as easily conquer not only those who are Catholic to the marrow of their bones, but likewise the Mongolian, the Negro, and the Malay.

We cannot leave the Antilles and the Philippines to be

fought over and gobbled up by European kingdoms. Our love of those historic realities—liberty, progress, democracy—will not permit it. Of themselves these peoples are helpless, without armor for protection and susceptible to internal revolution.

At present the opinion prevails that matters are too immature for the outlining of any formative policy by the governing body of the church in America for the church in the new acquisitions.

It is easy to see how European Catholics, who are ever dreaming of their golden past, should from motives of sentimentalism sympathize with Spain, the last great Catholic kingdom. Students of history are likewise influenced in her favor when they remember how she pushed on civilization and broke the storm of Saracenic tyranny which threatened to darken the sky of Christendom.

This last consideration affected to some small degree a few of our own public men, who could not be accused of lack of love of country. But the past is gone. Our duty is to construct new methods of usefulness for the future.

There are social conditions utterly unlike our own which must be accepted for the present. There are historic privileges and vested rights which in strict justice may not be destroyed unless by full compensation. It must not be forgotten that Christianity is the greatest moral force in the world; that religion does infinitely more to dispel savagery and tyranny than bayonet and sword. Excesses and abuses arising from land ownership, government grants, and public moneys can be remedied without poisoning religion, the well-spring of morality.

Of course, as yet, the problem viewed from all points is insoluble; but eventually, with a due control of all the facts and a reverence for the principles of justice which are intimately bound up with the facts, it will, let us hope, be brought to a happy and honorable solution. It will not be wise to dampen the ardor of missionary enterprise. The older countries recognize this fact in their treatment of even their smallest colonies—as instance the case of France with the isle of Madagascar.

We have reasons to be apprehensive, for in our country, as in other countries, the fury of religious differences may be converted into political capital.

The addition of millions of Catholics to the already eleven millions who are children of the United States will in no way affect the even tenor of the present ways of church or state. These new peoples are unconsciously pining for that untrammelled freedom which is the secret of the purity and success of the Catholic Church in the Republic of the United States.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ST. PAUL.

CATHOLIC LIFE IN ST. PAUL.

BY MARY ISABEL CRAMSIE.



ST. PAUL may well be called a Catholic city, founded and named as it was by the building and dedication of a Catholic chapel. From the early days when devoted priests sat in the councils of the Indians, travelled in their canoes, shared their hardships, and partook of their hospitality, down to the present time, heroes of the faith have not been wanting among us; heroes imbued with the same missionary spirit that animated a Hennepin as he penetrated the silent forests and woke the echoes with prayer; or stood beside that most picturesque cascade, St. Anthony Falls, whose music had been chanted for ages unheeded, and whose sky-tinted water, unfettered and unburdened, leaped gladly down into the rapids below. And yet it is but a short span that connects the city of to-day with the few log huts that stood along the river bank less than sixty years ago. Streets were unknown. The roads were covered with grass and weeds, and fretted with stumps of trees. But the little log church, built by Father Galtier, stood upon the bluff overlooking the great river, its shadowy cross bending with the waves, and deepening and broadening into many sacred symbols with every change of the eddying current. Were its multiple reflections a prophecy of the noble spires that were so soon to lift themselves into the blue sky above the restless river?

Fathers Galtier and Ravoux were fresh from their own



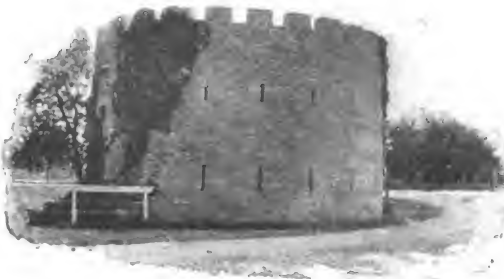
"THAT MOST PICTURESQUE CASCADE, ST. ANTHONY FALLS."

sunny land. Moved by the earnest plea of the Bishop of Dubuque, they had left behind them home, friends, and country to brave the storms, the rigorous climate, and the possible hostilities of the Indians in a northern wilderness. Souls were perishing without the light of faith or the consolation of the sacraments, and, filled with divine charity, these Christian pioneers pressed resolutely onward.

On the 26th of April, 1840, on the first boat of the season, Father Galtier left Dubuque, and a few days later he landed at the foot of Fort Snelling. There was no St. Paul at the time, and Mendota, across the river from Fort Snelling, being the only place where supplies could be obtained, he selected it for his place of residence.

A wilderness all about him; not an acre under tillage; a few scattered families in huts on either side of the river; a few camps of Sioux more intent upon gaining the scalps of their hereditary enemies, the Chippewas, than upon the consideration of religious truths—this was his mission.

Did he flinch from duty? No; though, like a brave soldier advancing to battle, he fully realized his position. Trials, sufferings, and privations were to be his portion; but armed with infinite patience, he went



OLD TOWER—FORT SNELLING.

among them, baptizing young and old, calling back to their religious practices the careless and the hardened, and spending himself in long journeys through the wide territory over which the few settlers were scattered.

The following year the little log chapel was built, so poor that, as Father Galtier says, "It would remind one of the stable at Bethlehem." But under its humble roof the Holy Sacrifice



"NOT ONLY THE FIRST CHURCHMAN BUT THE FIRST CITIZEN OF ST. PAUL."

was offered up; the beautiful story was told again and again; hymns that stirred the heart with half-forgotten memories of childhood, and that brought to their ears echoes of voices long silent, were sung; and through the mist of unaccustomed tears the inspired face of their pastor shone with more than an earthly light.

The fall of the same year brought Father Ravoux, who is still with us. For fifty-seven years his tall, spare figure has

been a familiar sight in and around St. Paul, and he is looked upon as the embodiment of the early history of the church in Minnesota. For seven years he stood alone—vigilant, tireless, uncompromising. Rigid in self-discipline, his life harmonized with the Gospel of self-denial which he preached, and his example reached more effectually than scores of sermons the reckless, careless, pleasure-loving but generous frontiersmen.

His name and deeds are a sacred tradition among the Sioux, whose language he mastered, and whose instinctive reverence he recognized and led to the true God whom they had long earnestly but blindly sought. He has been spared to witness the glorious fruits of his early labors, and, despite his crown of years, we pray the day may be far distant that shall leave vacant his place in the cathedral sanctuary.

God must have had a special love for the little mission in the wilderness. He must have designed it for a great religious centre whose light and spirit would illumine and inform the coming generations, for on the Feast of the Visitation, 1851, he crowned it with his choicest blessing in the person of the saintly Bishop Cretin.



REV. J. J. LAWLER,
Rector of the Cathedral.



REV. J. N. STARIHA, V. G.

At the time he left France he was parish priest of Fernel, the home of Voltaire, where by his piety, zeal, and personal sanctity he had done much to counteract the evil influence of that arch-infidel. Mission work had always been in his mind, with China as the field of his labors; but when his old friend, Bishop Loras, pleaded for help, he decided in favor of the western world.

Who shall describe him?

Who paint the humility that made him the servant of all, the tenderness that made him the father of all, the love that radiated like the sun's rays from the fire of divine charity within his soul, the gentleness and sweetness that invited confidence and insured immunity from rebuke? In that gracious presence the gleam of lost ideals arose and whispers of beautiful possibilities stirred the heart.

What wonder, then, that at the mention of his name a reverential look comes into the eyes of those who knew him, a sudden seriousness into the voice as when speaking of something holy. Indeed, there are still to be found men and women who invoke his aid devoutly and confidently, and whose tears of affection flow as they recall his many deeds of love and heroism.

His mind was as great as his character was beautiful, and his far-sighted policy outlined, at least, in a vague way, every good work that has since been accomplished in the diocese. Devoted to home vocations, a seminary was one of his dearest hopes; and when Archbishop Ireland formally opened the St. Paul Seminary his first thought was, Thank God! Bishop Cretin's hope is fulfilled.



REV. WILLIAM COLBERT,
Chaplain 12th Minnesota Volunteers.



REV. P. J. HART,
Chaplain 3d U. S. Cavalry.

He diverted the tide of Western immigration which had been flowing toward the gold-fields of California to the Northwest, by establishing bureaus of information and using the press throughout the country to further Catholic immigration. Minnesota's rapid advance to statehood is due, in some measure, to his energy in this direction.

Within a year after his arrival he opened a school for boys, which was taught by



IN THE STATE THERE ARE OVER 8,000 LAKES.

even the credit of awakening the temperance sentiment which has always been one of the distinguishing marks of the Diocese of St. Paul.

His daily life was a marvel of activity—busy from five o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night. He rang the Angelus himself, answered the door at any hour of the night, and, Sunday after Sunday, he said two Masses and preached three sermons. His death in the sixth year of his episcopate cast a cloud of sorrow over the whole city. Catholics and non-Catholics alike mourned the loss of one whose life had been an example and an inspiration to all who knew him.

Again the burden of responsibility fell upon the shoulders of Father Ravoux, and again he gladly laid it down before the new bishop, whom he called "a gift from heaven."

In a quiet way Bishop Grace continued the work of his predecessor. A man of superior gifts, but sensitive to the highest degree, he effaced himself completely, while with wonderful tact he moved others to the fulfilment of his plans. He was not physically strong, but his refinement, dignity, and gentle

members of his own household, and the following year he secured the Sisters of St. Joseph for the girls' school in the old chapel annex. Our noble Archbishop, with his accustomed magnanimity, gives him



MINNEHAHA FALLS.

courtesy attracted, and his genius marshalled into active service the best forces of the parish.

His sermons were masterpieces of English; sublime in thought, elegant in diction, and delivered with all the grace and power of the finished orator. His fame as a preacher spread until the cathedral overflowed with rapt listeners whenever it was known that he was to preach. No one could be indifferent to religious truth as he presented it; and who shall say into how many hearts he scattered the precious seed that blossomed later into the full flower of faith?

He was regarded as one of the ablest prelates in America,



and his pastoral letters were used as models in many parts of the country. During the last ten years of his public life his labors were lightened by the appointment of Monsignor Ireland as his coadjutor, but after the celebration of his episcopal silver jubilee, in 1884, he resigned his see, unable to bear longer even a divided responsibility. Five years later, at the suggestion of Archbishop Ireland, he was made titular Archbishop of Siunia, and soon after he retired to St. Thomas' College, where the remainder of his life was spent.

He is gone, but his works remain. During his administration schools flourished, societies were organized, charitable institutions were fostered and founded, and churches were

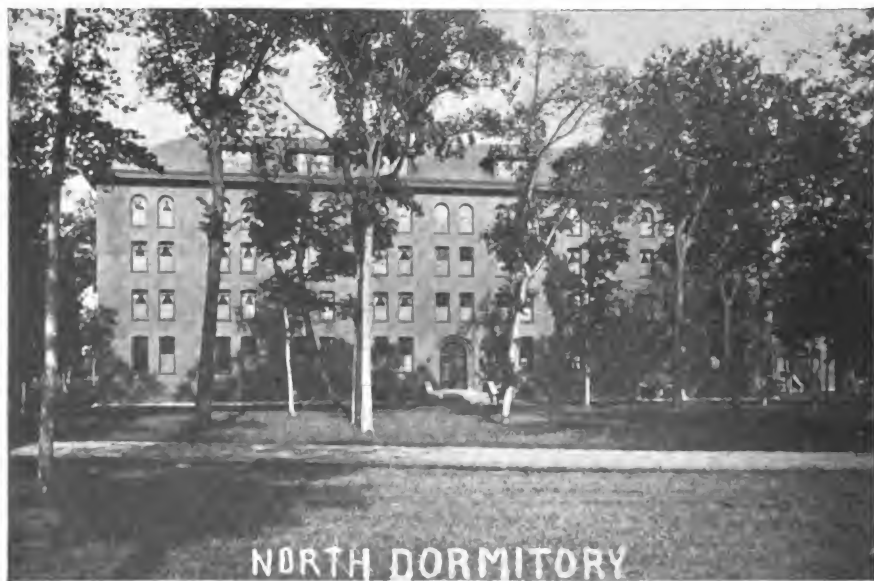
multiplied. But it must always be remembered that beside him as priest, pastor of the cathedral, and coadjutor stood one whose magnificent ability was the strength and support of every movement.

In no way did he show greater wisdom than in the selection of his assistants. He hurried to Rome when Monsignor Ireland was named by the pope for the see of Nebraska, and laid before His Holiness the needs of his own diocese with such effect that the appointment was recalled and the church of Minnesota saved from irreparable loss.

He called from St. Cloud the priests of St. Benedict, whose untiring energy built up the beautiful Church of the Assumption, always a centre of most edifying devotion.

He recognized in Father Caillet those qualities which have made his name a household word, his memory a benediction, and to him was given the pastorate of St. Mary's, "the first fair branch from the parent stem," which under his wise and prudent management became one of the first parishes in the city.

He selected for the priesthood boys whose rare talents have made them leaders in the world of thought, renowned in the field of science, eminent as professors, distinguished as bishops; whose culture has fitted them for the advance guard of the



ST. PAUL'S SEMINARY.



THE SEMINARY IS A SPLENDID MONUMENT TO THE MUNIFICENCE OF ITS
FOUNDER, JAMES J. HILL.

church of the twentieth century, yet whose richest possession is their zeal and simple piety.

The dear old cathedral! Begun by Bishop Cretin, and for a time the only church in the diocese, it will always be an object of interest and affection. Boys who played in its basement and sang Mass at its altars have been consecrated and called higher, but its old brown roof is hallowed to them, and its time-stained walls hold many of their dearest memories. The "Te Deums" that rang to the roof for joy, and the "Dies Iræ" that moaned along the galleries for grief, will often find a responsive echo in their hearts; and when the time comes to

build a new cathedral befitting the dignity of the archdiocese, the old stones will be treasured as sacred relics.

The cathedral has always been the heart of our Catholic life, sending through all its members the pulse of a progressive spirit and the warm, rich strain of charity and benevolence. It has been blessed with a royal line of pastors, and these with their able assistants, supported by a loyal and generous congregation, have succeeded in making it a centre of higher education. Here are found the only Catholic high schools in the city. Cretin High School, for boys, under the direction of Brother Emery, is doing noble work for both church and state. At the last year biennial church and alumni banquet for boys, under the direction of Brother Emery, work for both state. At the last year biennial church and alumni banquet priests, professors and business men, and boys with life united in paying tribute of respect to their old friend and his faithful assistants.

From the School, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, many of the most successful of our public school teachers have been taken. Some of these have re-earned, conscientious work and their memory is a delight of their former pupils.



FATHER IRELAND,
Chaplain 5th Minnesota, 1862.

The good work of the cathedral clergy in other than educational lines is evinced by the number and activity of its societies. The St. Vincent de Paul Society is the central bureau of investigation into the condition and necessities of the poor, its committee acting in conjunction with the secretary of the Associated Charities. Branch conferences have been established in the other parishes, from which representatives are sent to the quarterly meetings of the central council, where reports and plans are discussed and a uniform system of relief preserved. The Ladies' Aid Society provides as far as possible clothing

and other necessities for them to distribute. The old-fashioned Rosary Society, distinctively charitable in its purpose; the Altar Society, devoted to work within the sanctuary, and the Sodalties of the Blessed Virgin and of St. Agnes are deserving of special mention. The Perpetual Adoration Society brings hourly



RT. REV. J. B. COTTER. RT. REV. JOHN SHANLEY. RT. REV. JAMES MCGOLRICK.

before our Blessed Lord in the Tabernacle numbers of devout worshippers, whose absorption is a sermon on spirituality. In this silent union of the human with the Divine Heart the soul must be purified, and the heart strengthened for the trials that no life can escape. Some of its most zealous promoters are men, and their presence at all hours is most edifying.

It is not to be wondered at that temperance flourishes in

our city. Our great Archbishop creates around himself a temperance atmosphere, in which societies spring up as naturally as flowers under the genial breath of May. The old Father Mathew Society, the pride of his youth, still exists—veterans, gray-haired but vigorous, who, like the Old Guard, die but never surrender. Death itself seems loath to touch the old heroes; but when it does, their dying eyes are surely gladdened

by the presence of their beloved leader, who holds in tender remembrance these friends of the olden time.



RIGHT REV. JAMES TROBEC.

Of the other total-abstinence societies, the Crusaders and the Cadets are strong in numbers and enthusiasm; the Angels of the Home are doing what their name suggests; but the women's Sacred Thirst Society is the crowning glory of the movement because its activity reaches out in so many directions. It is represented in the Associated Charities, in the Rescue League,

in the Friendly Visitors, and in other practically undenominational organizations.

Its members haunt the legislative halls in the interests of minors; their voices are heard in the councils for reform. They visit the jails, modestly seeking the Catholic women who may be unfortunate enough to be behind bars and leading them to better conditions. They gather together Catholic magazines and papers for distribution in the work-house, reformatories, and asylums, and even the axe-men of the pineries are beguiled from their winter's weariness by the ever-welcome

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dren are dressed
Communion, the
and comforted,
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every good work
noble women of
Society. Open
monthly, to which
On these evenings,
sentation of some
and a few musical



HON. MYRON W. COLE,
Founder of the Catholic Truth
Society.

ticon views, talks on science, or sketches of foreign travel
are given. This attracts, the good seed is sown, and the work
goes on.

With the growth of the city the necessity for division
arose, and parish after parish was formed, until twenty-three
churches are now extending the influence of the cathedral, each
doing God's work faithfully and successfully, each weaving a
shining thread of Catholicity into the busy life around it.

Since 1851 the Sisters of St. Joseph have been with us,
advancing their work from the old chapel-annex to the beautiful
academy on St. Anthony Hill, toiling in the parochial
schools, caring for the orphans, and ministering to the sick.
St. Joseph's Hospital is an institution of which the city may
well be proud. Its doors are ever open to the sick and suffering,
and many an "exile from home" has found in the tender
care of the sisters a balm for home and heart sickness as well
as alleviation of physical pain. Theirs is the service beyond

ing-matter. Gar-
and issued, chil-
for their First
sick are visited
the dying are con-
h o n o r e d, a n d
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the Sacred Thirst
meetings are held
all are invited.
besides the pre-
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HON. WILLIAM LOUIS KELLY.



HON. JOHN W. WILLIS.

JUDGES OF THE DISTRICT COURT.



HON. JOHN D. O'BRIEN.



HON. DANIEL W. LAWLER.

price—the service of love, which creates its own atmosphere, and is a most powerful factor in the recovery of health and strength. It has several free beds supported by one whose prosperity has never chilled her heart or rendered her unmindful of the homeless poor.

In higher education we have the Sisters of the Visitation, also, with their splendid academy at the head of Robert Street ; and in the parochial schools, the Benedictines, Franciscans, and School Sisters of Notre Dame.

The Little Sisters of the Poor came among us about fifteen years ago in their usual manner—empty-handed. "God will provide" is their beautiful belief, and in most unusual ways their faith is justified. They provide a haven of rest for the aged, worn and weary with the storm and stress of life, many of whom have all the helplessness without the charm of childhood. Among their inmates at present is "the oldest inhabitant," who has reached the ripe age of one hundred and six.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd, whose work has been in a manner sanctified by the Master's forgiveness of the penitent Magdalen, are bringing earth a little nearer heaven by reaching out a helping hand to the desperate and binding up their broken lives. All this work brings before the world the power and holiness of a religion which can make human nature forget itself in deeds of heroic charity and complete self-abnegation.

Catholic life in this city is not a separate stream flowing on in strength and beauty, but keeping well within its banks and reflecting only the forms and faces that are borne upon its own breast ; it is a deep current mingling with the stream of municipal life, touching the dark places, rising to the light, an element of power and purity through every curve of its difficult course.



HON. PIERCE BUTLER. •



HENRY C. McNAIR.

In the district court we have two judges. The senior Hon. William Louis Kelly, is a man of marked ability and spotless life; an ideal gentleman and a fearless judge. The junior judge, Hon. John W. Willis, is young, talented, and ambitious. His youth promises him the time, and his talents the power, to fill any measure of ambition; but no field of action, however wide, can affect the fervent Catholicity which was God's crowning grace to a naturally beautiful character.

In the bar of St. Paul may be found men of great and some of national reputation; but the Catholic members of that distinguished body are among the ablest in the profession. Hon. John D. O'Brien, to whom all eyes instinctively turn for aid and counsel whenever religion, truth, or the public welfare demands a champion; Hon. D. W. Lawler, a distinguished gradu-



THE LARGEST SERIES OF FLOUR-MILLS IN THE WORLD.

ate of Georgetown College, on whom the degree of LL.D. was lately conferred, and Hon. Pierce Butler, with a brilliant and irreproachable public career, might be selected as representative Catholic lawyers.

In medicine, as in law, our Catholics rank with the best.



RIGHT REV. THOMAS O'GORMAN.

From the university faculty down to the bedside of the suffering poor they may be seen, teaching, relieving, consoling. Their success is visible, but their charity will never be known until the secrets of all time stand revealed.

Beside these might be ranged a number of business men, scholarly, clever, public-spirited; men of culture, whose charming personality brings their Catholicity into avenues it would never otherwise reach. The Catholic Truth Society owes its

success to their untiring efforts. Reading circles are enriched by their thoughtful contributions. We find them on the school board, in the Associated Charities, presiding over the Christian Temperance Federation, which includes representatives from every charitable and philanthropic organization in the city, and at the front in every movement which makes for the intellectual and social advancement of our people. Mr. H. C. McNair, chairman of the committee on schools, and Mr. Myron W. Cole, founder, president, and chief promoter of the Catholic Truth Society, deserve great praise for their devotion to the cause of secular and religious education.

In musical, literary, and art circles we are well represented. Many of the members of the Mozart and Schubert clubs, in which the best classical music is studied and performed, are Catholics. Two of the best organists in the city are Catholic women, one of whom directs the Schubert Choral Society and is superintendent of music in our public schools. Literary societies and reading circles have developed much talent, and many have taken the first step toward literary distinction by the conscientious study which enables them to discern and appreciate the best in literature.

With the breaking out of the war, patriotism, which is a religious virtue, sent two of our priests to the front. Father Hart, at one time assistant pastor of the cathedral, but lately post-chaplain at Fort Snelling, was with General Shafter before Santiago. From his own report he "performed funeral services for thirty-four persons in the space of eighteen hours." During the truce he went along the field baptizing and hearing confessions until the roar of the artillery told him the battle was begun. Father Colbert, also of the cathedral, did heroic service at Chickamauga. Though not exposed to the enemy's fire, unaccustomed hardships and the deadly fever filled the hospitals and kept him busy night and day. His genial nature and simple, friendly ways made religion attractive. He smiled himself into all hearts and became the idol of the camp. Catholicity will always be a beautiful memory to the boys of Chickamauga.

But the spirit that moved over camp and field moved over the magnificent solitudes of long ago, when a brave missionary stood alone under the matchless brilliance of a Minnesota sky and called upon the great Apostle of Nations to bless and aid him. It moved downward with the years that saw our city rise in grace and beauty, animating and sustaining the toilers of the church, until their labors were rewarded by the

inspiration which gave to our city and state a temple worthy of the apostolic name.

The seminary of which Bishop Cretin dreamed, and for which his successor hoped, became, under our illustrious Archbishop, a grand reality when three years ago the St. Paul Seminary was blessed and dedicated to its sacred work. It is a splendid monument to the munificence of its founder, Mr. James J. Hill, who, although not a Catholic, devoted the princely sum of \$500,000 to its building and endowment.

The stately buildings, the wide stretches of velvet lawn shaded by old trees that nodded and whispered to one another long before the silence around them was broken by the voices of civilization, the glimpses of the river sparkling and rippling between the mighty bluffs that mark its course, the dark ravine fragrant with ferns and musical with the silvery tinkle of Shadow Falls, make it a picture of ideal beauty, and an object of interest to all who visit our city.

Its equipment is in keeping with its surroundings, modern and complete in every detail; and it numbers among its professors men eminent in the special work to which they are devoted. Its influence is felt without as well as within the church. An institution whose sacred mission is acknowledged and appreciated, it is a source of pride to our broad-minded citizens, who recognize in its head not only the first churchman but the first citizen of St. Paul.

Our beloved Archbishop! When generations shall have swept onward and upward to the plane whereon he now stands—in the light of that future whose sun his eagle eye has already pierced, let the history of his achievements and influence be written.



THE NEW STATE-HOUSE, ST. PAUL, MINN.

"THE CHRISTIAN" AND THE CRITICS.

BY REV. SIMON FITZ SIMONS.



HE man who demolishes an imposture in any shape is a benefactor of his kind; hence the dramatic critics who have had the courage and honesty to tell the plain, unvarnished truth about Mr. Hall Caine's *The Christian*, have done the world a real service and given themselves real cause for self-congratulation; even if they have brought down on their devoted heads the scarlet wrath of the distinguished author.

The chorus of acclamation which greeted the work when it came from the press in the form of a novel was so long and loud as to mislead men of usually sound judgment. There is, it is true, some fine writing in *The Christian*. There are some strong and striking scenes, and highly dramatic situations. There is humor, and raciness of thought and speech, and even pathos of a certain kind. There are some excellent portraits, true to the life; and some scenes that stand out from the canvas. Canon Wealthy and Lord Robert Ure are living realities, albeit by no means new creations; and the scene wherein is depicted the heartless trial of Polly Love before the Hospital Board of Managers is certainly drawn with a master-hand. But in spite of all this, the book—and it is to be presumed the same is true of the play—is far from being the happy comingling of the "idealism" and "realism" which Mr. Caine so fondly imagined he was presenting to his readers. Briefly, the difficulties with Mr. Caine's much-advertised work are: first, that its author cannot be accepted in his self-appointed office of teacher; next, that he is far indeed from being a great artist; and lastly, that he does not seem to have mastered sufficiently the philosophy of the passion of love to weave it successfully into the warp of a story of struggling human lives.

MR. CAINE POSING AS A TEACHER.

Mr. Caine cannot be accepted, first, as a Christian teacher, for the reason that the tendency of his work is largely anti-Christian. Not only does he insinuate that humanity and religion are at variance, but the scope of his work would seem

to be an effort to establish as a truth that principle is just as good a basis of morality as religion. Not only does he preach that "principle" may supersede religion in the "moral life," but Drake and Rosa, who seem to be the author's ideals, are the living embodiments of this theory. Then, according to Mr. Hall Caine, "the mighty hand of the church" rules over nothing but a mass of trembling hypocrites. He represents his grotesque hero, John Storm, as consoling himself for his hypocrisy with the thought that "ten thousand other men whom the church called saints had been hypocrites before him." He informs the reader that religion had made Storm not only a hypocrite, but a "coward also"; and that, furthermore, religion it was that "had deprived him of his will, of his manhood, and enervated his soul itself." Not only can Mr. Caine not be accepted as a Christian teacher, but he cannot be accepted as a teacher at all.

It was, of course, to be expected that a writer who proposes to substitute principle for religion as a basis of morality would naturally have somewhat hazy views about propriety, and consequently no one need be surprised to find Mr. Caine somewhat confused when he enters the domain of conduct; or that the lines between right and wrong are rather indistinctly drawn. It does not seem to be so much Mr. Caine's fault, however, as his misfortune, that he is unable to distinguish the true from the false. For such decided wickedness as that of Lord Robert Ure—the cynical, sceptical scion of swelldom—Mr. Caine has, of course, unhesitating condemnation; for the pomposity, worldliness, and hypocrisy of Canon Wealthy he has unmeasured scorn; for open vice, branded by the world as infamous, he has proper censure. Indeed, where the paths are open and the evil so clearly marked that the simple and the wayfaring may walk unerringly, Mr. Caine never halts or stumbles; but where the ways become tangled and the paths complicated, his vision is not always true, his instinct not always unerring. He hesitates about what is right and what is wrong. He does not walk sure-footed among the dangerous passes he undertakes to climb. He seems incapable of recognizing the false ring of debased coin. He cannot distinguish the true from the false. This is exemplified in the development of nearly every one of the leading characters in the work. It is true of Glory; it is true of Drake; it is true of Rosa; it is true of Brother Paul. It is pre-eminently true of John Storm. Glory's rollicking gaiety, often original and refreshing, is not infrequently

made to serve not only as the excuse, but as the justification of many speeches and rencontres of doubtful propriety and undoubted indelicacy. In spite of her cleverness and originality, the author too often depicts her as brainless, or indelicate, or both. Even the part she plays towards Storm is not always marked by honesty and sincerity; so much so, indeed, that the author feels constrained to invent the fiction of two women in her, the "visionary woman" and the "real Glory." It is the same with his ideals, Drake and Rosa. Drake's "principle" (which takes the place of religion with him) sees nothing wrong in the deception which he practises on Glory when he uses her as the unwitting instrument of Storm's ejection from his church; and Rosa tells Glory: "'Duty,' 'self-sacrifice'—I know the old formulas, but I don't believe in them. Obey your heart, my dear; that is your first duty." John Storm's short yet violent career is one long chain of deceit, duplicity, and hypocrisy. He is the creature of impulse; but his instincts are only too often in the direction of duplicity and hypocrisy. It does not mend matters greatly to find that the deception in him is often self-deception. He practises deception on others as well, and without a scruple abuses their confidence. He enters a monastery to mislead its inmates and trample on its rules. Common honor and common honesty are flung to the winds. It is impossible to glean from the work whether this duplicity and hypocrisy have the author's censure or his sanction. Indeed, the conclusion is often forced on the reader that the author finds a species of justification for the conduct of Storm in the overwhelming force of circumstances; or in the still more overwhelming force of Storm's genius, which bears down all moral questions before it. The theft of the key from the father's room—indeed, the entire episode of Brother Paul's nocturnal exit from and return to Bishopsgate Street, is revolting in the extreme, though doubtless meant to be thrilling. An honest man in John Storm's place, even one with a spark of honor or moral feeling, would have fled instantly from the monastery rather than enter on such a chapter of hypocrisy—such a crusade of demoralization; but Storm takes everything as a matter of course. So much for Mr. Caine in his self-appointed "duty" of teacher.

LACKING IN ARTISTIC MERIT.

This confusion of morals and labyrinthian tangle of the true and false is due not so much to Mr. Caine's incapacity as a

teacher as to his incapacity as an artist. There is in *The Christian* a material scope and a display of power sufficient to make a work of fiction of a high order of merit. What is wanting is the magician's wand to give balance and color to the whole. The balance-wheel which preserves the various proportions is just as necessary to produce a great work of fiction as the machinery which prepares the material. It is perfectly easy to imagine "Othello" or "Lear" so distorted and ill-proportioned as to make them jarring and incongruous, instead of being the most incomparable of dramas. A slight touch of color from the simulated madness of Edgar, the genuine folly of the fool, or the real madness of Lear, added to either of the other two characters, would mar and confuse all three. A generous leaven of the manliness and nobility of Kent infused into the villany of Edmund, or *vice versa*, of Edmund's crimes among the virtues of Kent; a sprinkling of the graces of Cordelia over the filial ingratitude of Regan or Goneril, would confuse the entire play, so symmetrical and beautiful in its perfect balance. The same is true of painting. A dab or two of misplaced color will ruin irretrievably the most beautiful work of art. And it is precisely in this balancing of his characters that Mr. Hall Caine is so woefully wanting. To the "sapere" of Horace he is an utter stranger. He lacks the insight of the poet and the clearness of vision which is able to distinguish between the various parts, and which gives proportion and harmonious arrangement to the whole. In a word, he lacks the instinct of truth. There is not in fiction so absurd a hero as John Storm. From first to last the author seems to be hesitant as to whether he should make him a hero or an imbecile, with the inevitable result that he divides the honors about equally between both—on one page making him little less than the angels, and on the next an idiot as simpering as Sir Oliver Martext. At one moment he has all the zeal and discretion of Saul of Tarsus; at the next he is the counterpart of the hero of Cervantes.

This wavering and uncertainty begins with John Storm's history and ends only with his marriage and death. He is a cross between a zealot and an idiot, an apostle and an impostor, a genius and a hypocrite, a fool and a philanthropist. Mr. Caine exalts him, invests him with extraordinary, almost superhuman, powers—almost deifies him. In sober and solemn earnest, to all appearance, he makes him a reformer, a hero, a prophet, and finally confers upon him the martyr's crown; and all the while seems to be laughing at him as a visionary, a

fanatic, a fool, an imbecile. At one moment he is unmistakably the author's hero; at another he is the butt of his ridicule. A fool, we are told by the highest authority, is to be treated according to his folly, but when we are ready to apply this principle to Storm, the author steps in and arrests us by the solemnity of his tone and the gravity of his demeanor. No one likes to read of the Knight of La Mancha in serious vein, or to regard him as an altogether serious personage, yet the author of *The Christian* asks us in all seriousness to take as a type of his realism a visionary who out-Herods Herod, who outdoes Don Quixote, and who, if a type of anything, is typical only of the windmills which his prototype demolished. Nothing could be loftier than the burning eloquence with which Storm denounces the sham and hypocrisy of London society. He is the equal of a Basil or an Ambrose. Nothing can be more beautiful than his sublime ideals, nothing nobler than his plans for the regeneration of London society; but, on the other hand, nothing could be more ridiculous than the scene in Drake's quarters, when he first leaves the monastery; nothing could be more ignominious, or even ludicrous, than his Damien craze and its farcical outcome. Yet here, as in many other places, it is difficult to say whether the author expects us to laugh at Storm or weep with him.

There are, however, instances in which Mr. Caine manifestly makes merry at his hero's expense. There is not more truth in the adage that no man is a hero to his valet, than in the axiom that, in a serious work, the hero should never be made ridiculous. The hero of the Novel without a Hero is the only instance we recall, among serious works of fiction by great writers, in which the author pokes fun at his hero; but, for all Thackeray's humor, "Heigh-ho Dobbin" and "Gee-ho Dobbin" has our unfaltering respect and confidence from the start. The ridicule is merely superficial. It is shaken off as lightly as the dewdrop from the lion's mane. Beneath his shy demeanor, his awkward, clumsy, over-grown exterior, Captain Dobbin carries a heart of gold, a true nobility of soul, and a judgment which, through all the mazes of *Vanity Fair*, never loses its equilibrium. Thackeray would never be guilty of covering with ridicule a hero of his creation in such fashion as Mr. Caine deals with John Storm.

This unbalanced judgment plays sad havoc with the story. The author often finds himself in situations the most embarrassing. Tragedy invades the realm of comedy, and comedy usurps

the throne of tragedy. The results are frequently most ludicrous, the denouements grotesque in the extreme. The reader smiles where he is expected to be serious, laughs where it was expected he should weep. Passages which he opens with a thrill he ends with a shrug; and at the close he lays down the work, wondering whether the author intended to hold up the hero for admiration or contempt.

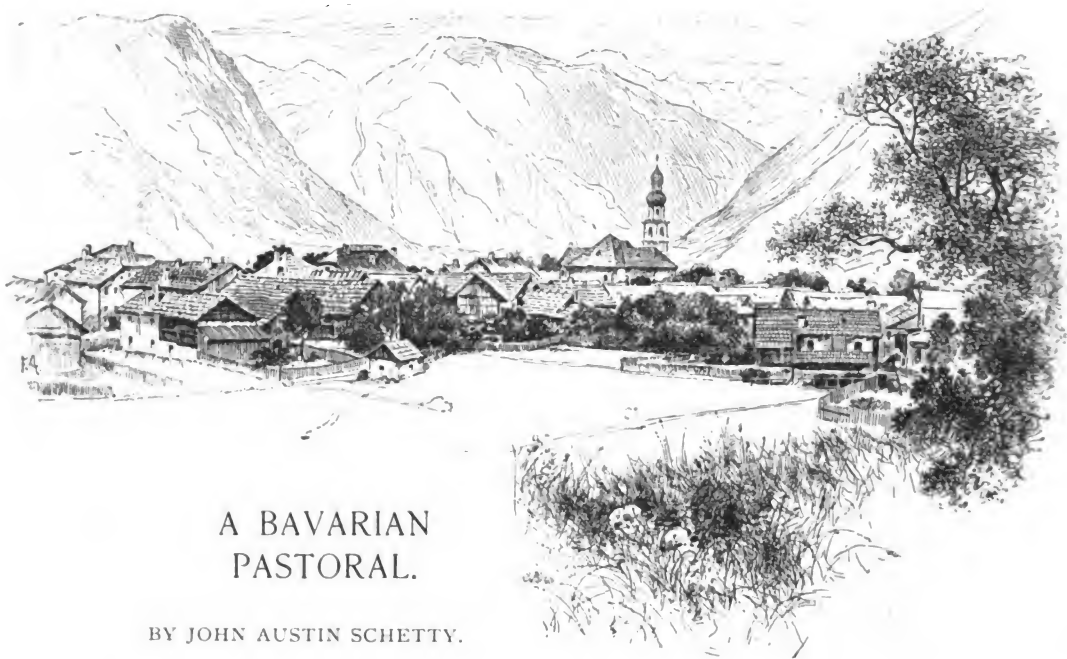
PHILOSOPHY OF THE PASSION OF LOVE.

But, possibly, the greatest objection to the book, from an artistic point of view, is what seems to be the author's philosophy of the passion of love. Never was love so unlovely as that portrayed in *The Christian*. There is nothing tender, nothing touching, nothing soothing, nothing tranquillizing, nothing humanizing in the love pictured in its pages. It is not even a devouring flame. It is a fierce scorching breath that blights and hardens. It is true that fate deals somewhat harshly with the lovers. But never was love more tragically fated than in "Romeo and Juliet," and yet there is in it, as pictured in its awful tragedy, a tenderness and pathos that sinks deep into the heart of humanity, and in some mysterious way calms and soothes it. Mr. Caine's conception of love, as depicted in *The Christian*, is the reverse of all this. Even in Glory's love there is neither tenderness nor pathos. But had Mr. Caine deliberately undertaken to contradict Emerson's dictum, that all the world loves a lover, he could not have done it more effectually than by creating the hero of *The Christian*. Never was lover so absolutely grotesque as this hero. John Storm is a rhinoceros in love. His antics under the sting of Cupid's piercing dart are exhilarating in their delicious absurdity. Whalers tell us that when the gigantic mammal feels the keen edge of the harpoon he darts off with lightning speed and dives, sometimes, in a hundred fathoms of water. There must have been a kinship between Storm and the tribe of the great cetacean, for, when Cupid's harpoon reaches his blubber, he instantly buries himself out of sight, only to come to the surface again, like his whaleship, for another wound; and then dives deeper than before. On one particular occasion, when the weapon was more keenly pointed than usual, Storm was not satisfied by diving into the monastery; he dived down deeper still. The very next morning he stands before the altar with bowed head and takes the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience for life. Let any man read the last chapter of the third book of *The Christian* and

preserve his gravity—if he can. The real state of the case seems to be that, while we are expected to imagine Storm and Glory in love with each other, they are in love only with themselves. The objects that lie nearest to their hearts are their plans, their projects, their ambitions, their schemes, their fancies, their whims. Storm thinks he loves God ; he is sure he loves Glory. The truth is, he loves only himself. He never stops to consult for her happiness or comfort at all. When he thinks of her, it is only as a beautiful tail to his evangelical kite. Glory does not seem to be a whit better in this regard. Two plain, common-sense people, actually in love with each other and in their right minds, would, under the circumstances in which the author has placed them, have cut the gordian and tied the true-lover's knot in the second chapter, and saved the author and his reader all the wearisome pother and much ado about nothing. But the fact is, John Storm is not a personage in his right mind. It is a diseased mind, and not his love for Glory at all, that is at the bottom of all his eccentricities. Instead of being put upon a pedestal to serve as an example of an unhappy victim of the grand passion, it would have been a mercy to him to place him under the care of the nearest physician who happened to be skilful in cases of scrofula or diseased liver. Mr. Hall Caine should alter his philosophy of love.

Possibly we have given Mr. Hall Caine's latest work more attention than it deserves. If so, our apology must be that we have seen great names subscribed to high praise of *The Christian*. The New York press tells us that Mr. Caine is one of the personages of the hour. And Mr. Caine, himself, once told an Edinburgh audience of the grave responsibilities that devolved upon him as a teacher of his fellow-men.





A BAVARIAN PASTORAL.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.



T was a short, unbroken line of cottages—in truth, a village street ; the only one, too, in that quaint little place. It ran along in an even line to where the little church blocked the way, then stopped as if satisfied—as if in deference, for the church was very old, even older than the village. Perhaps if some old warrior of Roman times and Roman ways could but live again, he would tell of many a lonely watch kept in its old stone tower, around which the church itself clustered like an adopted child ; square and grim it stood now as it had stood for ages, though it had long since fallen from its high estate, for no helmeted warrior peered from its narrow slitted windows, as of yore ; none but the owls kept it nightly company.

And the village ? It lay spread upon the Bavarian plain like others of its kind, its nearest neighbor some six miles off, though plain to view like a distant ship. Peak-roofed cottages, built of a composite of stone and sand, gazed stolidly at one another, just as they had done, to the best recollection of the oldest inhabitant, for ever so many years ; nothing ever changed there except the church-yard, which grew larger every year. The great, bulky stones that served as paving for the solitary street

were just as uneven and annoying to the feet now as when old Gustave the joiner had trod them as a boy. Gustave would have said so had he been asked ; and Gustave was a man to be relied upon, for not only did he make the coffins for such of his friends as died, but he had been mayor of Hochbau as well—which was the highest honor in the gift of its three hundred inhabitants—consequently he knew whereof he spoke. The old man had never been further in the world than Mannheim, whence he returned so full of impressions that Hochbau listened open-mouthed for weeks in sheer wonder at the tales of the wondrous buildings, the noise and traffic, and above all the ships, the great, wonderful boats that came up old Father Rhine laden with unheard-of things. But old Gustave had never gone again ; he loved old Hochbau better than them all, he said. Truth to tell, the experience had rather startled his quiet old peasant wits, so that at present he was content to wear very ungainly trousers, huge, baggy affairs, needlessly short and needlessly wide, that looked as though they were made of leather, to say nothing of a pair of mammoth spectacles affixed dangerously near the end of his nose, through which he was wont to gaze with a paternal air at the young folks, or very importantly at the old ones, as the case demanded.

Down at the corner, where the high-road from Altdorf intersected the village street, stood the Gasthaus of the Black Eagle, and over the entrance, swayed by the passing breeze, hung an effigy of that noble bird with wings and legs outstretched in seeming ecstasy, and apparently standing on his tail, in a very effective way. At the Black Eagle one went in one's leisure time to drink beer and dance with the buxom belle of the village, and there on Sunday afternoons could be heard the cheerful clink of glasses and shuffle of flying peasant feet.

Half way to the Black Eagle stood Adolf Grossman's abode. Like the others, it boasted little adornment—a building of two rooms on the ground-floor, a kitchen and sleeping-room, with a loft upstairs for the children ; that was all.

Adolf had raised a large family and was now quite an important personage. As collector of the imperial taxes he wore a soldier's cap with the government coat-of-arms just over the peak, and seemed of late to have adopted a military swagger. People deferred to him now ; the Herr Pastor himself had insisted on his coming into the parlor for a glass of wine, an unheard-of honor, and which was accorded habitually to none but

Franz Altman the miller, who was the richest man in the place. Consequently, though his worldly circumstances were of the vaguest, being increased to a few marks only by his present position, he resolved to quit working in the fields for other people—for Adolf's wealth, up to the present, had never allowed of his doing anything else. Old Gustave—who, in view of his high standing in the community, felt at liberty to discuss things and people very freely—gave it as his opinion, in confidence to his particular crony, that Grossman was not doing right; he was spending far too much time at the Black Eagle sipping beer and shuffling cards, while Liza his wife toiled bareheaded in the sun for Hans Bruener, who owned many acres. It was a shame! that was all about it.

Poor Liza! people told her a great many things, but forbore telling Adolf, who had grown rather morose of late and whose surly temper was not to be trusted, as they well knew. She bore it uncomplainingly; what good would it do to complain? He had always done as he wished; he would do it now, she knew. Therefore, when the sun was sinking and the outdoor toil done, she hastened home with seeming cheerfulness to prepare their frugal supper; yet thoughts would come as she warmed the milk, for was she any stronger than he, thus to toil while he rested? She had borne his children, worked for them just as she now worked for him; and now they were gone to homes of their own, leaving her a worn-out woman to care for herself. Through years of his domination she had grown into a dumb sort of submission that took a good deal to rouse into questioning, but at times the whole world, or what she knew of it, seemed very selfish. How her back ached after the hours of stooping! Sometimes her head swam and it seemed as though she were always weary—a weariness that never found rest. It seemed hard, truly, thus to live till death came; surely God!—but then, as though to bid her be patient, a little hand would steal tenderly, shyly, yet confidently into hers, and looking down she would find little Nicholas, their last child, looking up to her wistfully, strangely, it seemed. Poor little fellow! she had almost forgotten him—he the only one left. He was loving now; so had the others been, and they—

Yet there was something different about this one, whose eyes followed her round so oddly, as though, childish as he was, he intuitively guessed her trouble and sought to assuage it. It soothed her to take him in her arms and, with his cheek pressed to hers, shed the only tears her bruised heart ever knew; he

was very young yet, else he too would have had to work. Her other children had been strong and rugged, but this one was delicate, with a silent, quiet way very different from the other peasant children. At present he went to school, trudging manfully off at six o'clock in the morning, for there was daily service in the church which all scholars perforce attended. Yet, though he was as devoted as the rest, often as he crouched on the hard stone floor, the little mind was dwelling on the mother at home—the patient, sad-eyed mother. Ay, he had sharp eyes, had little Nicholas! No one ever dreamed—least of all his rough, boorish father—how keenly the childish eyes took in every action of the others, how the little heart palpitated and throbbed with pain at his father's rough words or his mother's heavy sighs. There in his corner, unobserved, he saw what no one else seemed to guess—the breaking of one devoted heart.

Liza was not the only woman who helped till the soil. When an imperial army takes all the strapping young men and the stalwart older ones for itself and its uses, leaving none but the old or the very youthful, there is nothing left for the women but to work in their places. This seemed natural enough to her; her mother had done precisely the same thing for her father when he was away. Therefore it was that Liza had companions; Martha Wissner was one of them. Martha was a gossip of the first order, always primed with a dainty morsel of news which she was prepared to share with any one at the first opportunity. Did the morsel bite or choke you in the swallowing, so much the better. In addition, she was a widow and compelled to work daily to live. Martha's outward self displayed little beauty; her visage always looked as though some one had but recently let go of her nose—there was a florid hue about that organ suggestive of strangulation of the blood. In addition, her mouth was quite devoid of teeth, and, as false ones were unheard of in Hochbau, Martha remained a widow.

So they worked side by side one day, Liza and Martha; it was warm, and they had been toiling diligently on their knees in the soft earth for the last hour. Martha stood up; her rugged face, bronzed by the sun and open air, looked not unlike an Indian squaw's, while her hair, drawn back very tight from a low forehead, was gathered at the neck in a series of crossed lines that suggested one of her own native bretzels. Liza still worked.

"Ach, ja! Liza; do stop for a minute. Why kill one's self? One gets no thanks the more," she said, in the patois of Rhenish Bavaria. Liza kept on, unheeding.

"You—you will slave! You have a husband; if it were I, now—" Liza paused a moment, whereat a sparkle came into the other's eyes; she planted her closed hands on her hips and, surveying the kneeling one commiseratingly, smacked her lips with anticipation.

"Ah, these men! But he is a wretch!" she exclaimed. "As I came by the Black Eagle but awhile since they were drinking, and dancing too. But these women—they are so bad; some of them anyway. That Freda— Bah, 'tis a shame!"

"Martha, stop your babble! I am tired." It was Liza who spoke in a hard, dry voice; she had ceased digging and was sitting on the ground, her head buried in her hands. The other looked at her half-pityingly. It was cruel to talk to her of these things, she knew; yet she enjoyed it, for it gave her a strange sense of power—even though it were but the power to wound and bruise; a thorn has such power. But she must seem sympathetic.

"Ach, ja! But they are not all alike, these men. No, thank God! they are not all alike. Mine—" she paused and sniffed suggestively, but the other seemed not to hear her,— "mine," she resumed, feeling for her apron and drawing it to her eyes, while her bosom began to heave, "mine—he—he—" then came a series of wheezy sobs—"he would have died for me!" And forthwith she burst into a paroxysm of tears that had the desired effect of rousing the other and making her look up. Martha saw her face was strangely white, and then Liza staggered to her feet; whereat the other approached her sympathetically.

"Go thou home and rest," she said. "If old Bruener comes this way I will explain to him; so go!" And Liza, without a word though faltering slightly, turned away. Martha watched her pass on through the fields toward the village; once she paused near the brook that runs there, and, stooping, dipped her apron in it and placed it to her head.

"Ah, well! if anything happens, I at least have acted like a neighbor to her," murmured Martha, shaking her head solemnly at the memory of her generous friendship; then, as she resumed her digging, she felt herself to be the embodiment of virtue and charity indeed.

Liza trudged on. As she neared the Black Eagle she, too, caught the strains of a fiddle, but never looked toward it—keeping her eyes averted as though to look would blast them. So she arrived home. The rooms seemed dark after the bright sunlight, and it was with a startled exclamation, therefore, that a moment later she beheld her husband seated therein. He had not been at the Gasthaus, then! The reaction made her weak, and, staggering toward the table, she fell into a chair, burying her head in her hands.

“How now?” cried Grossman sharply.

“Ah, Adolf!” she cried, wearily raising her head to gaze at him, “I—I—am afraid I am going to be ill.”

“Ah, bah!” he answered testily. “Ill—of course, ill! And what has made you ill, I would like to know?”

Little Nicholas, who had been gazing with a trembling heart from his place in the corner, now drew near and, laying his head on her bosom, whispered, “Mother, what is it? Tell me!” For answer she only pressed him fondly; then with an effort rose to prepare the supper. Her silence irritated Grossman, who, gazing at her a moment, muttered: “A plague on them! One gets nothing out of these women any more!” And strode outside forthwith. The day was declining. Up the village street a few stray geese lagged a moment, then waddled homeward; the sun’s rays streamed diagonally across the thoroughfare, and, catching the glass in the windows of the opposite dwellings, covered them with a golden radiance. Across the plain came a few puffs of air, bringing with it the flavor of new-mown hay and the tinkle of cow-bells, as the herd wended their way homeward for the night. All savored of peace; yet there were human passions struggling here as elsewhere—human frailties, human sin! Unmindful of it all, the man outside puffed away contentedly at his pipe, while some villagers on their way home, mindful of the coat-of-arms on the cap, bowed to him deferentially. Adolf returned the salutation majestically, as though he were the major domo of the king himself; then, thinking it time to eat, re-entered the house. Liza had warmed the milk and set a dish of smoking beans before him. This was his favorite morsel, and with a sniff of satisfaction he sat himself down to do justice to it; but just as he took it in one hand and seized the spoon with the other, there came a rap at the door. Grossman frowned, and the next moment Martha poked her head in.

“A glorious evening, Herr Adolf; but how goes it with

Liza?" she began familiarly. The frown on his face, deepening, quickly became a scowl; then suddenly, with a quick movement, he flung the whole contents of the dish at her without further ceremony.

"To the devil—you old washerwoman! What brings you here?" he cried with a roar that nearly frightened little Nicholas out of his wits and caused the intruder to slam the door hurriedly, while she blessed herself at her narrow escape; for the beans, by some miscalculation, striking the print of the royal family hanging on the wall, left the poor king's face a vision in stucco-work, while the queen and the rest became obliterated entirely. Adolf was in a great rage at the result of his handiwork as well as the loss of his dainty. "If that petticoated old meddler ever shows herself here again, I'll throw her out! That she may drop dead is my wish!" he fumed; and Liza, knowing that he disliked her above all people in the place, scarcely wondered at it. Then getting up, he wiped the print off carefully, seeking to repair the damage; but the incident served to put him in a bad humor, and, hastily finishing his meal, he strode out into the night, while Liza, having put the dishes away, dragged her weary limbs to bed.

Next day Martha worked by herself in the fields, and though she felt that Liza must be ill, yet the memory of her former experience deterred her from making any inquiries at the house. She made amends, however, by giving her views and impressions first to the school-master's wife—whom she knew would be glad to get them—then to a niece of old Gustave's, and so on through the category. Her opinion in a condensed form was, that "Grossman was a lunatic, and that Liza was a fool to put up with it. When she is dead," said Martha, "he will marry that Freda—see if he don't—the wretch! Oh, these men!"

"Yes, these men," repeated the school-master's wife with a pessimistic air, until, catching sight of her liege lord in the distance, she suddenly recollected having something very urgent to do, and, forthwith getting rid of the news-bearer, slipped into the cottage. The school-master's wife promptly informing him of Liza's illness and old Gustave's niece doing him a like service, the news became public property in no time. It annoyed Grossman, who was secretly furious at the interest they manifested in the matter. To the school-master, old Gustave, and Franz Altman the miller he explained that, while his wife was unwell, there was no reason for alarm.

"Liza is ill," he said carelessly, "but then all women are that at times"; for these being people of note he thought it wise to be affable. He felt no such obligation in the matter with others, however; so that when old Wilhelm the cobbler sought to sympathize he cut him short by brusquely telling him to mind his own business. Truth to tell, his hard peasant head had little of sentiment in it, and when he saw his wife sitting up and even able to go about the house, he concluded in all sincerity that there was nothing radically wrong with her; thinking himself generous indeed because he was content to say so little about it. Though her face were pinched at times, he never noticed it; so, after staying dutifully at home for a few hours, he betook himself at length with great relief to the Black Eagle, where of late there was always a chair reserved for him. It was congenial there; about twice a week a fiddler came that way with a wheezy old fiddle and scraped away in a lively strain. At such times Adolf found that he still could dance—and enjoy it too; then Freda Schuman made a capital partner, and was such enjoyable company besides.

Meanwhile Liza had much time to herself—time to think, time to even grow rebellious and despairing; but she was no fighter, being accustomed instead to moulding herself to other wills stronger than her own. Yet she was wounded in her soul. She thought the wound was truly her own secret, a something locked from prying eyes in the recesses of her own heart; but she recked not of the quiet little figure in the corner. When he gazed at her so solemnly, or stole up with childish affection, she thought and called him a loving little Nicholas, but never dreamed he guessed all.

Thus a week or two passed away. It was afternoon; Adolf was out and little Nicholas had not yet returned from school. She was washing some dishes when she suddenly grew strangely fatigued, her head swam, and with an effort she staggered to the bed which occupied one corner of the room; with a confused idea that everything was going round and round, she sank upon it. Liza lay very still. A numbness oppressed her, deadening all sense except that of thought, while an icy chill seemed rising to her very heart. Everything in the cottage was just as it had always been. On the lead-colored walls hung the same collection of prints, the same picture of the royal family; in one corner stood the table with its dishes left to dry, in the other stood a dresser with the white and blue cups given her

at her marriage displayed conspicuously on the top shelf. Through the open windows came the scent of new-mown hay, the cackle of some village geese—the breath of creation redolent with life; a volume of sunlight streamed through the open doorway, making radiant whatever lay in its path; part of it flooded the faded red coverlet of the bed, bringing the old block pattern into plain relief. After a time a small figure entered in seeming haste; then catching sight of the other, whose eyes were closed as though asleep, tiptoed quietly over to the corner. At length Liza's eyes opened and their glance rested gratefully on the boy; little Nicholas' knees were drawn up, and his elbows, resting on them, supported his head. As his mother's eyes fell upon him, something in the glance made his own dilate; they became fixed on hers immovably with a fascination that showed dread, fear, and longing all in one. He too looked numb, as though he were frozen into immobility; sitting there in the shadow, he seemed elfish. Soon little drops of moisture stood out on his forehead, but he was too absorbed to notice them. Ever and anon Liza's eyes turned slowly from him to the open doorway; yet no figure, if she sought one, crossed the threshold. She was alone—she and the boy!

After a time the little figure, rousing itself, crept, half in fright and awe, toward the bed; as it did so the arm of the other moved instinctively, and passing over his curly head clasped itself about his neck, whereat something like a smothered sob escaped him, but beyond that no sound, no word was spoken by either. Still the sunlight, the sounds and breath of life were all about them; and so the minutes passed, while the boy's eyes, large and full, gazed into hers as though they would have absorbed her very soul. No tears dimmed them; but were his heart-strings being slowly severed, one by one, they might have looked the same. At intervals her bosom slowly heaved and sometimes her lips moved, but no sound came from them; again she turned her head inquiringly toward the door, while the clasp of her arm about his neck tightened. He bent his face to hers, his eyes filled with the pain of a dumb animal that cannot adequately understand how or why it suffers.

“Mother!” he whispered, a world of despairing entreaty in his voice—“Mother!” Then he paused, frightened, for the clasp of her arm relaxed.

Without there was still brightness as before, but within there was none; the sunlight had stolen away. He was alone!

The fiddler was at the Black Eagle again. So was Adolf, and Ulrich the forester, full of conviviality and wine! Freda Schuman, too, was there, and some others; among them the proprietor, who, leaning both hands on the table, was obsequiously awaiting orders for further refreshment. The fiddler gave a preliminary squeak; Freda looked up expectantly.

"I take schnapps," said the forester, addressing the inn-keeper.

"Ja wohl!" replied he; "and Herr Adolf?"

"Ah bah! I dance this time instead," and he winked at the fraulein. At the same time a small figure made its appearance in the roadway, but none of the party observed it, seemingly. The fiddler, bending to his work, gave forth an opening strain; whereat Adolf stood up with the fraulein, while the forester with a grin observed, "Truly a giddy pair!" at the same time taking his liquor from the host. But as he would have raised it to his lips he paused in amazement, for a small child, whose face seemed familiar, appeared unexpectedly in their midst and advanced straight toward the company.

"Ay, ay! Grossman, your young one, as I live!" he cried.

Adolf turned sharply and looked down. Standing beside him was Nicholas, with a face strangely white and set, strangely old, strangely altered! The frown on his father's face gave way to a look of inquiry, while the fraulein instinctively withdrew her arm.

"Father," spoke the diminutive one with just a slight tremble in the childish tones, "mother is—is dead!"

"What!" cried Adolf with a blanched face, "your mother? Why, she—" He broke off falteringly, while the music died away in a wail. The forester's joviality was gone; he gulped down his liquor and brushed his hand across his eyes. The fraulein clasped her hands; Grossman seemed stupefied; while the child, gazing straight before him, waited patiently until his father, abruptly turning, walked away from the room as one in a dream. Nicholas followed at his heels without a word, like an accusing angel, leaving the others of the party gazing blankly at one another. After a moment the forester, hitting the table a terrific thump, vociferated "It's a shame!" and, picking up his gun, left without further ceremony. The fraulein slipped away and the fiddler laconically packed his instrument in its case, while the one or two others looked at the host, who shrugged his shoulders.

The afternoon train rolled into Speyer with a shriek and a rumble. From the long line of carriages a few soldiers, some civilians, and all manner of travellers alighted and, quickly scattering like so many particles blown by the wind, went their several ways. Among them had been a quiet, black-robed stranger, who, separating himself from the rest, paused a moment irresolute. The streets of the old cathedral town were thronged with people. Villagers from the neighboring hamlets, attired in their best, jostled soldiers and students while gazing about in wonderment at the buildings and the shops; they walked on the sidewalk, in the middle of the street, anywhere, everywhere, and all filled with Sunday good humor and jollity.

The stranger, who had the air of a scholar or student, was a man of forty perhaps, with a pale, thoughtful face and a slight, slender figure. He gazed about him at the soldiers, the peasants, with a reminiscent air, as though they had been familiar to him once upon a time. In the distance the old cathedral loomed above the line of houses, showing plainly against the background of sky. He looked at the edifice, then at his watch, and closing it with a satisfied snap, strode off slowly through the town until he found himself in the vicinity of the church, which he entered. Within all was quiet and filled with the subdued radiance of the afternoon sun; a few devotees were kneeling here and there, but they heeded him not as he passed on down among the tombs—the last resting-place of the Hapsburgs and those great memories, who sleep so quietly now, though they made history once. Having made a tour of them all, and loitering to read many an inscription with melancholy interest, he entered the streets once more and sauntered toward the railway station.

The stuffy room was crowded with peasants waiting to return to their village homes, and standing unobserved in a corner, he watched them with a strange interest while the women talked, the babies squalled, and the men smoked. At length the train arrived, whereat there was a frantic struggle for seats; they were all third-class carriages, and he squeezed himself in with the rest, keeping unobtrusively in a corner, as though desirous of being unobserved. Then, with a banging of doors and much confusion altogether, they moved off. At each stopping-place the train disgorged its load, until after a little one could sit comfortably on the wooden seats. At length the guards called "*Bischoffheim*," and the train having stopped, the stranger alighted. As he started to move away some one

called, "Nicholas! Nicholas!" With a quick movement he turned, to see a peasant seize a little boy and, taking him by the hand, lead him off. Turning away with a sigh, he set out through the main street of the village and along the high-road, walking along with the air of one who knew the way thoroughly. It was the hour of twilight, and the sky above was filled with all the glory of the dying day; a halo of light filled the western sky as though to crown the vanquished sun-god as he sank to rest, while the dark blue in the east became dotted here and there with a few venturesome stars, shimmering and trembling at their own temerity as though half fearful to linger where one so glorious had dwelt before. On either side of the road-way stretched fields of waving corn, which undulated like waves of the sea in the passing breeze. Sounds of laughter, of men's voices, floated up from the village he had left, and here and there a startled hare dashed across his way, but otherwise he was alone on the plain. At length there loomed up before him the dull, rambling outline of a village; there was yet sufficient light to discern objects by, and presently he made out the peaked roofs of its cottages. He was now at its outer edge, but instead of entering the main street, he turned and by a short cut found himself at a little church-yard. Pausing a moment, as though moved by some emotion, he lifted the latch of the gate and entered; all was quiet within, and devoid of living soul but himself. He wandered unerringly among the sunken crosses straight to where a little mound of earth rose covered with small field daisies, and from which a plain little wooden cross protruded; stooping, he gazed at the cross and read "Liza Grossman" in the dim light; then, the memory of other days with a sad, patient mother face rising before him, he flung himself prostrate on the heap of earth and sobbed aloud.

Long he knelt, while the soft summer breeze fanned his cheek and sighed about him, and the fitful shadows changed to gloom; at length he arose and, plucking a handful of the daisies, walked slowly toward the church-yard wall. His sorrow had given way to resentment—the old, old canker he had tried so desperately to down in all the passing years; the mound with its daisies had made him a boy again, with all the old griefs tugging at his heart, the more relentless for their long subjection. He felt, therefore, that this was not the place for him, and turned to go; as he did so he was startled to find that he was no longer alone. An old, bent figure had come slowly, feebly up the narrow path. He could not distinguish

the face—some old villager, perhaps—and wishing to leave him undisturbed, he drew back in the shadow. The old man came slowly forward, then pausing, with clasped hands, sank tottering to his knees. The other started; a strange, subtle instinct moved him, after a moment's irresolution, to advance. The old man was kneeling at the very grave *he* had so lately left, his bowed figure bent over its grassy surface as though he were peering at the sleeping one beneath, while he kept repeating brokenly, all oblivious of the other's presence, "Thou hast never forgiven me, Liza—thou, who wert once so patient and forgiving. Never once, through all these years!" His voice died away in a half groan and sob, while the other, certain now of the old man's identity, felt his pulses throbbing as though they would burst. His resentment!—that thing of years—where was it now? Gone! Yea, that pathetic figure, whose limbs tottered with age, whose hair was whitened with remorse, had dispelled it, exorcised it, like the evil thing it was. Again the old man was pleading for forgiveness.

"Send me but a sign, Liza—but a sign that thou hast forgiven me—" he was saying when the other, his mind teeming with the recollections of bygone years, gathered up the shrunken figure as one would a child's, murmuring:

"She has forgiven you, father—long, long ago, and so—have I!"



IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT ACT.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



THE measure recently passed to improve local government in Ireland makes an extraordinary change in the spirit and system under which counties and other areas were taxed and ruled. It may be broadly stated that the people can henceforth administer their local affairs; whereas formerly the counties were ruled by the landlords alone, and the affairs of other areas, such as poor law unions and their subordinate divisions, were to all intents and purposes administered by them. In an article of this kind it would be only a trial to the reader to give a detailed account of the new system; but a comparison between it in its leading features and the old one, coupled with a short history of the uses to which the old system was put, may be interesting and instructive to all our readers—must be one and the other to any person concerned for the welfare of the people of Ireland.

THE GRAND JURIES AND THE ACT.

I am prepared to say that the people generally are anxious that the act should be availed of in the wisest manner. I am glad to recognize that in every county the members of the superseded bodies, namely, the grand juries, are to some considerable extent disposed to give the Local Government Act a fair trial and to co-operate in its working. No doubt they were awarded by Parliament a sum equivalent to £16,000,000 to permit the measure to pass, and this would logically include such co-operation. Moreover, it is their interest to take a part in the local administration both as tax-payers and residents to be affected by the resolutions, appropriations, and orders of the County Councils and the subordinate bodies. If they were to hold aloof, it would be hardly just to allow them to say that they were injuriously affected by the acts of men whose political views were at variance with theirs and whose social position was different from theirs. At the same time it would be shutting my eyes to facts if I were to suppose that all grand jurors looked at the reform in this manner; nay more, that so far as they could manifest themselves as public bodies, they, with only

three exceptions—the grand jury of Cork, that of Roscommon, and another—evinced a desire to render the measure as inoperative as possible. The members of the grand juries were glad in their individual capacity to receive a present of their share of the poor rate,* but in their social or quasi-corporate capacity† they were disposed to keep the power which they sold as individuals. Accordingly, in the House of Lords a few of their number endeavored to mutilate the measure; nay more, an effort was made to retain the grand juries as co-ordinate county authorities in finance and administration. The measure is now an accomplished fact, and there is ground for hoping that there will be a union of all classes in using it for the benefit of the country.

THE HISTORY OF THE GRAND JURY SYSTEM.

In order that our readers may realize the social and political significance of this measure, and its possible effect in repairing many of the evils of the past as well as in promoting schemes of industrial and agricultural improvement, it will be necessary to give in a few words an outline of the Grand Jury system, the powers conferred by it and the way they were exercised. Broadly speaking, when the entire country was divided into shires at the close of the war between O'Neil and Queen Elizabeth, the sheriffs of the counties possessed the power of summoning freeholders and householders holding lands for a chattel interest on the estate of some freeholder to the assizes to serve on what came to be called the grand panel and the long panel; in other words, as grand jurors and petty jurors. But before all Ireland became shireland there were parts of the country which had been divided into shires. In these parts, the sheriffs, by custom partly, and partly by virtue of positive enactments, had the power to select any persons they chose to act as jurors. Consequently we find common soldiers, adventurers from England, serving-men, and so on acting as an inquisition to determine what fine should be imposed upon the estate of some "mere Irishman" upon whom the sheriff had cast an evil eye. These acted as grand jurors, and the fine was supposed to be appropriated for county purposes. Later on in the day the same persons sat as a petty jury to try the unfortunate owner of the estate for his life, and he might deem himself very fortunate if by agreeing to another fine he escaped

* This measure is estimated at £16,000,000 capitalized value.

† Their corporate existence only lasted during the one assizes, though their committees and the officers appointed by them held on. They might enter into contracts for apparently an indefinite time.

being hanged before his own door. This is the origin of the jury system in Ireland, and the spirit of that system, with much of its irresponsible power in the levying and allocation of rates, was enjoyed by the grand juries now superseded by the Local Government Act.

THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY THE GREAT OPPONENT.

The most conspicuous opponent of the new measure was the Marquess of Londonderry. He is the representative of Lord Castlereagh, who dragooned Ireland into rebellion in 1798 by methods the like of which are not to be found in the history of any country except that of Turkey. In some circumstances, and these morally of very great importance, because men are largely the product of their institutions and customs, their traditions and inherited animosities—in some circumstances the fury which profaned the homes of Bulgaria and Armenia is blameless in comparison with the calculated atrocity which sent in the soldiery on the people in parts of Ulster and Leinster; blameless in comparison with the bigotted malignity which caused the Irish yeoman to disregard the ties of race and country and language in carrying out the policy of government. The very English and Scotch regiments were practically of the same blood as the peasants of the northern and eastern counties whose wives and daughters they subjected to the last horrors of military license; but lest some pity should arrest the British soldier when appealed to in his own tongue, mercenaries from the shambles of German despots were let loose upon them by Castlereagh. The specially energetic opponent of the Local Government Bill, as we have said, was the heir* of the honors and estates of the “carotid artery cutting,” as Byron described Lord Castlereagh. Now, when this man, this Marquess of Londonderry, was selected the last time the Conservatives were in power for the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland; when under him the prisons were filled by evicted tenants and the men who espoused their cause; when the police were made to play the part of Janizaries in maiming and murdering their own countrymen; it is impossible to form a judgment of the relations between government and the Irish people, or upon what principle the Lords and Commons of the United Kingdom rule Ireland.

Our desire is that all classes in that country should unite in turning the measure to the best account; but we do not want any class to proceed on mistaken lines, and above all we object to some classes throwing themselves into transports of gratitude.

* In the collateral line.

We are determined to point out danger-signals, lest the corrupt, the vicious, the malignant should, by abstaining from a share in working the act, be free to cast discredit upon what in the proceedings of the different councils and the social position of the members may not meet with their worshipful approval. This is our reason for referring at some length to the noble marquess; and that the more readily because in his attitude he represented irreconcilables in three southern provinces, and the entire brigade which surrounds the landlords in very many parts of Ulster. Even in the House of Lords he was supported by men from whom we should have expected better things; all this going to prove how great is the difficulty in reconciling the elements of Irish society under the conditions which bind her to "the predominant partner."

POINTING OUT THE DANGER-SIGNALS.

With regard to the question of the amount of gratitude due to the present government, we must observe the measure only gives in a somewhat maimed manner powers of local government conferred upon England and Scotland more than a dozen years ago. In the case of both of these countries the measures were, indeed, an extension of powers beyond those possessed by the local authorities, but their principal value lay in the improved machinery and the large increase of the popular influence. That is to say, the local authorities in England and Scotland were, from the nature of things, in touch with the people and amenable to public opinion. Consequently matters of administration and works of improvement would not ordinarily become subjects of party warfare. Moreover, in towns and urban districts there was a real popular control in both of these countries. In Ireland it was altogether different. The origin of the Grand Jury system, and the powers exercised by the sheriffs and the grand juries in earlier times, have been already given in outline. It has been said in a former page that the spirit which animated those bodies in early times has been transmitted to our own day; and with that spirit an irresponsible power of taxation and county administration, together with a large patronage. A few words more to fasten upon the reader's mind the fact that the local government which prevailed in Ireland was not merely a machinery unsuited to the requirements of an active and enlightened age, but it was a system, in intention and operation, constructed to perpetuate the degradation and robbery of the great body of the people.

TRADITIONAL ANTIPATHY TO CATHOLICS.

It had been one of the functions of these bodies to make presentments against Catholics and outlaws. In the early part of the eighteenth century the great part of the presentments consisted of declarations returning Catholics whose estates had been confiscated as being persons without visible means of subsistence, and this with a view to their transportation to the North American settlements. Unquestionably there were many unfortunate gentlemen and others—against whom judgment of outlawry had been passed—living in the hills and mountains, the bogs and other inaccessible places. At each assizes their names would be called and posted up; while the grand juries proceeded to pass a presentment for the expenses incurred in hunting them, or to be incurred in hunting, killing, or capturing them. The amount of the presentment was to be levied—so ran the order in pursuance of powers in that behalf—off the goods and chattels of the Catholics of the parish, barony, or county at large. Nothing could be better calculated than such powers to make the *posse comitatus* a Protestant standing army in each county; not only that, but property qualification, where Catholics were concerned as litigants or where they were tried for criminal offences, became a trifling affair. It would seem at first sight that a people virtually outlawed like the Catholics of Ireland, could be no worse off if tried by a jury some members of which were ignorant men of no means, than if they were tried by men with some means and some education. That, however, is not the case. The low class Protestant was abjectly servile to his betters, and made it his business to go any length to please them in maintaining the thrice-happy constitution in church and state by which a Catholic earl of ancient lineage lived on sufferance, while any Protestant from France or Germany, no matter how poor and good-for-nothing, possessed by virtue of his religion all the privileges of a subject of George I., King of Ireland.*

RECKLESS TYRANNY IN EXECUTING PRESENTMENTS.

One part of this odious power exercised to the present moment was that of presenting for malicious injuries to property. Sometimes by special enactments the power was extended to include injuries to particular classes of persons. As late as 1837 an act was passed by which any person injured in

* The reader must remember Ireland was a distinct kingdom till the Union.

the service of a landlord—this was the effect of the act—any policeman in attendance on a boycotted person, any soldier engaged at an eviction, if injured could obtain compensation, and in case of the death of any one belonging to these classes the amount could be claimed by his next of kin. By an act passed some years before this one, called the Crime and Outrage Act, any person injured, or the next of kin of any person killed, by the agents of a secret society of an agrarian character could claim compensation. It would be superfluous to dilate upon the temptations afforded by such laws to make unfounded demands, and the spirit of reckless tyranny likely to be produced in those exercising the powers conferred upon them. That such claims were, at least, as numerous as those which had some degree of right we have no hesitation in saying. We say, too, that presentments have been made without regard to the bearing of evidence, and in cases where the facts proved seemed to warrant the presentment the amount granted, in the majority of cases within the last nineteen or twenty years, was excessive. Take an award, according to the tests to measure compensation in respect of person or property in England, and we maintain that those presentments were unreasonable.* The fact is, they expressed the vindictive findings of men who hated the classes upon whom the levy should fall, and who were determined by their proceedings to prove to their servitors that nothing should be lost to them or their families on account of fidelity to their employers. If any man in the employment of the landed interest chose to apply for a guard of police the rate-payers should pay for it. Beyond all *a priori* deduction as to what amount of abuse there would be, went the actual abuse of the privilege. One would know that in a given number of instances demands for guards would be made where they were not really needed, and possibly turned to profit by the protected person and his family; but no one would think *prima facie* that there was hardly an exception among the county court judges, magistrates, landlords, agents, bailiffs, process-servers, and “land-grabbers,” to whom guards and escorts were granted, who did not in some way or another make profit out of the arrangement. The higher persons employed the police as servants, the lower persons sold them farm produce. Now, when we consider that a poor country burdened with taxes, and believed to be paying

* There have been no enactments of this kind in England for centuries, but the method of measuring compensation referred to is that in connection with the appropriation of land by public bodies, and the findings of juries in actions of assault or injuries owing to the negligence of railway companies, etc.

annually an amount much beyond her proportion and her means to the imperial expenditure, was subjected to this wrong, not for the public benefit but to satisfy the malignity and greed of a powerful and unscrupulous class, we have no words for what we think. We can only wonder at the patience which bent under this instance, as under a thousand more; the endurance which survived all contained in the story of the relations of Ireland and England.

THE NEW POLICY OF THE "DAILY EXPRESS."

As we have been saying, these topics are not introduced through resentment; we are very far from feeling anything but a desire that the county councils shall prove themselves useful agents and servants of the public. There are Conservatives who honestly wish this. We take the *Daily Express*, under its new management, as an exponent of the sentiments of those Conservatives who recognize that as Irishmen all their interests are bound up with their own country. Men who are not fools, if they mean to permanently reside in a country and leave families to enjoy the property they may have acquired, regard the land of their birth as a secondary object. Much more in the case of men born in a country to whom that of their ancestors can be little more than a name. Very many Irish Conservatives have been settled in Ireland for centuries, but owing to influences legislative, religious, social, and political they have never regarded it as their own country. We welcome the promise held out by the *Daily Express*, not long since the most insolent and malignant of the anti-Irish press in Ireland, a promise so well expressed by Lord Charles Beresford's dictated letter to the editor some time ago. The letter was written in answer to a request that he would write an article on the Local Government Act for the new series of the *Daily Express*. He was unable to do this, but in his reply he says, or rather his secretary for him: "The unhappy fortunes of Ireland have ever been chiefly due to the divisions amongst her sons, and he hopes that . . . the measure of local self-government . . . will bring together all classes of Irishmen in an effort to work together for the good of the country and to prove Ireland's capacity for managing her own affairs, as this act enables her to do." Indeed, the tone of the letter is throughout excellent,—of course we dissent from the proposition that the act enables Ireland to manage her own affairs; in point of fact, it only enables counties to govern themselves

within the prescribed limits of local administration,—but we take it as a fair proof, appearing as it does in the *Daily Express*, of the desire of an important section of Conservatives to turn the measure to good account in developing the resources of the counties, improving communication within the counties, providing on better terms for the relief of the poor, making the sanitary laws effective, affording facilities for better methods of industrial education, and, in a word, for the effective discharge of the business of county government.*

A BODY WITH A STRONG DEMOCRATIC FLAVOR.

There is, no doubt, a good deal of complication in the system now constructed, owing to the existence of bodies whose powers are transferred to the County Councils or the subordinate councils, while the bodies in question are still kept alive. For instance, while some of the functions of the Poor Law Unions are transferred to the District Councils, the older bodies are to remain in accordance with a provision that makes the members of the one practically the same persons as the members of the other. From this one curious result arises: that as Poor Law guardians they will be under the jurisdiction of the Local Government Board, while in their capacity of members of a District Council they will be subject to their County Council. If they do not please the Local Government Board, they may be dismissed by that board and paid guardians appointed in their place, so that an autocratic bureau no way in touch with the electors and councils or the people at large has in its power to deprive the new bodies of a very important and beneficent part of their power. This danger, we apprehend, is not so likely to arise. We have a well-grounded hope that a strong public opinion will support the new bodies when they are once in working order. The qualifications of the electors are democratic enough, the qualifications of the candidates are the same. In point of fact, every one not disqualified on the ground of belonging to certain excluded classes may be elected to the county or district councils; that is to say, any elector may be a candidate if he be not a clergyman of some denomination, or a person laboring under civil disability or the like. At the same time it can be stated with confidence that there is no very general desire to exclude men of experience in county government, and, of course, of wealth and social

* The subordinate bodies, such as the district councils, have their own functions, but in obedience to or preparatory for legislation by the county councils.

position, from seats in the county and district councils. We have reason to believe that a very considerable sprinkling of the old grand jurors will be found among the elected, unless it be their own fault. If these men take the new conditions honestly and fairly in hand, if they unite with their less favored countrymen in an effort to improve the state of their counties by outlay of a judicious character on works of public utility, and to elevate the condition of the people of the future by supplying to the young the means of advancement in the various walks of life open to them, and to hold out to the small farmers in a systematic manner the class of aid which is now so very imperfectly afforded by the Royal Dublin Society and the county agricultural societies, from such co-operation a spirit of union will spring up, and that will produce a public opinion strong enough to check the high-handed measures of the bureaux, the reckless legislation of majorities in the British Parliament, the subtle and stealthy invasions of personal and public liberty by lords-lieutenant of the Londonderry kind, and chief secretaries of the Marquess of Hartington kind. Indignant Tories forty years ago described government in Ireland as the rule of Larcom and the police. When Lord Londonderry was at the head of the Irish government, a few years ago, it was Balfour and the police; it is still Balfour and the police. And why is this? Simply because there is no opinion in the country, because the people of all ranks are divided, each section caring only for the approval of those belonging to it, and England contemptuously indifferent to each and all of them. It will be another matter when all classes are brought together in representative assemblies, where they are sure to give and take after a little time; to discover that they have a common interest in the welfare of their localities; that it is to each other they are to look for help, not now or then but always; that it is poor policy to play the game of their English masters by dissension, and that they have played the game so long that there is hardly a people or a country left them. We say that out of the knowledge gained in such work of co-operation will arise an opinion which will not merely preserve the rights they have won against the tyranny and intrigues of corrupt boards and officials, but will enable them to obtain the boon of national government, the power by which alone anything considerable can be accomplished to raise the country to a place befitting her natural resources and the qualities of brain and hand with which her children are gifted.



SOME VISITORS AT CANNES.

BY E. M. LYNCH.



SIR WILLIAM had the deepest voice I ever heard. It was slow, too, and solemn, like the double-bass in a string-band. By no stretch of imagination could you think of him as a youth or a child. Yet he was only thirty-five or forty when his ponderous presence loomed above the Cannes horizon and his bell-like tones tolled through hall, corridors, and stairways of our hotel. Sir William did not come alone. His short figure, with its over-weighting shoulders and massive black head, was but the first in a long procession. I have seen a dark owl mobbed in the sunshine by a host of darting, brightly colored birdlings. That owl and his following reminded me of Sir William and his family procession. There were three girls, pale, thread-papery, golden-haired, who seemed to have stepped straight out of *Punch's* pictures of high-bred English childhood.

These three were always escorted—or shall I say supported, or dragooned?—by a be-spectacled, middle-aged governess. The eldest of these, a girl, was about twelve; then came two delicate flaxen boys and an intervening girl. This trio was guarded by a young governess, who was intent upon modelling herself in the likeness of the elder preceptress. Happily, however, she still lapsed sometimes into a smile, and occasionally forgot to assume the pedagogic tone. The youngest of her wan, elf-like pupils was six. After these came Algernon, the only child of them all that was not blond (he had chestnut ringlets and big, hazel eyes), and following Algernon was a chubby three-year-old sister. How pretty they were! But how much too languid for children! Yet the governess often called them to order as “noisy.”

Algernon and the chubby sister were under the tutelage of a rosy, motherly nurse. It was a comfort to know that those little things, at all events, had somebody to give them sounding kisses and “bear’s hugs.” Members of the middle trio used sometimes slip away from their attendant governess in the hotel garden to find Nursey under the palm-tree; and thence I have heard a piping treble pleading for “a kiss and a bear’s hug for me too, please.” Whereupon sounds, loud and many, as of the castanets of the Neapolitan dancers who sometimes came for our entertainment in the *salon*, would issue from beneath the palm, and a moment later the happy hugged one would dart off to retake a place in the processional ranks. There was another functionary—a sewing-maid for the elder girls. Nurse “mended” all the little ones. I hope that that sewing-maid was just a little human. She would sit with the nurse in the shade, plying a busy needle, and once I heard her laugh with little Algernon; so she cannot have been quite as rigid as the governesses.

On arrival at our hotel there were other members of the party: a courier, who presently disappeared altogether, and a footman in livery—no mere valet, but a parti-colored, bright-buttoned functionary, who might be seen at any sunlit hour following Sir William with photographic plates, or fresh proofs of views, or standing in readiness to carry off the camera—for Sir William was an enthusiast in the matter of sun-pictures. John waited on “his family” at a long board in the hotel restaurant. A capable machine was this typical English footman. In their rare moments of playfulness the children found no aider and abettor in this demure personage.

Almost equally with photography, the grave Sir William concerned himself about his sons and daughters. Photography, however, he found the easier study. He observed his progeny as an ardent entomologist observes rare insects; and just as beetles scurry away in dread of the cold, fixed scrutiny of the scientist, so the children quailed under Sir William's dark, questioning eyes.

One day the eldest girl tore her frock. It caught in the carving of the sideboard. The child held up the three-cornered rent by its point, and laughed almost heartily.

"Etheldreda, why do you laugh?" boomed the deep voice. Her father stood still for the reply. Etheldreda's laugh became a quavering titter.

"Etheldreda," called out the sad voice, "why, *why* laugh?" A pause. The titter was only a wail now.

"So rag-y," gasped the child.

"Ragged?" repeated Sir William, gazing solemnly at her. "Ragged? But wherefore—?"

Looking down the long line of faces, he appealed to the elder governess to explain the mental processes whereby a torn frock became comic to the thinking of his eldest-born.

Miss Mitching was equal to the occasion. She quoted Dugald Stewart to prove that "Surprise excites a feeling of mirth when surprise is accompanied by no higher emotion."

Sir William would have liked to cross-examine Etheldreda on the evidence of Miss Mitching, but the child seemed much frightened; tears threatened, and there were few minor ills Sir William dreaded as much as tears.

Towards him his children dared not be demonstrative. Miss Mitching discouraged caressing ways, even amongst themselves. Indeed, such frail fairies were generally too listless to be expansive. They were prone *to cling*, and the buxom nurse had some way of infusing a certain warmth into their ways. But she was alone in this faculty.

Miss Mitching's contemptuous estimate of all the eight was summed up in these words: "There is so lamentably little—mentally, morally, or physically—in any of them."

To this the second governess demurred, at the first hearing. She was severely snubbed for her pains.

It was part of Sir William's system for the better understanding of his children to start topics of conversation at table. Once, seeing Araminta, aged eleven, intent on the intricate hotel monogram upon her plate, he called out: "Fond of china, Araminta?"

The child changed color and nervously pushed her plate and glasses together. The rattle was disagreeable. She looked for a reproof from Miss Mitching.

"*China*, Araminta?" repeated the solemn double-bass.

She looked appealingly at her father and piped, "My doll's set."

It belonged to deportment to "speak when you were spoken to," and "to look at the person addressed." Poor Araminta was doing her shy best, at the cost of agonizing bashfulness.

"*Tolzet?*" quoted Sir William. "*Tolzet?*"—looking to Miss Mitching for enlightenment.

"*Doll's set*," that lady explained. Still Sir William could not understand, and John had to fetch the toy before light broke upon the paternal mind.

If any subject interested the children, it failed to appeal to the father; and the young folk had not the smallest taste for home or foreign politics, or for the intricacies of the newest photography. They cared in a listless way for colored pictures. Sir William said he "detested daubs." Algernon alone, who had a tin German army and a photographic album filled with German royalties, regarded the Fatherland as his province, and would throw in an occasional remark, with more or less happy effect, in the pauses of Sir William's talk. Once, when the little fellow's prattle flew very wide of the mark, his father laid both palms upon the table, leant forward so that his shoulders looked heavier than ever, and gazed into the child's face. What eager eyes! What hungry craving for enlightenment! What a forlorn attempt to fathom a nature so unlike his own!

The little boy grew frightened. He flushed scarlet and writhed on his high chair. At last he began to cry.

"What *have* I done?" moaned the deep voice.

"A nervous child," put in the younger governess.

"'Nervous?' I don't know what 'nervous' means!" came the booming syllables one by one.

John knew what was needed to mitigate the strain. He caught up little Algernon, and sped away with him to where he could be folded in Nurse's capacious embrace, and sob himself back to calmness, while she stroked his chestnut head and purred over him.

But Algernon's impulses were not always those of dread or discomfort. I saw him once, of his own free will, come back to the room to sit by his father during the morning cup of coffee. The school-room party were just trooping away from

the breakfast-table. Sir William came back from an early photographic expedition. The rainbow-tinted footman carried in something precious in rosewood cases. Algernon slipped his hand into Sir William's. The mite in black velvet and vandyke-point collar tried to stride in step with the "compressed Hercules"—Sir William's nickname with some pert young ladies of our hotel. Algernon hoisted himself with great difficulty on to a chair.

"Why did you return?" said his father, not gruffly but in his usual deep, slow notes. The voice expressed sadness and wonder.

"Thought you hadn't had your coffee," piped the treble.

"But you have had your milk?" A long pause.

"Algernon, do you want anything?" Still silence.

Coffee came, and the silence was less irksome.

"Algernon, I asked: Why did you return?"

The child's voice trembled now. "To sit by you, father. I think—I think I'll go now," struggling down from his perch. "Thank you," he added politely.

"Go *where*?" said Sir William, fixing the child with that perplexed and perplexing gaze. "Where, I say, are you going now?"

Very faintly came the answer: "To the nursery."

"'Nursery?' Is it *pleasanter* in the nursery?"

No answer came, save the patter of little feet—not striding any more—across the polished floor of our *salle-à-manger*.

It was a sad life for children, and sad for the anxious, uncomprehending parent too. Sir William would talk to them by the hour, but always on "grown-up" subjects. He would watch them yearningly as they ran away from him, thankful, poor small mortals! to make an end of the rain of questions that he poured upon them. His wistful eyes never saw them running *towards* him. Whenever the children were obliged to face their formidable father, they drew up and prepared for a catechism. If the topics were not painfully grown-up, they generally bore upon the work going forward in the school-room. On one occasion he made them all wretched over their failure to spell ecstasy. On another, when Araminta had incautiously declared she had "learnt all about the Hebrides," it proved that she knew not where were Ouist and Barra; neither did Etheldreda. The governesses were scarcely less dejected than the little girls. Very often at luncheon, as I sat at my table in the window, I have seen Sir William look slowly, slowly

from one to another of the pretty, wan faces. What was he searching for? Some clue to the separate riddle that each of his children presented to him? Was he looking for some likeness to their consumptive mother, now nearly three years dead? or for some sign by which he might know if they would live or die? I cannot tell. But Mrs. Woods, who makes it her business to ferret out the history of every one in our hotel, says that Sir William has never smiled since Lady Anna's death, and that she, poor ghost! was a tiny, moonlight-colored being, coughing, coughing always, from the day she was sixteen—a birthday which was her wedding-day also.

Once Algernon actually started a conversation. His father and he were sitting with a long bench's length between them. The boy was in his elf-like attitude of chin on hands and elbows on knees. Sir William, profoundly unconscious of everything else, was turning negatives upside down and inside out. When Algernon's thin treble called "Father," Sir William dropped a glass.

"Which do you like best, father—prayer or praise?" piped the child.

Sir William swung slowly round. "I don't understand you, Algernon."

There followed one of the frequent irksome pauses.

"*What* praise? *What* prayer?" questioned Sir William, sonorously, at last.

"The psalms are praise—mostly," stammered the child.

"And 'prayer'?"

"Prayer is, is—oh, *asking for things*."

Another long pause.

"Which do you like best, Algernon?" came at last.

"P-p-praise," said the elf, truthful in spite of an access of timidity.

I can see them, if I shut my eyes, as they were, one warm spring day, among the scarlet geraniums and bright-flowered shrubs of our gay terrace. The elder girls, hand-in-hand, all circled slowly round chubby "Baby." The warm wind blew their manes of pale hair about their faces. The sunshine glittered upon those northern locks and crowned each child with an aureole. Algernon gravely watched the scene from under the shade of a gaudy mimosa. He sat on an upturned flower-pot in his favorite attitude of contemplation. I believe his dim, five-year-old brain grasped far better than his clever father's the thoughts and inclinations of the rest of the family.

Yet Sir William tried hard to unriddle his offspring. He read Herbert Spencer on education. He loved, in a way, his ailing flock. But he was constrained to mutter in a despairing bass: "The children are so many Xs to me."

That day, on the terrace, the two elder boys sat languidly teasing the hotel's stately St. Bernard dog. The two governesses conversed apart. Nurse and a mountain of things to mend were in the Marshal-Neil-covered arbor. She and baby sometimes blew kisses to each other. Suddenly Sir William, John and the camera appeared upon the terrace, and a great shadow fell upon all. The boys and the governesses "stood attention"; the St. Bernard seized the propitious moment, and fled; the girls stopped their quiet dance. Baby only went on smiling and blowing kisses toward the arbor into which nurse's portly form had discreetly withdrawn. Kind, troubled Sir William forthwith began to puzzle himself about them all, and to ply the assembled company with searching questions. "Was Talbot less well to-day than usual?" "What was the *meaning* of that game? Or was it no game, but a dance?" "Was baby *wise* in sitting on the damp grass?" "Dry, was it? Oh, ah! and a shawl had been spread? Indeed! very good." "Had Araminta observed the blooms of the *Solenum jasminoides*, or why had she got a bit in her hand? Habits of observation were worth cultivating, eh?" and so on, and so on; the anxious glance searching face after face, and discovering nothing!

Nothing! except, perhaps, that all feeble attempts at play had stopped, and the children were shrinking together shyly. Miss Mitching and her coadjutrix threw no light on the perplexed gentleman's cogitations; partly because they feared to offend him (it is difficult courteously to tell a *positive* father that his children are *negative*, one and all); partly because they themselves stood in great dread of Sir William's sledge-hammer questions, and his If-not-why-not? style of address; but chiefly because each feared the other's judgment. Neither could bear to seem to curry favor, to be time-serving. Still less would either like to appear wanting in acuteness. They had thoroughly compared notes. Both thought little of the mental powers or emotional capacity of their pupils. That feeble Eight were alien to the professional ladies. They judged the children coldly, by the white light of a very limited reason, without any illumination from the beautifying rays that affection, or imagination, would have shed upon their "charges." How could the governesses explain to a loving parent that he "could

not get a straight answer to a simple question" (as he sometimes complained) because there was "nothing in" his children, who were mere lumps of apathy that the sharpest categorical weapons *must* fail to pierce, because there was absolutely nothing to offer resistance? How say, as Miss Mitching was rather proud of having said, that the children were "like bubbles, fragile things that floated brightly for a little while, by reason of their very emptiness"? Or having privately assented to any such estimate, how come out now with a new opinion? how reverse the sentence, upset the verdict, and with her yoke-fellow standing by?

Nurse would have described the children as her "lambs," her "doves" (possibly "dovies"), her "golden daffadowndillies," her "precious sensitive plants"; and Sir William as "a thistle." And there might have been some illumination for him in her characterizations. But, as Sir William never consulted "vulgar persons," he missed any light that Nurse might have been able to throw upon his family.

And their dead mother? Could *she* have unriddled his perplexing progeny for the father? I doubt it. She was, Mrs. Woods says, the counterpart of her children.



ISLE OF STE. MARGUERITE.

FRANCESCO.

A TALE FROM A ROMAN NOTE-BOOK.

BY T. B. REILLY.



VERY evening they come to the quiet little chapel on the Via di Lucchesi where the white Host gleams in the candle-light. They kneel on the stone floor; one to the right, the other to the left of the doorway. Their half-whispered "Aves" sound like the rustling of dead leaves in autumn. Once when the stained, quilted mat, which shuts out the jarring noises of the street, was lifted at the door, a shaft of light from the slanting sun struck across their faces, and I saw in their glistening eyes the longing that comes only with weary days of patient sorrow.

It was long ago in the days when the Portia Pia trembled under the sharp blows of Garibaldi that the first real sorrow crept into the lives of Vittore Felici and his wife. When Lorenzo, their first-born, fell before the invaders and his home-coming ceased, they felt the sorrow and cruelty of war. He was a young lad; but his heroism is spoken of until this day. And old men over their glass in the wine-shops will tell you how swiftly the white steel of his blade glittered through the air; how he snatched the falling colors from a comrade's hand and flung them before the breach, until he fell pierced with seven ragged bits of lead. He was a brave lad. He died a hero; and all that Vittore would say was: "Blessed be God!"

It was only with Annetta's coming, two years later, that the sorrow of the father's heart lost its bitterness. When he looked upon her face the old fire came back to his gray eyes, and he lived over again his own past in her young life. "Misericordia!" he would exclaim to Lucia, his wife, "how beautiful she grows. Do you remember, cara mia, when you were like her long ago upon the mountains? I sometimes think I have grown young again." And the spring-time of their own lives came back to them clear and sweet like the sound of Annetta's voice ringing through the cortile below.

Then came Francesco—"Francesco mio," Annetta used to

call him. And when she saw the tender watch and care he gave to his aged mother the girl's heart went out to him in trust and gladness. His coming, for Vittore, was that of a stern, unyielding rival; but as long as Annetta was happy, the man said nothing. The affection that had once been his and Lucia's was slowly straining its way from them into the young heart of the lad. And one night when Vittore had taken down the Bible to read a passage before the candles burned away he came to the words, "For this cause a man shall leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh." He stared at the lines for a moment, then he flung the Book from his lap and went out into the night. "What right had any one to take Annetta from him? Might death crush the man that would dare such a thing!"

It might have been the sweetness of the night breeze from the hills, or the chiming of the waters in the fountain—whatever it was, it brought the man back to one day long ago upon the mountains. He saw himself looking into the upturned face of a young girl, and heard himself ask her to come with him for weal or woe. With that memory, one of the sweetest he had ever known, his anger vanished; and going to the room he picked God's Book from the floor and placed it on the shelf, and as he turned away something wet glistened on his cheek in the candle-light.

All through their early lives Vittore watched the boy and girl play together. And as he kept his half-jealous vigil Annetta passed into womanhood, but old age creeping down around his own heart laid a touch of silver on his hair.

One day, when the boy and girl were grown up, they went to the great bay in the South. Francesco's brother was to sail over the seas and they were there to bid him God-speed. As they stood in the shadow of the great ship, a longing for the sea came into the lad's heart; but it was only for a moment. His hand tightened, almost fiercely, upon that of Annetta, and he turned his glance quickly upon her to make sure that she was really with him. Hand-in-hand they watched the long, black ship swing through the water until it was a gray speck far over against the red west. And as it disappeared the fishing-boats came bending homeward through the fires of the sun. The lad and girl had been silent for a long time. His thoughts were far in the future, and her heart was with him.

They were out beyond the cliff's point, and the only sound that reached them was the moaning wash of the tide among

the rocks. The red lights of the sun had died out in the west, and the after-glow had left long strips of gray and black hanging above the horizon. It was star-time when they turned from the sea. And as they passed through the shadows Francesco placed his lips upon Annetta's forehead and whispered passionately: "For ever, cara mia, for ever?" Her hand tightened upon the lad's arm and her eyes looked him full in the face as she answered slowly, "Why do you always ask, Francesco? Do you not believe, do you not understand—a woman's love is always the same, even unto death."

In the long after days the lad had cause to remember the words. The sunlight was warm and strong now; but when the driving of the storm and gloom came upon them, the little things of the past acquired a double sweetness. The years brought sterner thoughts and harder struggles. Francesco no longer felt the temptation of the sea. He was contented with the narrow streets and their dull, cool shadows. He kept his watch in patience, waiting for promotion, and the fulfilment of a promise given long ago in the South. Annetta wondered why the time dragged by so slowly; but her heart was filled with a song that grew more clear and sweet as the days drifted by. When the hot, flaming sun sank behind the hills, she would steal into the cortile below and sing with the chime of the water showering into the fountain's pool. And in the shadow of the wall, out of sight of Mamma Lucia, she would read Francesco's notes again and again. Those were days when everything seemed splendid in the light of promise. The tempests of the heart were greater than the roaring of the mountain storms. The world was not such a bad place after all.

Summers came and fled. The rains of the winter months had beaten down time and again the flowers that grew in Annetta's garden; but the memory of the day when she stood beside Francesco at the sea was still afire within her. Then to the heart of one came a sorrow. The lad's mother died. The darkness and utter loneliness of that day no one but himself could understand. The dead, merciless thud of the clay upon her coffin-lid tore through his soul like ragged steel. And Padre Giovanni will tell you how they found the lad that night lying across his mother's grave in the moonlight, and when they lifted him from the damp earth he called upon God to send back the mother he had taken. "Ah! yes, amico mio, he was sick, very sick for many days. Misericordia! how the fever burned and his skin was like fire. And sometimes in the dead

of the night he would lay and moan, 'Mia madre, mia madre!'" And Sister Agnese will tell you how, when the first sane light came into his eyes, and he looked about him, he asked for Annetta. And the girl, who had kept her long, dreary vigil by the sick lad, bent over him and whispered: "I am Annetta. Do you not know me, Francesco?" And the quiet nun declares they cried like two children.

Then came the long, sweet days of convalescence. But when the lad again grew strong, he was sad. They were kind to him; yes, he knew that, but he did not want sympathy or kindness. He longed for something beyond all that. He wanted Annetta. For seven dreary months he hungered, until the summer-tide had come again, and with it the dull, sickening heat that hangs so heavy on Roman streets.

Annetta longed for a breath of the open sea and the coolness of the mountain villas that stood over against the east, but as long as Francesco was in Rome she was contented.

Then came a golden August, for it brought the lad's promotion. At last he and Annetta were to be married. Yes, by Padre Giovanni, for had he not baptized and confirmed them both in the great white church on the hill? Yes, and they would go again to the bay in the South, and when they returned Annetta would have the cosiest house, with cortile, and doves, and flowers, and fountains. Their dream-castles of those days were too rare and splendid for this prosaic world. They played and laughed in the sunshine; but when the creeping of the shadows began, they grew afraid like children in the presence of death. They were blinded by the love-light that flashed from eye to eye, and when that was gone they groped their way through darkness.

To Annetta it seemed as if the day would never break. They were to be married on the third Sunday of September, and two long weeks were yet to come and go.

Francesco, in the service of his king, held his promotion well. He was proud of his keen, bright sword, and of his skill in its use. Perhaps it was the sharpness of the lad's temper, or it may have been, as the old men declare, the heat of the red wine that did the mischief; be that as it may, Francesco had slapped a captain's face, before a crowd, upon the Corso.

Such things are settled with suddenness in Italy. They met in the early morning under the pines in the Villa Doria. As Francesco bared his arm and whipped his blade through the air, he turned to the doctor at his side and said: "Should his steel

find my life, Luigi, tell them why I fought. For honor, Luigi, for honor; tell them nothing else—they would not understand.” Then he faced his adversary, and a fierce light came into his eyes as his blade swung into position. Sharp and quick the keen steel cut through the air. Once, twice, a dozen times blade met blade, and the crash of the steel was wicked. One minute passed, then two, three, and Francesco’s breath came faster and faster as the captain forced him backward one step, two, another. His wrist was like lead, his throat was parched; something flashed into his eyes—he could not see for a moment. It was the sun lifting upward from behind the hills, and its glare fell upon the lad’s face. The light glittered along the quick rapiers, and Francesco’s eyes were losing their judgment. The odds were against him, and he knew it. He prayed that the stroke might be swift and sure. Then a leer crept into the captain’s face; he tried a subtle feint and failed, and before his blade could reach position Francesco twisted it from his grasp and sent it spinning through the air. The effort was desperate and sudden. The lad missed his balance, and his blade lunged forward and pierced the captain’s side. A thin stream of red spurted out upon the grass.

The doctor caught him and laid him gently on the ground; pressed a spirit flask to his lips; tore away the stained shirt and held his finger in the open cut; but his efforts were useless—the captain was dead!

It was a terrible moment for Francesco. He could not understand why the captain did not speak. In a moment more the terror of the situation came upon him. His past, Annetta, his mother—a thousand thoughts surged across his hot brain. And behind them all was the white face of the dead man lying in the gray light of the morning, with a thin, red stream trickling from his breast to the ground. One hurried glance at the staring eyes of the captain, a silent pressure of the doctor’s hand, and Francesco fled. He dared not face Annetta. What right had he, a murderer, to speak with any man?

Only one letter did he write, and what was said therein no man knows. For three days no word passed her lips; and on the fourth, her wedding day, they found her wandering in the streets dressed as if for marriage, and crying aloud for Padre Giovanni.

They brought her home, and when the long illness had passed they took her to the South; but the touch of death was upon her, and into the lives of Vittore and his wife came

another sorrow, greater perhaps than their first. The old man's step grew slower and slower, and his bared head in the chapel shone white as the northern snows. The fire of his eyes was gone. He was draining the chalice, and the dregs were thick and bitter.

It was one May morning, two years afterward, when a letter was handed to Vittore. It was travel-stained, and when the old man saw its mark he paused; a quick, angry light flashed in his eyes, but died away almost immediately, and as he turned toward the sick-room he kept repeating: "As we forgive them that trespass against us."

Annetta was sitting in the sunlight, for somehow she had lost the warmth of her blood. Her veins seemed to be filled with freezing water. She had seen the postman come and go, and wondered at her father's delay. She called, and through the doorway came Vittore and Lucia. They told the sick girl of Francesco's pardon and his return; and in her thin, weak hand they placed the single petal of a rose, crimson but dead. She looked at its scarred face and faintly traced in ink was the single word—"Annetta." The cheeks of the girl grew bright, then paled. She felt her throat burning, and the room seemed to be going round and round—then came darkness.

Out on the gray wastes of the sea a ship was bending toward the east, and its sails shone like gold in the heart of the sunset. To the watcher on deck it seemed as if the boat would never reach land. Long days and nights it had raced through the waters, and Francesco's heart grew lighter with the ending of each day. Hour after hour he would stand upon the deck watching the great waves gather and break, each one bringing him nearer home, nearer Annetta. And once in the dead waste of the night when a storm burst upon them, when the white lightning hissed upon the water, and the awful flood flung the ship about like a plaything, he tried to pray; but every noise seemed turned into a voice, and that voice was Annetta's. The crested waves that flashed along the sea had a gleam upon them quick and wicked like that which played along his own rapier one gray morning long ago.

And sometimes the ghastly face of the dead captain would leer at him from the green waters and cold drops of sweat would stand upon his forehead. Time and again he would rest his hands upon the ship's rail and close his eyes. Then at last came peace, for the dead man's leer would slip into darkness,

and in its place came a sad, wistful face that had followed him for two long years. It was always before him, full of longing ; beautiful in its faith and sorrow.

Land at last ! How well he knew those hills, blue in the morning sunlight ; and the houses, gleaming white and yellow on the rising slopes. A second time Francesco stood by the sea wall, but he was alone. He looked out to sea, and the moaning tide seemed to be crying : " Are you happy, *cara mia* ? " The irony of the words burned into his soul like hot steel. Again the face came before him ; it looked at him long and earnestly, and as it faded into the water he muttered something. The wind from the sea wore the words from his lips and hurled them back along the cliffs, where their echo rang clear and sharp above the hungry waves—" even unto death—unto death—death ! "

When Annetta opened her eyes there was fever in them, and her blood was like molten iron. One thin frail arm lay outside the coverlet, and a shadow fell upon it. Outside the sky was rain-burdened and gray. The vines along the yellow walls were thick massed and dripping wet. Through the half-closed window a shadow, blurred and dim, fell across the red-bricks of the floor. In the garden the oranges hung like spheres of dull gold. Long, long days had Annetta watched their blossoms swell and burst. And once she had said to her father : " I feel as if the blossoms were calling me ; perhaps I shall go with them. The lilies, too, shall miss me, *non è vero, padre mio* ? " But Vittore's tongue was parched, and he turned away quickly that the sick girl might not see the tears. And now the blossoms were gone and the fruit was ripening, but still Annetta lingered. And to-day in the heart of Vittore was a strange unrest. Perhaps it was the gloom of the rain that hung upon his spirit, or the look of pity that came upon the face of Padre Giovanni ; he could not understand, but felt that the darkness of death was settling upon his soul. In the shadow of the wall, where the grass was growing tall and strong, hung a single rose dripping wet and crimson. And to the old man's memory came the picture of a face, not like the face upon the pillow in the sick-room, but one fair and comely ; and in the warm brown hair that waved to either side of the forehead was a red rose that a young lad had placed there when he plucked it from that same bush long ago. The old man's eyes were dim, and his furrowed cheek was wet, as he

toiled upward to the sick-room above the cortile. He could hear the splash of the waters in the fountain, and the cooing of the doves upon its rim; but the sick, feverish girl could neither see nor hear these things.

Annetta did not know her father's voice, nor could she see two gray heads bending low before a crucifix that hung upon the wall. Her eyes were following a thin line of light that played along the ceiling. To the girl, in her delirium, it was a pleasant river streaming toward some sea beyond. And its passing sounded like the chiming of sweet-toned voices. She did not know, when the "Ave" rang, that day was done. She only knew that her river had changed from silver to midnight, and that the great dull roar of a storm was sweeping upon her. Then she watched the tide as it crept higher and higher. She heard the screeching of the wind as it fought among the waves, and she felt the strong waters pulling her down into black hollows. She struggled, but the great sea beat her back again and again; then she felt herself sinking slowly, slowly. Like a flash her white form lifted upright from the bed. One fearful cry left her lips as she thought the waters were above her, and its echo brought the shadow of a man against the open doorway. She did not see it. She was in the midst of roaring waters and was looking into the face of a hero. His strong arm was lifting her out of the flood. His eyes burned her face like sharp fire, and above the thunder of the wind and waves she heard his voice, and it was Francesco's.

The watchers in the gloom felt her muscles relax as they laid her back again on the pillows. She moved uneasily; her eyes slowly opened, but their look this time was one of peace. Her lips moved as though to speak, but no sound came from them. It seemed as if she tried to pierce the shadows where there was nothing to see except the flickering gleam of a candle burned low within its socket, and the lurching shadows of the watchers that fell upon the walls. Through the silence of the gloom came the sound of a voice. It was that of Padre Giovanni, and he was praying for the passing of a soul. "Ave Maria, gratia plena"—and the broken answer came slow and difficult—"Sancta Maria—ora—nunc."

Then a cry rang from the bedside. A man's shadow lifted itself against the opposite wall, and in the candle-light he looked into the face of the dying girl. A swift flash of light filled her eyes for a second. To the half-crazed man it was a smile of forgiveness. He bent lower. His lips were upon her chill

forehead when there came to him slow and faint the broken words: "Francesco mio—even—unto—death!" There was a low sigh, her breath came slower and slower; then the lines of her face quietly slipped away. An infinite peace had touched her soul.

Outside the wind moaned through the palm-trees and the rain beat steadily upon the walls. Through the darkness of the night, going toward the hills, a man went with the curse of a parent ringing in his ears!

From within a narrow room, where the candle-light had died in the socket, came the moaning of a gray-haired man and woman, and the voice of a priest chanting a litany for the dead.

In a quiet little spot in the Campo Santo of San Lorenzo, outside the walls of Rome, the blue smoke of violets lies thick and sweet in the green, lush grass. In the southern corner, facing the west, is a narrow mound of earth, and at its head a wooden shrine, wherein the Mother of Sorrows keeps watch over the fair sleeper at her feet. And every day on the Via di Lucchesi a gray-haired man and woman toil slowly along through the shadows toward a chapel where white-veiled nuns keep watch, and pray before the white Host that gleams in the candle-light.

The last time I saw Annetta's grave was on a clear October day. The violets were in bloom, and the slip of ivy Sister Agnese had put at the base of the shrine had spread all over the warm, brown clay. But beside the shrine and its watcher was another mound, and at its head stood a granite shaft. I thought of Vittore, and turning to the old grave-digger said: "Her father?" He made no answer, but leading me to the rear of the mound pointed to the stone. And from the graven letters on the rock I read:

FRANCESCO RENDA.

Died November 17, 1896,

Aged 27.

And the old man, leaning on the handle of his spade and looking off into the shadows, said: "Ah, signore! you should have seen it. Misericordia! it was an awful sight. Sometimes I dream of it at night. I see the horses and the soldiers tearing down upon us. I hear the roaring of the guns and the cries of the hungry men and women calling for bread. They come out of the darkness upon us and we fall back; but Vittore is too old to move quickly, and the horses come fast, signore.

I try to shout, but my tongue is like lead. I try to move; I cannot. And just when the hoofs are upon him, a young soldier leaps from the crowd and flings the old man from danger. Then the voices cease; the lights grow dim, and I see nothing but a lonely street and the quiet form of a young soldier lying in the shadow. There is blood upon the stones—red, thickened blood, signore, that burns my eyes to look at. There is a piece of rag over the face, crimson and wet, and when I lift it the lad's eyes seem to stare into my very soul. Do you dream, signore? Ah! blessed heaven, may your dreams be not like mine. I can never forget them. They come in the lonely nights, signore, and sometimes when I lift the rag from the face I see Annetta standing by. Ah! you knew Annetta? She comes all in white, and looks into the upturned face and calls: "Francesco, Francesco mio!"

The old man's eyes were wet, and as I turned away the sunlight, slanting over the walls, flooded the granite shaft and showed two more lines of script; and as the red light burned each letter into fire I read:

"Greater love than this no man hath,
That he giveth his life for another."



THE DEATH OF MONSEIGNEUR AFFRE, ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

BY I. A. TAYLOR.



Tis fifty years ago that Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris, was shot in the streets of his own city.

The world changes, and with it its methods of rewards and punishments; so that it is rare in the present day, or even in the present century, for a man to be accorded what some, in whom ancient modes of thought and ancient estimates of value survive, may even yet consider the grace of martyrdom. Blindly, perhaps, men have at last subscribed to the limits of their power laid down by the Founder of Christianity; and having recognized the fact that, though they may destroy the body, there is after that no more that they can do, they have relinquished the attempt to coerce consciences.

Nor is it often that in these days a man is called upon, in any direct fashion, to give up his life in the cause of charity. It is not that charity is not adding every day to its roll-call of martyrs; in the mission field, in the hospital, or even in the crowded haunts of great cities, men and women are continually laying down their lives in the service of God and of humanity--none the less surely because death may not come in a day or a month or a year; but in general it is not easy to point to such a man, or to such another, and to say that he deliberately elected to die in order that others might, if God willed, live.

But if ever man made the distinct and deliberate sacrifice of his own life to save the lives of those committed to his care, it was Monseigneur Affre; and it is fitting that, at this time more especially, we should remember to thank God for his example.

It is the story of the end alone which is to be related here, and the years which led up to it may be passed quickly over.

Born in 1793, he was educated at Saint Sulpice, and in the year 1831 was filling the post of grand-vicaire at Amiens when, on the occasion of a visit of Louis Philippe's to that

town, he took the opportunity of declaring, in the presence of the king and with fearless and characteristic disregard of the probable effect of the announcement upon his own prospects of ecclesiastical advancement, his conviction that the sovereign was "roi illégitime." It was likely enough owing to this candid expression of opinion that when, five years later, the Bishop of Strasbourg made known his desire that Monseigneur Affre should be appointed his coadjutor, a delay of three years was interposed by the government before his confirmation in that office, which did not take place before the year 1839, when he had already been five years Canon and Vicar-General of Paris. He did not long remain Bishop-Coadjutor of Strasbourg, for a few months later his translation to Paris took place.

Such were, very briefly summarized, the ecclesiastical antecedents of the man who, after nine years occupation of his see, was to meet his death at his post. In character he was shy and retiring, although none the less firm in his defence of ecclesiastical rights. He loved the poor and the unhappy, and was a frequent visitor at the hospitals of his diocese. As a matter of principle he refrained from making any use of his position on behalf of his family, and at his death bequeathed to them the property alone which had become his by inheritance. His personal habits, simple and austere, were such as best prepare a man for the stress of a great occasion. The occasion came.

It was June, 1848—that period of revolution. Once more the streets of unhappy Paris were the scene of civil warfare, blocked with barricades and stained with blood; and the struggle was raging when a letter was brought to Monseigneur Affre, proposing that he should intervene, and asserting that it lay in his power, by becoming the messenger of peace to the insurgents, to put an end to the bloodshed which was taking place.

How the summons found the archbishop engaged we have no means of knowing; but, given the condition of Paris, it is not difficult to conjecture. His heart must have been wrung with pity for the people who were his charge, and who were murdering each other in the streets—pity alike for wrong-doer and for wronged—for the former more indeed than for him who suffered wrong, since the loss of the victim is but temporal, that of the oppressor eternal; that love of the sinner which is the dominating passion of the true priest of God must have been strong within him; while, with the distrust of his personal judgment natural to a humble man, he may, likely

enough, have been racked with doubt as to the most effectual method of bringing his influence to bear upon the contending parties. It may well have been a position full of difficulty for the archbishop, single-minded and devoted, yet shy and retiring as well, and fearing to take a false step which might injure rather than advance the cause of peace.

To the influence possessed by him over the laboring classes of Paris the very appeal that had been made to him bears witness, no less than the sequel to the story.

"We did not look upon him as the cardinal," said a Protestant London workman, speaking of the late Cardinal Manning; "we looked upon him as *our friend*"—a magnificent tribute to the victory won by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster over prejudice of class and creed. And it was probably to the friend of the working-men, invested besides in the eyes of a population in which Catholic faith and tradition was still a living power with the dignity belonging to the head of the church, that the appeal to Monseigneur Affre was made. To the archbishop it is likely that the summons to be up and doing came as a solution, eagerly accepted, to his perplexities, and as the answer to the prayers we cannot doubt he had been sending up to God for enlightenment as to his own duty in the crisis in which France and Paris were placed. It was like the soldier's call to active service, and with the promptness of the soldier he obeyed it.

It was natural enough that the government, apprised of his intention, should seek to dissuade him from it, dubious as to the chances of any favorable result likely to ensue from his intervention, and likewise apprehensive of the risk he would incur in offering it. But the archbishop was not to be turned from his purpose. His point of view, and that from which the matter was regarded by those who would have held him back, was necessarily different. "Circumstances present difficulties to those alone who fear death," was a saying of a Frenchman of a very different type; and it is astonishing how obstacles are accustomed to disappear when once that dread has been surmounted. To General Cavaignac's exposition of the danger with which the enterprise was attended the archbishop's answer was simple. He did not refuse to admit the risk, but he denied its importance.

"My life matters little," he said—"ma vie est peu de chose. I shall expose it without regret."

The argument was unanswerable; he gained his point. A

proclamation was placed in his hands promising pardon to the insurgents on their submission, and Monseigneur Affre went home to prepare for his mission and to strengthen himself for the part he had to play.

"Come," he said cheerily; "we have much to do."

Passing through the streets a few hours later, on his way to the quarter where fighting was being carried on, he was once again called upon, for the last time, to exercise his office. Victims who had already fallen in the struggle were being carried past; and as he met them he stopped to bestow upon wounded and dying the final blessing and absolution.

"The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." The murmured words were caught by those near him, as he proceeded on his way to the scene of the combat.

One more effort seems to have been made to dissuade him from carrying his purpose into effect. It was General Bertrand who this time attempted a remonstrance, receiving the same reply which had before been made to Cavaignac.

"Ma vie est peu de chose," repeated the archbishop. "The people," he added, "have been deceived—we must bring them back."

The time to make the attempt was come. All must have been conscious—the archbishop no less than the rest—that it was a forlorn hope upon which he was bent, a desperate enterprise. But it was to be tried. A truce of half an hour had been arranged in order that the overtures of peace might be made. Preceded by one of his priests, Monseigneur Albert, disguised as a workman and carrying a green branch as a symbol of peace and conciliation, the archbishop climbed the barricade at the entrance of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and stood face to face with the insurgent mob.

Some, it is said, were inclined to be friendly, others mistrustful. But what the result of the mission might have been had he been given time to deliver the message with which he had been charged, will never be known. In words, at least, that message was never given.

"My friends—my friends—" he had begun, when suddenly a shot rang out. Some chance gun had been fired, possibly by accident; and the frail chances of success were at an end.

"We are betrayed!" the cry went up from the unfortunate people beyond the barricade. Without a moment's delay the fire was returned, and in the confusion of the renewed fight the messenger of peace was struck by a ball.

"I am wounded," he said, and fell. It is related that as they saw it several of the insurgents around flung away their arms and broke into weeping.

The archbishop's part, so far as it was an active one, was played out; his work was done.

Raising his master in his arms, a faithful servant who had followed him was carrying him out of the scene of the combat when he, too, was struck by a bullet. The archbishop lifted his head.

"You are wounded?" he asked.

"Yes, monseigneur," was the reply, followed by his master's orders to lay down his burden.

Others took his place. On an improvised litter, formed of a mattress supported upon crossed guns, the dying archbishop was borne, as was fitting, by the insurgents for whom he had given his life, to the presbytery of St. Antoine, the progress of the bearers being delayed at each moment by the necessity of surmounting the barricades by which the streets were blocked.

"It was not we who killed you," protested the poor fellows as they went; "it was the Garde Mobile. We will revenge you."

One almost fancies that a smile must have touched the lips of the dying man as the promise was given. They would revenge him! More blood to be spilt, and in his own cause—to avenge the death of the man who had given his life to put an end to the bloodshed which had already taken place! Once more, wounded as he was, he roused himself to preach the gospel of peace.

"No, my friends. Enough blood has been shed. Let mine be the last," he pleaded with his would-be avengers.

The presbytery was reached, but it was found, on examination, impossible to extract the ball. The night had closed in—the long day was over. It was eleven o'clock.

"Is the wound serious?" asked the archbishop of one of his priests, who was kissing the hand which would never more be lifted to consecrate or to bless.

"Yes, monseigneur," was the reply, melancholy but truthful, "very serious."

"It is likely that I shall die?"

"Yes, monseigneur," again came the answer, "humanly speaking, it is likely that you will die."

Then quietly, as he would have accepted of life, Monseigneur Affre accepted of death.

"My God," he said, "I offer you my life. Accept it, to prevent the effusion of blood. *Ma vie*"—once more the old refrain was repeated, unaltered by what had passed,—"*ma vie est bien peu de chose*, but I should die happy if that could be."

Presently the last sacraments were brought, and the ultimate confession of faith—especially of faith in the Blessed Sacrament—was made. And still his thoughts were with his people—the people for whom he was dying, and who, in their impotent struggle, were themselves agonizing in the streets outside; and he sent his last message to his flock.

"Tell the workmen," he said, "that I conjure them to lay down their arms, to cease from this terrible struggle and to submit to the authorities. Assuredly they will not be abandoned by the government."

"I have done no more than my duty," he said to those who surrounded him, and whom one may believe were wearying him with their commendations. "Praise will be given to me that I little deserve."

So the night, the long, painful night, wore away while the fight went on outside; and in the morning, at four o'clock, the archbishop's own doctor was conducted to the presbytery by the insurgents themselves, who in their own blind way doubtless recognized the fact that it was their friend, their protector, who lay dying. To his presence among them, helpless as he was, they clung with a pathetic persistence.

"Leave him to us," they entreated when it became a question of removing him to his own palace. "Leave him to us. He will bring us good luck. We will defend him."

And they set guards of their own round the precincts of the presbytery where he lay.

But he desired to die at home. The insurgents reluctantly prepared to let him go. A litter was made ready, and once more the working-men of the quarter became its bearers.

"Pray to God," the archbishop bade them,—"*not that I may be cured, but that my death may be holy.*"

That prayer, we may well believe, was answered. The next day fighting in Paris had ceased; the city was quiet. But the Archbishop of Paris lay dead.

AVE ROMA IMMORTALIS.



It is not often we have the good fortune to meet a work like Mr. Crawford's *Ave Roma Immortalis*.* It treats of the topography of Rome; but instead of the rather guide-book manner of Professor Lanciani's excellent work on Roman antiquities, the topography is the setting of associations made interesting as a fairy tale. Like Lanciani, our author tells of the marvellous evolution of a state from the settlement of a few shepherds and robbers under a chief, amid the low hills whose valleys are mostly marsh-land flooded by the Tiber and tributary streams from springs rising out of the heart of these hills; tells of the evolution of the state from the time when those men, half shepherds, half robbers, went down from the Alban mountains with Romulus and built their huts, until the time when the city on these hills ruled the civilized world. Nor is this the whole evolution—whether you call it the rise to a higher life or the decadence begot of mental paralysis; from the ruins of the material power exercised by the city on the hills, from the fragments of her empire, from the ashes of her greatness, another power arose intangible, irresistible, swaying all the lands that the empire ruled and realms far beyond the remotest frontier to which the legions of the old order had borne their eagles. Mankind had seen nothing like this new kingdom over souls. Its influence was strong as steel for centuries, then a time of weakness came; but the evolution went on, and to-day, as though the steel had become adamant, this spiritual kingdom is the centre and the bond of the enduring elements of the moral world.

In the treatment of the antiquities of Rome we find in Mr. Crawford's volumes the same felicitous method by which a subject, interesting for the most part only to students and specialists in archæological history, is offered to the general reader with all the attractiveness of a novel or finely wrought play.

THE STORY OF ANCIENT ROME.

His suggestions concerning the robber chief who began the

* *Ave Roma Immortalis*: Studies from the Chronicles of Rome. By Francis Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

city are well thought out; and his inferences relative to the statesman and soldier who founded the empire out of the chaos of civil war, proscriptions, massacres, conflagrations, terror, jealousy, and class-hatred, are not without authority, though we do not blindly accept them. It is hard to know what to think of the first—that is, the foster-child of the she-wolf—he is so shrouded in the deep twilight which three thousand years ago mantled hill and valley of Italy. What do we know of the most civilized of the Italian peoples then, the Etruscans? From pottery ware and fragments of wall or shrine theories of their greatness among the early civilized races of the world have been formed, as if they stood side by side in their social economy, laws, science, and civilization with “mystic Babylon.” Of the great Julius we possess positive knowledge, and can safely infer more than we know, or may infer with confidence, concerning any man who has ever lived, including Napoleon Bonaparte. One reason of this, and that over and above his own writings and what others say about him, he was straightforward to simplicity, so that every word of his can be relied upon; while Napoleon was so constituted that to lie was more natural to him than to tell the truth. About Julius Mr. Crawford has much to say and he says it well, but he omits one or two important connections. However, for the present, we shall go back to Romulus and the beginning of the Roman State and reserve what we have to say of Julius.

We can fancy those half shepherds, half robbers, so like in their lives the bandits of our own day, though not in their dress or in their language,—we can fancy them rushing down the declivities from the flame and thunder, the darkness and the thick rain of falling ashes shot up from the volcano whose throes and travail had so often broken their rest in the silence of the night. Not in a panic altogether do they rush away, with their sheep and goats and a few black cattle, for they are fierce, rough souls, ready to fight with danger, even from the invisible powers as with a wild boar, but with the resolve to light new hearths under roofs where the earth is solid and fixed—not hollow as a cavern of appalling sounds, not swaying and tossing with a mad Titan’s energy of intolerable pain. So down from Alba to the river which was called Rumon, flowing in and out among the hills with its pools and lakelets in the interspaces and on the green slopes of the Palatine sacred to Pales, the goddess so dear to the husbandmen, in the generations following before the patricians rooted them from out the land.

“And Pales loves the straw-built shed
Warm with the breath of kine.”

From her, then, the Palatine Hill was called, and as it became the site of the hut which served as the palace of Romulus, and later on of imperial abodes, it gave its name to kings' dwellings over the earth, and to sovereign jurisdictions even in the distant north, in the Rhine-land, in far off Britain, in Hibernia, upon whose shores no Roman ever stood. Settling then upon the Palatine—a deep, wide trench round its foot—this “man of Rome,” this Romulus and his followers, laid the foundation of the state which was to pass through so many perils and changes to the possession of an empire of adamant, so absolute its material and moral control in the fear and reverence of men. In the old kingdoms of the East there was a stolid servitude which obeyed with dull eyes and bore all things; no limit to endurance in Chaldea, Assyria, in the old or the new Babylonia: nations of men died under the lash, drawing the stones of the pyramids. Whatever changes took place in Egyptian or oriental dynasties, the life of the common people was not touched; they rose to their labor, passed the day in the fields, and retired to rest not thinking of anything, though at any moment a governor might carry off the population of a province to colonize a city just built in the heart of a desert to serve as a milestone on the march of empire. The blind submission of the Mussulman to fate, the indifference with which he hears the most ghastly intelligence, seems a survival from those ancient days of deathlike tranquillity under the most terrible visitations of fortune. It was not so in Rome. At the word of a demagogue a street tumult would threaten the peace of the great city, a delay in the coming of the corn fleets would shake the imperial authority to its base; and yet, though the world was rocking to its foundations, the air black with scoria—nay, even though all the signs that chill the blood when one reads the terrors that are to usher in the close of the world's life, the soldier would stand at his post as if he felt in himself the grandeur of a fidelity which nothing could inspire save the all-embracing law and the world-wide majesty and might of Rome.

TRAINING THAT MADE HEROES.

What kind must that training have been which wrought out of the little robber horde the qualities conspicuous in patrician

and plebeian in the fierce conflicts with each other and against all states of Italy one after another, in the centuries after the foundation? They must have brought with them noble traditions from their homes around that volcanic mountain, and told them under the stars above their settlement in summer nights, or in the winter seated round the blaze, when the good logs of Algidus crackled on the hearth. It matters not how much of fiction may have come down folding its bands round the ball of fact. There must have been something of high race in the first king of the town by the Rumon River, for no common man among a primitive race would have invented such legends as made him of god-like and royal blood; and such mysteries as his nursing by the gaunt, fierce mother of "the wolf-bitch brood," and his going up to heaven at his death in right of his inheritance as son of Mars and the hapless vestal of Amulius' fated blood. Awful as a Greek tragedy in its horrors, and pitiless as the hard bronze in which the sculptor confers immortal life in death upon his creations, is the succession of events preceding the birth of Romulus and bearing on his life. Fratricide secures him individual sovereignty—that is, if we can believe that Remus lived, and was not merely an appellation—as though there were in his blood a fate which drove him to unnatural cruelty, such as forced his grandfather to slay his sons and their sister, the beloved of Mars, from whom this grandson sprang. So like is it to that tragedy of early Greece when the Furies had dominion over the fate of one ill-starred race; but no wave of melody bears it to us from the past, no choral poetry like the thunder and the music of the seas, no strains of pathos like the summer wind among the boughs, no agony like the shriek of the tempest when the giants of the forest swing their arms with a clangor madder than despair, not one note such as those which call up within us the passion of the hapless *Œdipus* and his house. The story of Romulus is hard as granite, but it is rich in the promise of a desperate strength and a law of government inexorable as fate. The judgment of the elder Brutus on his sons is folded there, the marching forth of the Fabii is in it in a most heroic aspect, so is the burner's hand of Scævola on the altar, the conspiracy of the three hundred assassins each one of whom was vowed to give his life for Rome, the sublime loyalty of Regulus, and every deed by which the state was served at a high sacrifice apart from the hurly-burly of the battle-field.

We do not propose to follow our author through the days

of the kings. He has pursued a path which leaves a white light shining in his wake along which the reader can follow him with unmeasured pleasure. In his omissions he has been skilful as in the incidents of progress he selects. He leaves out the characteristic Sabine marriage which gives us another touch of the quality of the first king, and from which in an indirect as well as a direct way proceeded the early rise and fortune of the state. Doubtless he dismissed it in deference to the discovery of the critics that it was merely an etiological legend to account for the ceremony of violence forming part of the marriage rite until the jurists made the contract binding by the mere words, I, Gaius, take thee, Gaia, and I, Gaia, take thee, Gaius; but the stream of the story loses nothing by the omission. Like the central scene of a great play, that one which flashes back significance and power on introductory scenes and orders the march of those which follow, bursts upon us the crime of the false Sextus, and the tragedy which succeeds. In the blood of a pure and dishonored matron the liberty of Rome is born; and yet there are strange shadows across the disc, as though some in Rome thought, as Lars Porsenna did, that the great house of Tarquin had suffered wrong. Was there no one but their father to do justice on the sons of Brutus? And surely the conspiracy of royalists must have been deemed dangerous when vengeance so swift and unsparing fell upon all the suspected.

We may pause for a moment to consider that Servius, the sixth king from the man of Rome—the “Doer,” “or the man that can do,” as the stormy Teutons meant by the term “the king”—from this man of the hut, this “Doer” the sixth, was Servius, who drew a mighty wall around the city grasping the seven hills. This was the last defence made by Rome for nine centuries; and our author well observes, with reference to it, that nothing else—not even temples, palaces, monuments, piled up in the later years,—nothing can tell so well the certainty of the power of Rome than that she needed no walls when she became mistress of the world.

We have an instructive enough picture of early Roman life—which we can hardly call imaginative, but rather inferential—deduced from facts of the far-off time interwoven with circumstances of the present under analogous conditions. It is clear enough that in the first generations after the Republic was founded the young men and those in their prime were with the legions. Half the year fighting was going on, and the old

men only and the children stayed at home with the women. In their little houses the latter sat spinning and weaving wool—an honorable employment for the matron of the city shop when it was not above the place of great ladies to sit at the head of their maids while the spindles and looms were working. We remember how “sad Lucretia” was found employed when her husband and his friends, among them “the false Sextus,” rode from the camp to visit her. There was much in common in the life of the city four hundred years before our Lord’s time and the life which was lived when the Roman barons turned it into a wilderness of ruins and a den of robbers and murderers. Thirteen centuries later there were only fourteen thousand people in the city which in the time of Augustus was said to have contained a population variously estimated at from over two million to over six; but as in the early times so in the fourteenth century, the boys played in the streets, fought and ran races. Again, as in the times of the successors of Augustus, the handful of citizens, when the popes were away, fought each other like grown school-boys for the honor or immunity of their city divisions. They seemed to have sufficient courage when pitted against each other, but the sight of a noble with his retainers made their blood run cold as if judgment of death were pronounced upon them. Perhaps it was no wonder; for in the dark, fateful centuries from the fall of the Western Empire they, or rather their predecessors, had experienced every extremity which fortune in her dreadful moods shapes for the vanquished. Sack after sack had desolated the city, the streets ran blood, nameless deeds of violence profaned the church and the home, fire raged in house and temple; but that was not all: youth and maiden, men in the prime of life and their wives, regardless of rank and delicacy of nurture, were swept away into captivity, chained in gangs, goaded by spears and sometimes trampled upon by the horses of their guards. In one shape or another the plebeian of the middle ages stood in danger, night and day, of similar horrors from the barons or the mercenaries they hired to fight their rivals, or to oppress their fellow-citizens in Rome or their serfs in the country. One turns with pleasure from this base and bloody picture of the fallen city to the greatest Roman—the greatest man that ever lived.

THE CHARACTER OF CÆSAR.

The stage may be said to have been prepared for Cæsar by the wars and proscriptions of Marius and Sylla. This, how-

ever, would be a very inadequate way of treating the subject of his career. Though we purpose to part company from Mr. Crawford in estimating the circumstances which had an influence in forming the character and in preparing for the public life of the great Julius, we are at one with our author concerning his genius and generosity of temper. We are not able to accept a theory presenting Cæsar from his boyhood as one so much affected by the condition of the masses that he formed the scheme of breaking the power of the patricians, and as perpetual dictator securing the comfort and providing for the advancement of the former. If, in his later life, a policy like this shadowed in the theory seems to manifest itself, we are of opinion that it was moulded then from the conditions around him acting on a humane and eminently enlightened mind.

But to judge correctly we must go back to incidents without fear or favor. How far he was involved in the conspiracy of Catiline it is impossible to say—our author does not refer to this topic, and we commend his judgment, holding, like some philosophical students of history, the theory just mentioned—but that Cæsar was involved in the conspiracy is unquestionable. At the same time he was too prudent to commit himself to an enterprise which he must have soon seen was a desperate one; and the probability is that he withdrew in time—that is, before any compromising act on the part of Catiline rendered a retreat unavailable. We do not find him among the young nobles who formed the guard of the consul, but we do find him in his place in the Senate under such suspicion that Cato publicly challenges him as being then and there in communication with the conspirators. The accusation was wrong as it turned out, but that does not conclude the matter. The suspicion is still material, even though the impeached letter was only a *billet-doux* from Cato's own sister. Reading between the lines of Sallust's party pamphlet, there is reason to suspect there was a movement against the power of the patricians somewhat on the plan of the agitations of the Gracchi, but not solely or perhaps mainly agrarian. It is a subject that has not been examined, so far as we know, with the care so remarkable an event deserves; but we say in a tentative way that there was a social heaving at the time, that the guidance of it fell into bad hands in the person of Catiline, a nobleman of abandoned character and desperate fortunes, and that his leadership spelled disaster. There must have been some reason for driving Cicero into exile besides that of executing some of the conspirators without a trial. If the Plebs

really supposed that Catiline was moved by a profligate ambition, and that, like him, his followers were enemies of the state, seeking their own rise in its ruin, and wealth in universal robbery, it is incredible they would have supported the banishment of the most upright man in Rome, and one who shed upon their city and country the highest credit by his eloquence and learning. In saying this we do not overlook the fickleness of the mob, but all the Plebs did not constitute a mob. We are very distinctly of opinion that the "mob" of this time consisted of some disorderly elements in the Suburra and the clients and freedmen of the nobles. It was not until the time of the successors of Augustus that the populace became a vast, hideous, idle, and vicious mass ready for any mischief, any wickedness; as ready to fire and loot houses as to burn or impale Christians. In point of fact, the very startling incident which ended in the slaying of Clodius, the instrument of Cicero's banishment, was not the rising of a lawless mob. It was a battle between the attendants of Clodius and those of Milo, some distance from Rome; and the fact that the latter was found guilty by a majority of the judges affords some proof that bad as Clodius was—and no one could be more infamous—he must have represented a strong public sentiment in his hostility to Cicero. It was the latter who was condemned in the judgment against his client.* We therefore conclude that Catiline's conspiracy had behind it a deep dissatisfaction; and though none but slaves and a few discontented veterans took the field, the Plebs hardly wished success to the authorities of the state. Now, it seems to us that Cæsar had been using Catiline for his own purposes, and that he only drew back when he realized the hopelessness of the conspiracy face to face with the energy and vigilance of the consul.

If this opinion be correct, it makes Cæsar nothing more than an able and ambitious waiter upon fortune, but far, very far indeed, from the long-sighted statesman who bent all things to the noble and beneficent imagination of a world ruled by law and enriched by commerce; all the nations gathered together into one state, sharing a common prosperity, speaking a common language, inspired by a common interest, and resting, after ages and ages of war and crime and horror, under what Pliny later called "the immense majesty of the Roman peace."

* Cato openly voted as one of the judges for Milo's acquittal; no one was so strenuous, except the consul himself, in having the conspirators declared public enemies.

He brought that to pass indeed ; but it is hard to believe that the friend of Clodius, the ally of Catiline, the foe of Cicero and Cato, felt in his early days any promptings except those which urged to action every ambitious youth in Rome who was conscious of talent for public life. A great proconsulship by which he might restore his ruined fortunes most probably was the summit of his hopes. That he would not have acted worse than others in plundering the people under his rule was well understood. Every man except one, in that period,* who went out to a government, considered there was no alternative but to wring from the people of the dependency enough to recoup him for the sums spent in bribes to secure his appointment, and for the payment of his debts in general. In addition, it was necessary to put aside what would enable him to spend the remainder of his life in dignified ease ; and third, he should levy a sufficient amount for defence against the charges his enemies would bring against him in the first hour of his return. Our author has not mentioned such particulars as we have just noted down, but we have done so in pursuance of the opinion we ventured to express, that Cæsar was not above the ordinary young noble in moral principle. Indeed, he was inferior to many of them in public spirit, but he possessed a tranquillity and fearlessness of mind beyond the degrees of those qualities with which the most favored men are gifted ; and by their aid he seized the prizes of life when the time served, until finally he laid his hand on the imperial power and opened a road for the procession of men upon each of whom madness fell like a curse in order that humanity, driven to despair, might avenge itself upon them. Abject as men were in the Rome of the emperors, when no one dared to think the hour his own, when each one left his bed in the day-time with the shadow of death upon him, and returned to it at night with the thought that a message from the emperor permitting him to die would break his slumbers ; or if he slept, perhaps to dream of such a message—paralyzed under the ever-threatening sentence, environed in the world-wide prison of the empire, for no distance could outstrip the vindictive pursuit of a Caius or a Nero—there was nothing for a brave man to do but rid earth of the monster. Men could not always stand the cruel caprices of those tyrants, and so the legacy from Cæsar

*The exception was Cicero. He stands apart from all Roman governors in his justice to the governed and freedom from every kind of corruption.

was a state reeling under the atrocities inflicted by one man until the measure was full; then his murder; next a successor to march the same round of madness and cruelty, terminating in his death, until at length the pure, strong Teutons descended to make a beginning for the end of the hideous and appalling game.

We hope in another issue to follow this admirable writer in his treatment of Christian Rome.

MY BAROMETER.

BY REV. WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

I.

THE rain it raineth drearily
Throughout the lonesome day;
My life it draggeth wearily
From dark to dark away.

II.

The sun it shineth cheerily
Throughout the gladsome morn;
My life it runneth merrily—
God pity the forlorn!



ETHICAL CULTURE IN PLACE OF RELIGION.

BY REV. PETER O'CALLAGHAN, C.S.P.



ENVIRONMENT makes the man; my religion is to do good to my neighbor; culture does more for a man than religion; what we need is ethical culture; this is the religion of the future. Far more good could be done if all the money which is now spent on churches and the ministry were expended in erecting hospitals for the sick and aged, and asylums for neglected children."

Such are the shibboleths of the pseudo-ethics in our day.

"Do you ever consider how you are going to keep alive amongst an irreligious people the same charitable sentiments towards the sick and needy which you have inherited from your Christian parents? Are you quite sure that men without religion will not think it cheaper and wiser to fulfil their obligations towards the sick and aged by a spray of some deadly poison in their nostrils? And if they are troubled with too many children, whether these be sick or well, do you not think that they will devise even a simpler remedy than that which the Spartans used to get rid of their sick children? What makes you think that hospitals and asylums are more necessary than that Christianity which has taught men to appreciate the excellence of such institutions?" are some of the simple replies that suggest themselves to these statements.

Unbelievers of the sort better than these modern sceptics aim at higher ideals. Religion, such as they have known it, has seemed to be a failure. The evil still in the world appeals them. They would enthrone culture in the place of religion, and hope all men may be moved by the love of knowledge, virtue, and refinement to seek after the best and highest.

Deprived of the all-satisfying blessings of religion, these high-minded sceptics have sought comfort in their books. But their minds have been dwarfed by too much book-knowledge, which has not been corrected in them by a sufficient knowledge of real men and real human needs. The character and the variety of the books they have read have confused them and made them miss the road to truth; therefore they remain, though

honest seekers after truth, hopelessly entangled in the underbrush of strange and false doctrines. With untrue conceptions of the most important of human needs, and with poor remedies for the needs which they do partly understand, they are badly equipped to become the benefactors of the race, such as they long to be. They feel keenly that there is much that is wrong in the world, and they honestly desire to right it. They would share with the rest of mankind the blessings which they have derived from books and art, and all that makes for refinement.

The fundamental error of this new religion of culture arises from a confusion of cause and effect. Culture is not so much a cause of morality as one of the accidental products of moral living. Although, like almost every effect, it reacts upon the causes which produced it, helping to sustain them in their effectiveness, it has in itself nothing which is essential to morality. It is not the seed of moral living; it is only one of its fruits. Morality belongs exclusively to no one condition of society. The gentleman of society looking with disgust upon the poor ignorant laborer returning from a hard day's work, whose face is bespattered with mud, whose clothes are faded and patched, who may be very offensive and ill-smelling, is perhaps incomparably beneath the object of his disgust, if he be judged by the standard of true manhood. That ignorant laborer, probably, pays all his just debts; lives in conjugal purity, and recognizes conscience as the court of final appeal. He may fail in some of the requirements of that court, but he tries, on the whole, to follow its decrees. The gentleman may be dressed out by money he has not honestly earned; the woman whom society calls his wife may be divorced from her legitimate husband; he may be guilty of many sins, and yet remain a man of culture—perhaps he is now on his way to attend a lecture on "ethical culture" or "social menaces." The ignorance and vulgar speech and uncouth manners which generally characterize the "lower strata of society" are not such "menaces" to society as are the iniquities of the cultured which are often spoken of by them in such elegant language as to make vice seem no longer the ugly thing it is. But the moral code is no respecter of persons; the fine words of a George Eliot cannot lessen the depravity of an adulteress. If we set aside the outcasts of this great city of New York, who form a class by themselves, we shall find that the average twenty families in the one tenement house of the uncultured have a

higher average of sound morality than the average twenty families in the block of the educated and the cultured.

The vulgar of this great city are more moral than the so-called "higher classes," because they have a stronger religious motive for restraining their passions than that which is provided by the fragment of religion which society recognizes as "proper." Culture deals too much with the externals of life, and cannot provide that categorical imperative without which morality is impossible. The promise of greater and more elegant comfort in this life as the reward of cleanliness of body and soul will have but little influence on men, even if they were to be persuaded that the promise can be fulfilled.

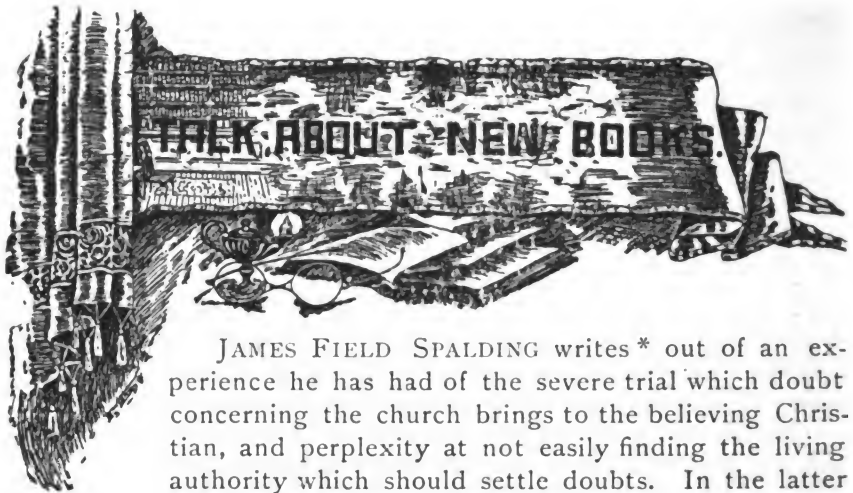
Morality means the doing of duty because it is a duty; and it cannot depend upon any peculiar social or physical condition as its foundation. Fresh-air funds, parks and play-grounds, improved tenements, public baths, hospitals and asylums, reading-rooms and libraries, free schools and university extension may improve the soil, but they cannot furnish the seed of morality, or provide the sun, which is religion, under whose rays alone morality can reach a substantial growth. If these external helps to moral living are used as if they had in themselves the seed of virtue, the harvest-time will come and bring only a crop of tares. These externals may make immorality less offensive to our nostrils, but they cannot make it less attractive and potent with an irreligious race, or make it less dangerous to society.

The standard of the world of culture is not the standard of true manhood. "The lower strata of society," if judged by moral worth, which is the standard of true manhood, must often be called, in all justice, the hope of society. Religion and the moral law, with all its old sanctions, are the fundamental requisites for the upbuilding of the moral character of the race; without these there is no progress. They do more for man's progress than all those external conditions of life which are generally designated as man's environment.

The "religion of culture" is a misnomer, for although true religion always promotes moral living, everything which pretends to make for morality is not religion. It is only by such a misnomer, however, that we can express the ideas of those who have regarded culture as something better than religion—a power in itself, and a new dispensation of enlightenment destined to supersede religion. Culture has been conceived as a religion only in the world of books; and the world of books

is a world of unreality peopled by all forms and shapes of book-knowledge, which stalk about, sometimes in the garb of poetry and sometimes in that of fiction, and again clothed in history—or rather, what men have said on historical subjects. At times these spooks of bookdom are dressed in the utopian dreams of communism or some other form of socialism, which are like that gauzy stuff which spiritualistic mediums use when they would pass themselves off as visitors from another world; at other times they are decked out with the fantastic ideas of a false ethics, a pseudo-theology, or a pseudo-mysticism which make them most unearthly, and yet far from heavenly.

Conceived in such a world of unreality, and dressed in this garb of pseudo-ethics and pseudo-theology, culture will never take the place of religion in the hearts of real men and women. Its remedies for human ills—whatever their therapeutic value may be in its own unreal world—will never cure the maladies of the hearts and souls of struggling humanity. Religion alone has moved men deeply, because it alone has brought comfort to the naturally religious heart of man. That heart will be for ever disturbed until, as St. Augustine puts it, “it finds its rest in thee, O God!” Man has higher duties than his moral obligations to his neighbor and to society. His highest duty is that of adoration of God. Unless he fulfils this highest duty, he can hardly be trusted to be faithful to lower obligations. Even if it were possible to make men moral simply by education and refining surroundings, there would still be need of religion to direct them to the fulfilment of their highest duty. Without religion, morality itself is only barely possible; no race has ever yet advanced in the moral scale except under religious influences. Education and refinement may help to make effective the work of religion, but culture can never take its place.



JAMES FIELD SPALDING writes* out of an experience he has had of the severe trial which doubt concerning the church brings to the believing Christian, and perplexity at not easily finding the living authority which should settle doubts. In the latter aspect the writer seems to have expected that the city on the mountain should be visible at once to every man without exception; in the former he must have been for awhile above a waste of waters, like the dove which found no resting-place for her foot.

His book consists of an introduction and twenty-one chapters examining the phenomena so startling in this age, namely, the utter absence of mental and physical calm, the heart in an agony, the mind strained to the verge of madness, the nerves shattered as if by excessive use of stimulants, and temporarily braced as if by them. This fearful effect upon the whole man, body and soul, Dr. Spalding attributes to the spirit of the age, the fiercest in the pursuit of wealth and social distinction, the most impatient and intense in the pursuit of science, that the world has ever known. The heart, in the midst of the excitement of the chase after dollars, drawing-rooms, or the laurels of learning, is in tumult and despair; for nothing comes of the agitation of the winds and waves, there is no haven where the restless soul can find peace; to hope one must go out into the darkness when the fever and the fret are done. Our author found the haven in the church, and surcease of his agonies there. In a good chapter, "Vague Notions of a Church," he points out the most common cause of the inability men have in obtaining the tranquillity and confidence so sorely needed. They do not know where to go. It is pathetic when the mass of pain is thought of for which a remedy is at men's hands, only their eyes are sealed; and then the future! In the bargains we read of between the devil and those who signed bonds he has been

* *The World's Unrest and its Remedy.* By James Field Spalding. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

very generally outwitted in a manner that showed a remarkable want of capacity on his part. Perhaps it was good-natured contempt. We hope he will be kind to the men of science who believe in everything except God and His revelation, and that he will act on the genteel principle he expressed in this couplet :

“I to such blockheads set my wit,
I damn such fools!—go, go ; you’re bit !”

We recommend Dr. Spalding’s book to our non-Catholic friends for its promise of helpfulness, its broad and tolerant spirit, and the inestimable value of an experience, intellectual and moral, of which a great part was pain ; we recommend it to Catholics because it supplies in an intelligible way the information which would enable them to meet the honest difficulties of their non-Catholic friends.

Mr. Lang’s name on the title-page of any collection of old times would be a guarantee for careful editing. Every one has had experience of the power the Arabian Nights tales have exercised over his childhood—only second to the influence of that marvellous piece of realistic diary, *Robinson Crusoe* ; and we are of opinion that the coming generation will find in the edition before us* a great treat. We are not quite so sure that all the excisions have been so successful in the design of improving the narrative form and bringing out the points of the stories as Mr. Lang thinks, or at least hopes for ; but many of them are presented in better garb for the Western infantile intellect than when loaded with the weight of Eastern humor. The illustrations are good, and we think the book a very suitable gift for young folk in the Christmastide.

St. Clotilda,† one of the newest series of saints’ lives, is excellent and excellently translated. It is hardly necessary to do more, in a brief notice like this, than to say with regard to the place of woman in society an important truth is implied in the part she is divinely commissioned to bear in the church as an instrument of worship and as the most perfect social institution. In consequence of her exclusion from the priestly office in any shape, and from any administrative function except the duty of a servant, one might hastily conclude that the fortunes and in-

**The Arabian Nights Entertainments*. Selected and edited by Andrew Lang. New York : Longmans, Green & Co.

†*Saint Clotilda*. By Godefroi Kurth, Professor at the Liege University. London : Duckworth & Co.; New York : Benziger Brothers.

terests of the Christian world have risen and been decided without the intervention of the female sex. At the fireside women have exercised the function of teaching, they have administered the moralities of the home, which are the foundation of those of public life, and taught the paternal relations of God and the reciprocal obligations of love and obedience, which in connection with their children they were so peculiarly fitted to impress, with a power and influence which preceded the authority of the preacher and spiritual director.

The mother of Clotilda took the greatest care to remove her and her other child, Sedeluba, from the poisoned atmosphere which settles in a court. It must be considered that the two sisters were encouraged to invoke the saints at a time when it was the universal practice, from palace to cot in Christian lands, to hold communion with the servants of God in heaven. Near them in the local church was enshrined the heroic memory of the slave martyr, Blandina. Our author, so admirably rendered by Mr. Crawford, has an instinctive perception that the image of this noble virgin was constantly before the eyes of the young princesses. It is in the highest degree probable, and it surely teaches an invaluable truth, that there is nowhere the equality of human-kind as in holy church. The daughters of a powerful king, at a time when rank was worshipped and the state of a slave was regarded as that of a beast of burden, praying before the statue of one who had been a slave, is a sight that impresses this fact upon us.

As might be expected, there is a great deal of most interesting historical matter in the book; indeed, we hardly know of a book which presents the picture of that early period of French history in such a vivid and lasting light as this little monograph. The strange contrast in the working of mental and moral forces in those early Merovingians is brought out with a completeness which is seldom the result of the reading of large and pretentious histories. Such histories, if they follow the old method, afford little information concerning character and movement, and if they follow the new or scientific, crush character and motive in the Procrustean bed of a sensational theory.

Taking as his motto "*Je ne propose rien, je ne suppose rien; j'ai exposé,*" Professor Sombart treats* of the facts of social evolution as standing by themselves and apart from any theories

* *Socialism and the Social Movement in the Nineteenth Century.* By Werner Sombart, Professor in the University of Breslau. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

except the imperative relation of a thinker to any practical movement whose history he proposes to give. That a work of this character can be executed we have proof, for instance, in the English Blue Books of social statistics, those volumes containing the reports of the Commissioners of Labor in the United States, and the consular reports of every country from the United Kingdom to Japan. In these documents the compilers, catching the intention of the authorities that appointed them, draw conclusions and suggest methods; and so in the work before us the writer treats of the thought informing the realities he tells about. Assuming there is a social evolution—and, of course, there has been this since a few savages first came together to hunt for their living and defend themselves against foes*—a definite movement in aid of it should necessarily form part of the treatment of such a work as Professor Sombart's; and as a matter of fact he treats of such forces and their influence in shaping the world into the "order" defined by socialistic theorists. This order he recognizes as attainable, even though he gives the impression that the purpose of the socialists is based on an undue assumption; in other words, that the practical socialists are going away from the path of evolution, and that they must fail in attaining the object of socialism as defined by sound theory. But where this theory has been formulated he does not tell us, and so far his book is purposeless.

At the same time, with much that is crudely speculative in this book of "facts," we find gleams of light, evidences of a not unintelligent perception; as when he tells us that out of a superficial study of natural sciences the anti-religious writings of the era between 1860–1880 have sprung; that the writers never rose above the level of "itinerant preachers of materialism," and that the dogmatic atheism which sprang from that superficial study, and which the semi-educated writers and itinerant preachers diffused, has become a thing of the past. Indeed, with a clear ring he declares that no earnest science-man asserts that science to-day means atheism and excludes religion; but yet he draws from this important admission inferences concerning the attitude of the proletariat towards religion which are hardly sustained by the history of the social revolution over the world which has taken place since the French

* We for the present use the common view of man's rise from a savage to a civilized state, though it is unquestionably in conflict with the earliest authoritative records, and the implications they contain.

Revolution. In his statement of that attitude we agree, and indeed we are bound to say there is evidence of candor throughout the work; but notwithstanding his disclaimer of theoretical prepossessions, he seems to be somewhat strongly biassed by some few, partly evolved, partly absorbed. Now, for the attitude of the masses just referred to, is there not one cause out of the many suggested by Karl Marx's platitude, which the scientific world of social economists greeted as the greatest truth of the century, namely, that "the history of all society is the history of class strife"—and in this class strife, beset by a thousand influences, exasperations, limitations, and conditions, we have the enthusiasm which the unhappy proletariat welcomed as the god of a new world. It is pitiable that in central Europe, in the large towns of France and England, and in parts of America, a passion for unbelief seems to have laid hold of the people; and it seems this is the result of that science which teaches, or rather which has taught, that in the materialistic conception of the world lies the germ of the force that will drive authority from all spheres of life. The proletariat took hold of it as a powerful weapon in their war against established order—natural indeed to them, since they maintain that one of the conditions of their existence is the tearing asunder of all old beliefs, the veins of the sweet humanities of old religion. When our author dimly hints at an order developing out of or emerging from such mental disorder, a harmony out of such clanging, clashing, grinding discords, we can only wonder at the greatness of his faith.

The work, however, is interesting, and contains in an appendix tables presenting contemporaneous dates in the modern social movement from 1750 to 1896. The title of the tables is very high-sounding; it is set down as "a synchronistic presentation of the most important dates in the modern social—that is, the proletarian, movement." We have taken the liberty of translating into English. The translator of the work is Anson P. Atterbury, and there is an introduction by Professor Clark, of Columbia University.

A work on the Philippine Islands and their people,* by the assistant professor of zoölogy in the University of Michigan, has a very timely interest in view of the formation of public opinion in regard to our new possessions. We propose defer-

* *The Philippine Islands and their People*. By Dean C. Worcester. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ring a full notice of it until the month of January, as pressure upon our space prevents us from treating it adequately now. The author made two visits to the islands as one of a party interested in the study of birds. A very considerable number of species new to science it was known were to be found there. On the second expedition the party worked sufficiently long on several of the islands to obtain a fairly representative collection of the birds and mammals of each island. The author, however, seems to have made his work rather a contribution to politics and sociology than to that branch of animated nature for which he must possess the requisite qualifications, and the advancement of which was the object of both his visits. A professor of zoölogy entering suddenly on the field of political and social science must be an object of enlightened curiosity in an age when the branches of the natural sciences are only pursued by specialists. Indeed, so jealous is the genius that presides over each one of these sciences, that she refuses her laurels to the disciple who makes a study of any other of them except in subordination to his own.

A true story is always interesting; still more so when the characters are living and the occurrences of recent date. In *A Victim to the Seal of Confession** the author, Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S.J., has given us such a story. The event upon which the story is based is one which the newspapers published throughout the world as a striking example of the extent to which a priest is bound to guard the seal of confession even when his own life is at stake. The plot is laid in Aix-les-Bains; the chief character is a young, devoted Catholic priest, who by dint of hard work had obtained his education, and after ordination had been appointed rector of the parish of Sainte Victoire. He established himself in an old, deserted monastery. His revenues were scant and the demands on them for charity were very large. The sacristan, a villanous renegade, had secured his appointment to the office from the civil authorities, his only qualification being his hatred of everything religious. An aged benefactress, interested in the charitable work of the parish, called at the monastery to carry away recently collected funds to build an orphanage. The devout old lady received the blessing of the priest, left his room, and was shortly afterwards found dead in one of the many unused rooms of the

* *A Victim to the Seal of Confession*. By Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: Herder & Co.

monastery. The sacristan, having seen from his hiding-place the transfer of the money, had followed the old lady and had coldly and cruelly murdered her. Frightened by his awful deed, he determined to flee the country. Before leaving, however, he became conscious-smitten and rushed into the priest's presence and besought him to hear his confession. He related the story of his crime to the horror-stricken priest, and because he would not comply with the requirements of justice he was obliged to go away unabsolved.

Circumstantial evidence, which alone could be gathered in the case, pointed to the priest as the murderer. The hatred and unbelief of the French officials helped to bind him about securely by the chain of evidence. The young priest was brought to trial, convicted, and sentenced to transportation for life. The animus of the French mind towards the church is well portrayed, and at the trial Carillon, a blustering hotel-keeper, sees in it a chance for political aggrandizement. The authorities hope to influence in their favor the coming elections by awakening class hatred even to the stigmatizing the priest with the crime of murder. The trial dragged along through many and weary days. With the knowledge of the true murderer locked away in his heart, the priest bore the accusations and taunts in patience. Unswerving fidelity to the sacredness of his office placed the seal of silence on his lips. He contented himself with the simple assertion of his innocence. He accepted the sentence of condemnation to death without the least effort to free himself. Through the influence of his friends the court mitigated the sentence to transportation and hard labor in the galleys. He passed three years amid privations and suffering. In the meantime the sacristan returns from abroad and goes to the authorities confessing his crime, not omitting the fact that he had confessed his crime to the priest. Amid great rejoicing the good and faithful priest is restored to liberty, and the welcome greeting given to him by the people forms a very fitting close to a very entrancing story. The book is a most forcible revelation of the sacredness of the office of the confessor.

The translation of the story of the conversion of Th. de la Rive * by Anna R. Bennett-Gladstone is another valuable finger-post for inquiring minds. The forces that paved the way

* *From Geneva to Rome.* Translated from the French by Anna R. Bennett-Gladstone. Rome : Society of Saint John, 45 Via della Minerva.

for M. de la Rive's entrance into the church, the mode and manner of their working, are logically and entertainingly described.

By numerous providential occurrences the conviction of the truth of the Catholic Church had its birth within him. It was not in one bound that he came into the church, but by a long and tortuous path. Some reach the faith by means of a sudden revelation, others by a kind of progression and continuous development; some by research and others by reasonings; some by apparitions, others in the solitude of the Divine Presence. All these forces seem to have at some time acted to safely carry De la Rive to the fountain head of truth. The many obstacles that were in the way of entrance into the church are described. "I was not breaking with my ancient faith; I was completing it and putting the finishing touch to it." Of his meeting with the exiled Bishop of Geneva he writes: "His letters, full of affection, of sympathy, and of tenderness, had followed me to Rome and to Annécý. . . And yet, shall I confess it, a certain apprehension had seized me at the thought that I was about to become acquainted with a prelate depicted to me by many Protestants as they really imagined him, in a very formidable and deceptive light. . . . He opened to me his arms and I cast myself within them. The acquaintance was made, the ice of prejudice was broken. Brought into contact with a heart so warm, my mistrust and my terrors were dissipated." In this work the translator has given to the English-reading public the benefit of the very interesting and convincing experience of one who through many trials and tribulations at last found peace. It will prove a most excellent book for missionary work, as well as a means to making those born within the church more zealous and faithful.

Father Sutton's *Crumbs of Comfort** is a book addressed chiefly to the great army of wage-earners. Nevertheless, replete with maxims dictated by broad common sense and a fruitful missionary career of fifteen years, it will be a means of instructing and comforting many others of a different station in life. Wisdom, happiness, nobility will be possessions of the soul that lives on the lines this book presents as models. Full of encouragement for the weak, yet holding out in most uncompromising fashion for the highest principles, it becomes at once an inducement for the sleeping to awake and for the laboring

* *Crumbs of Comfort for Young Women living in the World.* By Rev. Xavier Sutton Passionist. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

to strive still more earnestly and untiringly. The volume is small and exceedingly simple as to style and matter treated, but the gentle, Christ-like tone breathing through its pages will make it an angel of peace and good tidings to many a soul longing for just such an assurance that God is the God of love, and that to please him we need, on our part, nothing but good will and perseverance.

I.—KINLOCK'S SCOTTISH ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.*

A previous book published by this same author has a very close connection with these studies in the history of the church during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, namely, his church history of Scotland from the introduction of Christianity until the death of James I., or, as he is called in that book, James VI. The two books form a continuous history of Scotland in its ecclesiastical aspect; but at first sight the book which is the subject of this review cannot possess anything like the authority and weight of the earlier compilation. Undoubtedly the materials for a Catholic history of Scotland during the two centuries in question are meagre. The church was hidden away in a few private houses in the recesses of the Highlands. So much had the church fallen away in numbers that we find early in the eighteenth century that there were only fourteen thousand Catholics known to the priesthood, and of these twelve thousand belonged to the Highlands chiefly and the islands contiguous to the coast. At the close of the reign of Queen Mary fully half the great nobility were Catholics, and that meant that their clansmen and retainers were Catholics; a hundred and thirty years later the great Catholic nobles could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The plan adopted by our author, in the absence of direct information from Catholic parochial and diocesan transactions and statistics, is to present an historico-social picture of Scotland, in which we see the movements of the powers engaged in conflict, the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, from the beginning of the reign of Charles I. until the Revolution; and in sort of dim perspective the shadowy figures of a few priests walking the wilds to administer the sacraments, and some thousands of earnest but subdued spirits living in sufferance among a people

* *Studies in Scottish Ecclesiastical History in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.*
By M. G. I. Kinlock. London: Simkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.; Edinburgh: Grant & Son.

who hated them. This is his way of dealing with the seventeenth century, or more exactly, to the Revolution. From that until 1745, with which year he closes his work, he supplies us, from letters, reports, and memoranda of the Scotch missionary priests, and from direct information from lay Catholics contained in letters and petitions to Parliament and remonstrances to government, with the positive knowledge he was unable to afford for the earlier period.

It was a dark night indeed, the seventeenth century in Scotland. No Catholic has anything to reproach himself for in those days when different shades of Calvinism regarded each other with a detestation which cannot now be conceived, and in which these sections looked upon another form of Calvinism, the Episcopal Church of Scotland, with eyes only less hostile than those fixed on the Pope, the Church, and the Mass. In the history of phantasies which from time to time have taken possession of whole peoples, or of parts of the population of a country, there is hardly anything stranger and more appalling to be found than in the aberrations of the Scotch from the November of 1626 until far in the next century. In 1626 proclamation was made at the Cross of Edinburgh that the king intended to revoke all "possessions" or "grants" of church lands and to enter upon them in pursuance of the title of the crown.

The phantasies to which we have alluded sprang up in all parts of Scotland soon after the proclamation. The devil and his angels were to be found everywhere—in the streets of cities, in the mountains and glens; above all, in the desert places of bog and moorland, and in the dry reaches at the foot of the hills. In every passing cloud portents were seen; they were seen in the dawn and in the twilight. Ghostly visitants mocked or warned wayfarers; visions of the night came to awe or to inspire, and these were often of a character which froze the dreamer's sleep, and from which he awoke to madness or despair, to homicidal mania or the wildest frenzy of religious hate. In their meetings on the desolate plain or in the depth of a mountain gorge the visionists stimulated each other by tales of their experiences. It was then they told of their gifts of preaching, of prophecy and communion with the unseen world; and vowed not to accept any favor from the ruling powers until the persecuted kirk should have her heel on the papists, the prelates, the rulers whose carnal wisdom was a rock of offence. This delirium went on to such an excess that at

length they believed that the Protestant bishops and the "curates" were each possessed by a devil. Strange imaginings went abroad concerning the preparations made by Lauderdale, Dalzell, Claverhouse, and the rest for the meetings of the council, and whom they bent to in their worship, provided his arm would sustain them in destroying the kirk and blotting out the remnant of the elect. That the prince of darkness aided them was manifest—clouds of witnesses saw evidences of it on every hand; they saw the bullets dropping from the breast of Dalzell, and Claverhouse riding in the iron hail with a charmed life; Turner, an incarnate fiend, led unscathed by another demon in the press of battle; Lauderdale blaspheming in jests as he ordered the martyrs to the torture or to the gallows; Mackenzie, with his legal craft, guiding, directing, animating, and inspiring all of them in their bullet work.

We confess we have been greatly interested in this book, not merely by what it tells and what it affords by necessary implication, but in all that it has recalled to us of reading elsewhere. The singular credulity and superstition of which we have given so faint an outline was at the same period rampant in Languedoc. There little children dreamed dreams, saw visions like the seers of old, and sent forth armed men to destroy villages, to burn crops, to slay priests and the Catholic people wherever they might meet them. A generation earlier, in the Palatinate and Bohemia, trances and ecstasies, movements of the spirit and prophetic denunciations, were to be found in every conventicle and gathering. How much the foolish Prince Palatine was influenced by such predictions in seizing the crown of Bohemia no one can now, perhaps, determine—for he had a cold, ambitious head in his Anglo-Scottish wife to guide him—but that he was prompted by such agencies there can be no doubt whatever.

2.—HISTORY OF LIFE INSURANCE.*

The address delivered by the President of the New York Life Insurance Company before the twenty-eighth convention of insurance officials, covering the period between the first convention, in 1871, and that of the year in which the president spoke, namely, 1897, is an interesting as well as an authoritative history of one the great factors of modern life. As might be expected, the history of life insurance is one of growth and disaster;

* *A Review of Life Insurance.* By John A. McCall.

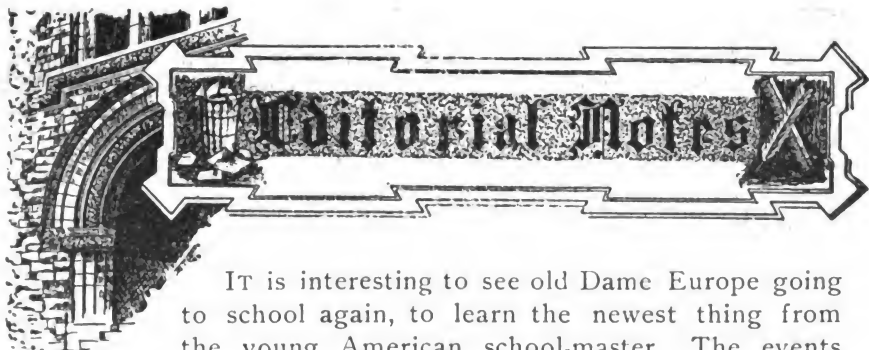
of successful management and of injudicious speculation. Enterprises of the same kind in England up to the year 1871 had passed through two distinctive systems, or, as Mr. McCall describes them, distinctive periods. The first period was that with which the general public is still most familiar, and for that reason the system is that in which they have, unless we are mistaken, the most confidence: we mean the proprietary system. At the first view the confidence is only natural, for the insured possess, according to the contract, as security over and above the company's earnings, the assets of the shareholders within the limits of liability, where the body has been incorporated under the Limited Liability Acts, as all English companies have been for a considerable time. No doubt under this system there have been great frauds in promotion, and where this has not been the case there have been overtrading and the continuation of business when companies were actually insolvent. Then came the period of the early mutual and other profit-sharing companies. As would be inferred from the force of the words describing them, these companies did a life insurance business exclusively. It is interesting to learn that the success of these companies was marked in the yearly increase of business, notwithstanding the natural preference to rely upon the stability of the proprietary organizations.

For a long time State supervision has been exercised in New York. It appears to have begun as early as 1828, in perhaps a tentative form, gradually extending and strengthening its control until now it may be described as full-fledged. At the convention of 1871 there were questions occupying its attention which very distinctly indicated that during the process of growth in the preceding periods difficulties had arisen in the conduct of business which assumed various shapes. Reading between the lines, one can see that a difficulty from the rivalries of companies was not the least prominent. It would, of course, spring up from more favorable terms being offered to intending insurers by one company than those presented by another, and in the absence of a spirit of conservatism or caution the more favorable terms would be a temptation. Still, these latter conditions might only lead to the winding up of the companies that offered them and the loss of their premiums to the insured, together with the disappointment of their expectations. We can only refer the reader to this part of the address, which is altogether historical. It may be observed, in passing, that in ordinary life policies issued prior to 1868, and in

policies of all kinds issued before 1868, there were forfeiture clauses containing restrictions upon residence, travel, occupation, habits of life, and manner of death.

Without saying that the success which seems to have attended this class of enterprise is due to the removal of vexatious restrictions, it would appear that this is one factor. A more complete knowledge of the incidents which affect the fall of life has paved the way for the removal of such restrictions. This, it may be taken for granted, is due to the experience obtained since the rise of assessment societies. There seems no question but that many co-operative and fraternal societies engaged in business between 1870 and 1880 furnished better protection to their patrons than the "level-premium" companies. It may be said that this system was imperfect; but it is proved their management was honest, while, to quote the sarcastic terms in which Mr. McCall characterized the system at the death of the exact and severe companies, they "ran their course of wickedness under the ægis of the law, and died in the odor (a very bad odor, to be sure) of regularity."

His criticism is broad-minded and honest, and we do not grudge him his concluding paragraph in praise of the benefits which life insurance has conferred during the past twenty-seven years. He tells us that since 1871 there has been paid out for life insurance more than the amount of the national debt when at its highest point, and that the payment of the life insurance companies to their members almost equalled the disbursements of the government on account of pensions.



IT is interesting to see old Dame Europe going to school again, to learn the newest thing from the young American school-master. The events of the last few months have placed America in the forefront of the nations of the earth, and what she stands for, the reign of the sovereign people and the practical profession of political equality, have at last been deemed matters for mature consideration.

The advance of Democratic ideas has begun to startle the staid old Monarchists, and they are not quite sure that the opening of the Twentieth Century has not some remarkable developments in store for them.

In the meanwhile America is not relinquishing one particle of the advantage she has attained through the late war. While possessed of a desire to be generous to the conquered, as every magnanimous victor should be, she is determined that Spanish overrule has once for all to be a thing of the past on this western hemisphere.

The evacuation of Cuba is going on as quickly as circumstances will permit. But even before the soldiers leave there goes up the bitter cry of starvation. When every industry of a country has been stamped out by the iron hoof of war, it takes years to start afresh. Cuba is like an etiolated child. It will take years of careful nursing and nutrition to bring her back to robust life.

It is good, however, to see with what an enlightened mind the Bishop of Havana accepts the situation. Other men in like straits have been known to mope and sigh for the days of yore. But this present bishop, though by the enforcement of the American system his revenues are nearly all suppressed, manfully cuts away from the *ancien régime* and goes to the people. There is now very strong hope for religion in Cuba, when it is separated from the blighting influence of the state and appeals with its own force to the hearts of the people.

The "young despot" of Germany, as Gladstone called him, has been making love to the ineffable Turk. He has been posing about the sacred places in sacerdotal dress. He would be very much flattered if the Sultan would place him on high as the great high-priest of Mohammedanism.

With all the pernicious activity he is displaying there is mischief brewing in the Far East.

Divorces have increased in the United States between the years 1867 and 1886 at the rate of 156 per cent., or more than twice the rate of increase of the population. During that space of time 328,716 divorces were granted, and probably two or three times that number of children were left homeless. Yet the Episcopal Church did not have the courage of its convictions in condemning divorce at its recent convention, when the matter was up for discussion and settlement. It called up the giant evil; then it became afraid and ran away from it.



LIEUT.-COMMANDER DANIEL DELEHANTY, U.S.N.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER DANIEL DELEHANTY, U.S.N.,
GOVERNOR OF SAILOR'S SNUG HARBOR.

Daniel Delehanty was born, fifty-two years ago, at Albany, N. Y., where his father, the Hon. Michael Delehanty, recent State Capitol Commissioner, still resides. "Dan," as he is familiarly called, was the "oldest boy." His father having an established business, thought to fit his son for a mercantile life. His early education was obtained at the Albany Academy. At an early age young Delehanty showed a decided *attrait* for sea life, and when the Civil War broke out enlisted in the Volunteer

Navy, and did service on an improvised gunboat, which had seen its best days as a ferry-boat. His parents hoped that this experience would cure him of his desire to be a sailor, but it had the contrary effect. His desire was intensified, and they concluded to aid him in the realization of his hopes. His father obtained the assistance of the late Archbishop Hughes, who gave the boy a letter to Mr. Lincoln requesting the President to give him an appointment to the Naval Academy. The archbishop's letter, endorsed by Mr. Lincoln "Appoint this boy," is still on file in the archives at Washington. He entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1863 and was graduated in 1867. Then began his more active duties. His first important assignment was to a three years' cruise to China. He served in the North Atlantic Squadron and made a cruise around Cape Horn on board the *Portsmouth* for mid-ocean surveying. After an extended cruise to Alaska, he was appointed commander of the steamer *Hassel* and ordered on a survey cruise in the Pacific Ocean, extending from British Columbia to the Mexican Coast. He was transferred from the command of the *Hassel* and assigned as executive officer of the *Texas*.

Lieut.-Commander Delehanty has been a very active as well as a faithful officer, as his several appointments to positions of trust by the Navy Department attest: a member of the Board of Inspectors of merchant ships, duty at Mare Island Navy Yard; instructor of seamanship, naval tactics, and ship-building at Annapolis; ordnance duty at Brooklyn Navy Yard, and supervisor of the harbor of New York. Despite the onerous official duties imposed upon him, Mr. Delehanty yet found opportunity to practically test his scientific training. He invented and patented an automatic self-propelling dumping-boat, which is used by the New York street-cleaning department at the present time.

While executive officer of the *Texas* he was selected by the Board of Trustees as Governor of Sailor's Snug Harbor. This institution, located on Staten Island, N. Y., is a private charity, founded by the munificence of Captain Stephen Randall, an old seaman, for the care of infirm and destitute sailors.

The Navy Department, recognizing the special honor to the Navy in the selection of one of its officers by a private corporation to so responsible a position, readily gave Mr. Delehanty the necessary leave of absence. At the first intimation of hostilities he wrote to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy that in case of war he wished to be considered on duty with the *Texas*, and

that he would consider himself dishonored if he were forced to remain on land under such circumstances. The unexpired furlough was revoked and he was assigned to the command of the *Suwanee*, a sister-ship of the *Mangrove*. A man of so great energy, such unflinching courage as Lieut.-Commander Delehanty, must of necessity have been awake to every opportunity to fulfil his duty. His activity during the war may be gleaned from the following bit of naval report:

June 17.—While off Fort McCalla, Guatanamo Bay, he fired on Hicacal Point and swept the ground in answer to the response of Spanish infantry.

June 21.—Ordered by Admiral Sampson, the *Suwanee* towed the boats carrying the troops for landing at Baiquiri.

June 22.—*Suwanee* was "bottling up" Cervera's fleet. It ran within one and one-half miles of the entrance, and passed up and down for hours before the batteries of Morro Castle, but could not draw fire.

July 1.—Off Morro Castle, at Santiago, the *Suwanee*, with the *Gloucester*, bombarded the Spanish batteries for three hours; the *Suwanee* ran into the breaker lines, to open fire; one shot tilted the Spanish flag, a second destroyed the readjusted emblem, and a third silenced the batteries and demolished a portion of the fort. All the ships recognized the efficient work of the little lighthouse-tender, by cheering and tooting of whistles. The *Suwanee* just missed the destruction of Cervera's fleet, she, with the *Marblehead* and *Massachusetts*, having been ordered to Guatanamo Bay for coal.

At the close of this great naval victory, Lieut.-Commander Delehanty was engaged in the perilous work of removing the mines from Santiago harbor. Peace negotiations having been proclaimed, he returned to this country, reported to the Navy Department, who gave him leave of absence to again resume his duties as Governor of Sailor's Snug Harbor. The trustees, in appreciation of his true worth and admiration of his patriotism, had voted him a leave of absence until the war should end. An eye-witness of Lieut.-Commander Delehanty's "acts of bravery in the face of death" thus relates of him:

"I have seen him in broad daylight within range of the deadly guns of the forts at Santiago aiding in removing the cable. I have seen him on his frail boat within 1,000 yards of those guns landing arms and ammunition, when he might just as well have remained in his boat at a safe distance and still have performed his duty. His ship was devoid of the

comforts and conveniences of a battle-ship or cruiser, and was without armor to protect either ship or crew, and yet I have seen it closer to Spanish shore batteries off Santiago entrance than any armored ship ever ventured. I have seen him, with a daring that was magnificent, go close up to the entrance and drag in the shallow water for the cable which he had volunteered to cut. On the day of bombardment the big battle-ships moved within about 5,000 yards of the forts, but from the quarter-deck of the *Brooklyn* I saw the *Suwanee* at least 1,000 yards closer than the *Brooklyn* or *Texas*, a mere pigmy floating a flag half as big as the ship and firing every gun."

Such acts of heroism prompted Admiral Sampson to recommend the commander of the *Mangrove* for promotion on account of "meritorious conduct." Lieut.-Commander Delehanty followed wherever the fight was thickest, and often was the warning sent not to be too venturesome. A brave sailor, an obedient officer, he protected the interests of his government. A genial, whole-souled American, a practical Catholic, an efficient sailor, he was leader as well as director. A considerate and careful officer, he never recklessly plunged his men into needless danger.

The secret of his deserved popularity and regard is readily discerned from a knowledge of his distinctive characteristics. In his inaugural address at Snug Harbor he said: "I wish now to solemnly impress upon you that the one chief source of scandal is intemperance. Intemperance and order cannot live together in this institution, and it is for you to say which one of these two shall dwell with you."

"I hope in time to know each and every one of you," is but an expression of the qualities that enter into his "make-up." Grievances listened to and cured in so far as possible; tale-bearers dismissed summarily, doing kindly justice to every man, make him beloved by all. "Next to Commander McCalla," said one present during the several engagements, "he performed, I believe, the greatest amount of active duty of any man in the navy." His work was equally as dangerous and decidedly more arduous than any other's. The citizens of Albany, at a public meeting called by order of the mayor, passed resolutions commending the bravery and heroism of their former townsman, and voted to raise funds by general subscription to present him a suitable memorial of his achievements for his country's glory and a token of the city's appreciation of his daring and bravery.



REV. PATRICK BOWEN MURPHY.

REV. PATRICK BOWEN MURPHY, CHAPLAIN OF THE NINTH MASSACHUSETTS.

At the home-coming of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment the impressions of their chaplain's lack of bravery lasted only long enough for Father Murphy to arrive and make his explanations. It is now a well-known fact that the reason for Father Murphy's not being at the front with his men during those now historic days of early July was that he had made an agreement with Father Fitzgerald, of the Twenty-second Regulars, whereby he remained at Siboney caring for the wounded of both regiments, while he (Father Fitzgerald) went to the front to care for the men there.

The subject of this sketch comes of a levitical family of Cork, Ireland. Born in the city of Boston, Mass., the boy graduated from the Lincoln School. At an early age he became a member of the Ninth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. In a short time he was appointed to the position of sergeant major, and in 1872 Governor Washburn commissioned him second

lieutenant in Company F, Ninth Regiment M. V. M. Notwithstanding his intense love of country, he found a place in his heart for the suffering country of his father, and in 1870, when the second invasion of Canada took place, he "went to the front" in the capacity of secretary to the gallant old warrior, Major Maginness. He was present when John Boyle O'Reilly and Major Maginness were formally arrested by the government. A few years passed when, in 1873, another light shone upon the subject of our sketch—the light of a sacred calling.

Preparation for this calling followed in St. Charles' College, Maryland, and in Nicolet College, Canada; and in the year 1882 Father Murphy celebrated his first Mass, surrounded by his dear relatives, friends, and comrades; two companies of the Ninth, in full uniform under arms, being present. One of the first self-imposed duties performed by Father Murphy was his successful completion of the plans for the removal of Dr. Cahill's remains to Ireland.

In the natural order of events, the beloved and patriotic lieutenant, now priest, was elected chaplain of the "boys of the Ninth." War was declared, the Ninth Massachusetts was ordered to the front. For Father Murphy, priest and patriot, there was but one line of action, and that was towards the 'front.' Not once did he consider his own comfort, the need at home, but rather the need of his country, the comfort of his comrades. The spirit of his ancestry was not wanting in him, a member of "the fighting race." To those who knew him it was not a surprise when from Siboney came the news that the "fighting chaplain" of the Ninth Massachusetts had won the love and admiration of his compatriots by his heroism in the field.

When the Ninth landed at Siboney the battle of Santiago was going on, and Father Murphy at once began his work caring for the many wounded in the hospital, adding to his own duties the care of those of the Twenty-Second Regulars who should be sent to Siboney. A Protestant chaplain writes of him: "Father Murphy did not confine his sympathy to Catholics alone, for he helped everybody within his reach, and one morning last July, when I was starving, he insisted I should eat half his frugal fare. What called my attention to him was the tenderness he showed in helping the wounded men into the boats during the high surf. He talked like a brother to the private soldiers." Christian patriotism made him solicitous for the physical as well as spiritual comfort of his fellow-soldiers, it prompted him to aid

and cheer all sufferers with whom he came in contact. On the way from the front to Siboney, a march of nine miles during a rain-storm, unmindful of himself and his years, he thought only of those about him. "You know, my boy, what to do with that rifle, if it gets too heavy for you—give it to me," said Father Murphy many times to the wounded soldier whose gun he had offered to carry, but his offer had been declined. He has the happy faculty of adaptation, which endears him to all. His fund of quaint humor, his apt story, made him a popular and very welcome visitor at all the tents. A newspaper correspondent writes of him: "Father Murphy is a fine 'put-up,' gallant gentleman, a great scholar both in sacred and lay wisdom. His crotchet was natural history. If he can, he will come back from Cuba as Noah went into the ark, followed by a train of every kind of beast and bird to be found in the island." "A splendid man," he bent every energy to ameliorate the existing baneful conditions; regardless of official frown, he rebuked neglect, and was mighty in appeal to officers in command.

Upon his return, at a reception on September 27, at Boston, he was presented with a gold medal commemorative of his services in the war.

Father Murphy has been stationed as curate in the cathedral at Portland, Me., in Cambridgeport, in Natick, and is now rector of St. George's Church, Saxonville, Mass. He is a life member of the Arundel Art Society of London, belongs to the Cork Historical and Archæological Society, an honorary member of the Grattan Literary Association, a member for life of the Congrégation de Laval, Quebec, Canada, for four years was State Chaplain of the Massachusetts Knights of Columbus, and is an active member of Division I. Ancient Order of Hibernians.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

DUTY OF WORKING-MEN TO ORGANIZE.

MR. ROBERT A. WOODS, Head of the South End House, Boston, in an address at the Baltimore Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew called attention to the fact that the modern laborer appears to have but little joy in his work. He contrasted this condition with the workers upon old cathedrals, who wrought their very lives into the stones upon which they worked. We cannot expect great ethical accomplishments from men whose work is joyless. Every thoughtful man must have noticed the widespread lack of loyalty to employers. This is not because the capacity of devotion has been effaced, but because in the majority of cases the attitude of the employer is not such as to inspire love and loyalty from his men. We expect the captains of our armies to be in the forefront of the battle, and to think of their own safety least of all; we expect the captain of a sinking ship to be the last to leave the decks; but the great "captains of industry," as they are called, make it their special business, first of all, to get themselves out whole.

It is the duty of the workman to make the most of himself, intellectually, physically, and morally. Mr. Marshall estimates that half of what he calls "the best soul" of a country is born among the working-people. It is the duty of the worker to do his utmost to maintain the standard of living. Let him remember that the rate of his wages means more than bread and butter for his family. It determines the honesty of his boys and the honor of his girls. It is the duty of the worker to co-operate with his fellows to maintain the standard of wages. The only way to do this is through the union. Unions blunder, but they contain great possibilities. Keir Hardie, the great English labor leader, said recently that the labor movement in England is a religious movement, and that he hoped it would ere long be a Christian movement. This cannot happen, however, until the influence of the church is brought to bear more fully upon social questions, and this influence cannot reach the workers until the church speaks to them in terms of their own experience.—*Public Opinion.*

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE University of the State of New York, which is under the control of a board of twenty-five regents, represents a large aggregation of educational institutions. Much praise is due for the broad spirit shown in the management of the extension department, by which the volunteer forces for self-improvement are recognized and encouraged. Almost two hundred study clubs and reading circles are now registered, and are deriving bibliographic aid from revised lists of books on different subjects and travelling libraries sent from the office of the secretary of the regents, Mr. Melvil Dewey, at Albany, N. Y. Besides travelling libraries, photographs and lantern slides have been lent at small cost.

Miss Myrtilla Avery, the director's assistant of the extension department, has published the summary of her extensive investigations regarding reading circles or study clubs in their relation to libraries. She found that all grades and kinds of literary aims are represented, from the small band of isolated workers in remote villages to the wealthy and powerful bodies of great cities. At both these extremes valuable educational results can be found, but the foundation of successful study club work is the library, and results can generally be tested by the character and completeness of the library to which the club members have access.

It is true that in a few exceptional cases, by contact with active if untrained intellects, club members even without books have reached a certain phase of culture and originality of ideas with which it is wholesome to meet. Such clubs are sometimes found in the smaller villages or in farming communities, where the only books available for reference on subjects of general interest are in the homes of members and include nothing more inspiring than Webster's dictionary, some compendium of useful information, a collection for the home and fireside, some complete works and a history of the world. It is surprising to know how much can be obtained from such apparently discouraging sources. Good work without a library, however, is the exception, and clubs which can accomplish it are the ones which are most ready to prove the rule by gathering libraries together at the first opportunity.

But it is not necessary to prove a statement which from the nature of the case is self evident. This vital connection between clubs and libraries has been recognized in all successful phases of the home education movement in America. A circular written for the lyceum system (dated 1831) makes the following statement:

"A deep and general regret has been expressed that town and village libraries are but little read or that they are entirely neglected and scattered. The cause of this regret is removed by the meetings of lyceums. The moment that young people come together for mutual instruction in subjects of useful knowledge they call for books. The old library is looked up or a new one formed, and when the members are not conversing with each other they are perhaps conversing with their books."

Elsewhere lyceums are urged to take an active interest in the establishment of free libraries in every town, and to this interest on the part of town lyceums can doubtless be traced the large number of free libraries existing in Massachusetts.

In the early stages of the home education movement the connection between the work of literary clubs and the books in a free library was more direct than now. Except that apparently the study of natural history was to be emphasized, the value of consecutive study on the same subject and the advantages of intellectual growth over the acquisition of useful information was then not generally considered in planning the work of lyceums and literary clubs. In the lyceum circular already referred to the question is thus stated :

"After the simple organization of a lyceum and furnishing it with *tools*, viz., with apparatus, collections in natural history, periodicals and books, the members agree upon such subjects and such a course of exercises as best suit their wishes, acquirements, and pursuits. At one time some branch of science is chosen as the subject of the meeting, when, if a single lecturer does not prefer the exclusive or principal management of the subject, the illustrations are divided between several members, who in succession occupy the attention of the meeting. When these persons have closed the illustrations they proposed, if time permits the subject is open to inquiry and more familiar discussion."

"If twenty lyceums in a county should apply a portion of the funds appropriated to general objects and the diffusion of useful knowledge, to procuring a county library, to be divided into twenty parts, according to the amount paid by the several lyceums, and a new division made once in three months, each town would have the advantage of four new libraries in a year."

This plan was so excellent for its time that it should have attracted more attention. But for club purposes we have now passed so far beyond the standpoint of the circular that the extension department will not lend a library of miscellaneous reading to a club for use in its study. However excellent the selection of books asked for by a club, none is accepted unless every book on the list can be shown to be of value in study of the subject chosen. The travelling library thus sent is therefore doubly effective, for in order to have one the club must agree to study some one subject for a specified time and the library once in the possession of the club becomes a powerful incentive to continuous study.

The system has recommended itself to the clubs of the State. In the two years since it has been in operation, 180 clubs have been registered and 220 libraries have been lent. Further information will be sent to any who are interested.

While the travelling libraries reduce the difficulties in the way of supplying necessary books for such study, the responsibilities and duties of the free public library in towns where one exists should not be overlooked. It is the librarian's high privilege by tact and wisdom to be the recognized leader in the literary work of the locality. The schools, the churches, the lecture courses, are all under the guidance of specialists devoted to their interests. But whose duty is it to guide the local literary clubs if it is not the librarian's? Some clubs, it is true, are so fortunate as to have permanent leaders, either among members or engaged in the capacity of teachers. But these clubs are few, and even they sometimes lose their leaders, and for want of some wise guidance at a critical moment may lapse, if not permanently, at least for a time, into superficial work.

The various State federations of women's clubs are interested in library work and several are definitely pledged to it. At present the State federations of Ohio, Maine, Georgia, Kentucky, New Jersey, and Tennessee are attempting to introduce the New York travelling library system into their respective States.

The New York State federation has also recently appointed a library committee, not to bombard the legislature with new ideas, as in the case of the others mentioned, but mainly to make known to the people of the State the privileges which are theirs, and in some cases to implant the desire for more and better reading among residents. In most towns where no free library exists the easiest and quickest way to bring the matter before the public is to induce

twenty-five tax-payers to apply for a travelling library. When the library of one hundred volumes with bookcases and charging system arrives, is set up in the room provided, and circulation begun, the whole subject of establishing a free library for that locality becomes a very different thing. The supposed vagaries of enthusiasts suddenly become established realities and the insurmountable difficulties raised by the chronic objector begin to take on a visionary character. When the question of establishing a permanent free library in that locality is finally raised, it is discovered that large numbers of the enemy have been captured and many are in allegiance to the new cause. The experimental character of the travelling library is thus one of the strongest recommendations in all library campaigns.

Efforts need to be made, not only in the small towns of the interior, but also in the congested portions of the large cities, where the interior of a library is often unknown. Here the problem is more difficult and results not nearly so apparent. As usual, it is probably necessary to begin with the children, and either by means of home libraries or by establishing branch children's reading-rooms to create wants which the library can supply. In all such work study clubs should be formed among the children, and a special collection of books suited to their subject should be provided either by the local public library or by the State. In this way the children learn how to use a library in the best way and their interest in the subject can often, under wise direction, be made permanent and so a safeguard against corrupt surroundings.

* * *

Some time ago the *Daheim* contained a brief account by Arend Buchholtz of the origin of the People's Library of Berlin. Germany would seem to be far behind the United States in its library movement, as the following notes from the *Daheim* will show.

When Friedrich von Raumer, the historian of the Hohenstaufen, was travelling in the United States, he happened to fall into conversation with a number of working-men, and was surprised at the accurate knowledge of Plutarch which some of them displayed. Inferring from this that it was the public libraries and scientific lectures which did so much for the people, he made up his mind that he would set about founding similar institutions for the masses of Berlin. On the whole, his idea was well received, but Savigny, the famous jurist, who was the chief opponent of the scheme, declared the whole undertaking, and especially the participation of women in its benefits, to be a degradation to science.

Nothing daunted, Raumer first called into existence a Scientific Union and organized lectures in the Singing Academy. The result was most gratifying; the most prominent representatives of German science became lecturers, and large audiences filled the Academy. The plan soon found imitators in many other German cities, and thereby an interest was awakened in scientific questions, and much useful knowledge was spread.

Raumer's next move was to establish libraries for the people, it being his idea that knowledge should not be confined to school and university circles. In 1850 four libraries were started, and the next year twenty-three more followed. These libraries, though in close relationship with the public elementary schools, are carried on under the auspices of the Scientific Union. The books are stored in the school-houses, and the libraries are superintended by the school rector and a representative of the Scientific Union.

Now, very naturally, the interests of the library demand emancipation from the school and the school-master. The work has grown, and librarians with more time at their disposal than is possible to the school rector, and buildings with more space for the storing of the books than is available in the school-house, are required; but there seems little prospect of any extension of the praiseworthy work while the income available amounts to not more than \$9,000.

The twenty-seven libraries already in existence contain over 100,000 volumes, and after the German classics, Ludwig, Anzengruber, Berthold Auerbach, Felix Dahn, Georg Ebers, Theodor Fontane, Gustav Freytag, Paul Heyse, Gottfried Keller, Konrad Ferdinand Meyer, Wilhelm Raabe, Victor von Scheffel, and Friedrich Spielhagen are among the authors most in demand.

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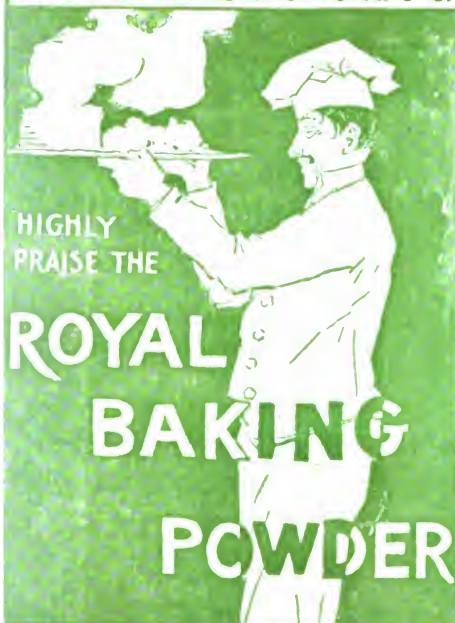
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THE PAPACY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



CHRISTIAN Rome must be looked at, despite the changes upon the surface, as the covering of a permanent and indestructible principle. Christian emperors, Goths, marauding barons, mediæval interpreters of pagan ideas, and modern revolutionists are the foam upon the sea. Flights to Avignon and Gaeta, imprisonments in Fontainebleau, are the accidents of the hour. Christian Rome is immortal because the embodiment of an eternal thought. Mr. Crawford * has caught a glimpse of this view, but, it would seem, only to lose sight of it again. He looks upon nineteen centuries as a preparation for the pontificate of Leo XIII.; but great as Leo is, he is only one link in the chain from Peter to the Pope who shall see the blackened sun and the moon turned to blood, and the stars falling as figs when the tree is shaken by a great wind, and who shall hear the angel swear that time shall be no longer. He who writes of the Papacy, even as the instrument of the

* *Ave Roma Immortalis.* By Marion F. Crawford. New York: Macmillan Company.

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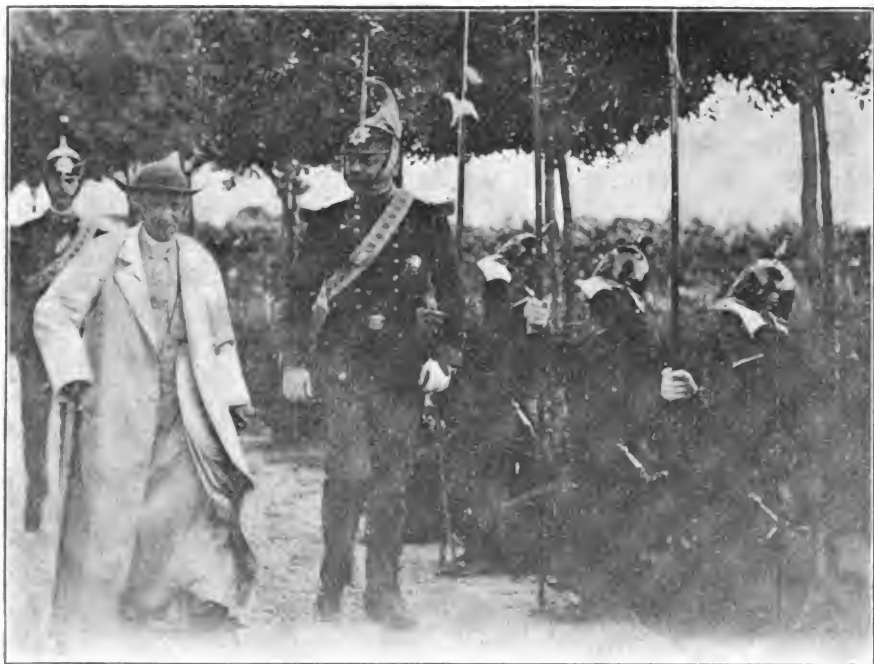
VOL. LXVIII.—28

Church's contact with the age, should be a seer gazing on deathless ideas. The greatest figure in the long dynasty is dwarfed amid the forces round him. He wields a power, but it is not his own. Though he sends the lightnings, and they go and return at his will, he does so only, and they obey him only, as the delegate of a power given even to the weakest John as amply as to the greatest Leo.

We yield to no one in admiration of the energy and ability of his present Holiness. We cannot help thinking, so far as our poor judgment helps us, that he is the man of his time in the fullest sense; but what we deprecate is the suggestion made, whether wittingly or not, that the work of the Pope depends in any essential sense on his mental and moral qualities. Two functions meet in the person of the Pope, the one expressed by the Papacy as an instrument in relation with society in all its forms, the other the office of Pastor and Teacher of each one of us, in virtue of his authority over the corporate life of the congregation of the faithful. In the first-mentioned function the Holy Father secures for every child of Holy Church that freedom of worship so often assailed by hostile influences. He



LIKE HIS DIVINE MASTER, HE HATH COMPASSION ON THE MULTITUDE.



PHYSICAL VIGOR IN SPITE OF ADVANCED YEARS.

is the protector of the rights of conscience against rulers who would deny them; he claims for each one, as he is bound to do, the liberty to obey the law of God. In this field, of course, personal qualities are of inestimable value; one can see, without looking beyond the natural horizon, that tact, patience, knowledge of profane learning, all the advantages which distinguish the highest intellects in affairs, ought to be at the service of the pope when negotiating with rulers. That is to say, on the human side of his office mental and moral qualities of a high order would be more conducive to success than the same qualities in a less degree; but behind and apart from this is the divinely appointed side of the office, which men will not separate from the other. Hence so many mistaken estimates of the action of individual popes when compared with that of others; and what is more painful yet, so many difficulties in reconciling the life and conversation of this or that pope with the trust reposed in him.

One pope may be called apparently to suffer more than to rule; another apparently to rule rather than to suffer; but in truth the suffering pope, as we have hinted in the principle laid down, rules as essentially in the immortal life of the church

and its instrument, the Papacy, as the pope whose success in handling the influences and passions of his time is universally appreciated. Who would have supposed when Pius VII. was a prisoner that Catholic and Protestant powers would unite in restoring him to his temporal sovereignty and in sending his jailer to a remote rock in the Atlantic to eat out his heart at the recollection of defeated ambitions. In exile one reflection was made by Napoleon which illustrates the exceptional position the pope occupies in the social universe: that his fortunes would have been different if he had not laid hands upon Pius VI. and Pius VII. We take this step by step. At one time Napoleon described the pope as a furious madman, and added, He must be shut up! He was reminded of the risks he ran in meddling with the church and its ruler; but retorted in his Cromwell-like ranting way: Will the pope's curse cause the muskets to fall from my soldiers' hands? As a matter of fact, the muskets literally fell from his soldiers' hands, as a Protestant historian* significantly observes. And we have no reason to come to any conclusion but that the curse of oppression, injustice, and sacrilege followed the man in the madness which drove him to fight the powers of nature in Russia. It was the judicial blindness which pagans, speaking from old traditions or a singularly illuminated insight, expressed in the dictum, "Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat." That is to say, men are visited with an uncontrollable impulse to attempt impossible enterprises or a madness of the kind which urges to deeds of ferocity until the world can no longer bear them. In the history of ancient empires we see running like a golden thread the philosophy of God's superintendence. It is given with a precision, by great poets and historians, like the exactness which marks the laborious and painstaking intellect of mediæval schools. We are advocating nothing; we are stating phenomena of experience in the moral order, and we leave our readers to draw their own conclusions. So when we recount that in St. Helena Napoleon laid down what reflection led him to think the proper basis of negotiation with the Papacy—that the pope should be looked upon as a sovereign at the head of an army of two hundred thousand men—we perceive a very great advance from the passionate outburst, He must be shut up! It is somewhat misleading to state a moral force in terms of physical energy, but the attempt to do so by the man whom Emerson selects, among representative men, as the em-

* Alison : *History of Europe.*



A DRIVE IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.

bodiment of practical sagacity, is convincing testimony as to the reality of the force in question.* We, therefore, must dissent from Mr. Crawford's opinion that Pius VI. and Pius VII. were politically insignificant.

Indeed, one is at a loss at times to pronounce a judgment on the "political" significance of one Supreme Pontiff rather than another. One of Napoleon's prisoners died in his hands, his life shortened by anxiety and the indignities inflicted on him. It is said the emperor struck him; no one can doubt but that he afforded him innumerable opportunities for the practice of patience. This despot, without principle or breeding, raved against dignitaries in the language of a costermonger. His prisoner could not escape any more than kings at a distance. Then Pius VII. was elected and carried off to prison. He died on the throne of Rome, but the French Empire was a thing of the past, the pageant of a dream, with its princes and its dukes and notabilities, who formed a court offering such a contrast to the *salons* of Versailles when Louis XVI. and his queen were

* We regard these essays, *Representative Men*, as foolish in important respects, but Emerson caught here and there the meaning of characteristics.

yet young as the court of the Emperor of Hayti, with his princes and his dukes, presents to the drawing-rooms of St. James's. The empire which broke the heart of one pope and tried to break that of another vanished like an illusion, and this other alone of rulers spoke gentle words about his tyrant. The chained eagle in St. Helena was the Corsican upstart in England, while in Prussia and throughout Germany he had sown the seeds of such hatred that not even yet has vengeance been glutted. However, Pius VII., politically insignificant as our author deems him, died upon his throne; Gregory VII., after Canossa, said, as his farewell to life: "Because I have loved justice and hated iniquity I die in exile." Plainly, this Papacy, this instrument of the church and the pope in their action upon princes and states—this institution has a life not to be judged by the standard of ordinary royalties and potencies.

When Leo ascended the throne it seemed to all outside the church that her last hour had struck, and within the church millions were indifferent, and millions strong indeed in loyalty, but weak in judgment, were in despair. It was a time when men's hearts were tried, but there were some who, resting on the divine promises, looked at the crisis as a mere incident in the immortal life of the institution. Pontiffs come and go, but the Papacy remains. It was, no doubt, a period of anxiety for the new Pope. No one in the long dynasty had been confronted by severer troubles. Convulsions had often torn asunder the European commonwealths; heresy had again and again desolated the fairest provinces of the church; the hordes of Islam in their progress seemed the heralds of the final doom; but in all these storms the mass of the faithful looked with confidence to the future. It was not so in our time. The peculiar effects of the last phase of civilization in Europe tend to make faith rather an appreciation of the intellect and will than a heroic passion of the entire man by which intellect, will, feeling, and emotion realize things unseen and unfelt as if visible and tangible. Despite us, we are chilled by the frozen atmosphere of unbelief—cold to any test but that of the scalpel and the scales. The angel of Sinai speaking from the thunderous clouds would be analyzed into combinations of atmospheric phenomena forming sounds curiously resembling articulation. This intellectual phase is in an explicable way a product of the revolt of the sixteenth century, though no great rising against the church's authority had so much of passion, so little of pure intellect, in its birth. Unlike the



LEO POSSESSES TRANQUIL COURAGE.

subtle heresies of the East, which drew whole episcopal benches at their wheels, the doctrines of the Reformers did not carry away one dignified and distinguished churchman. Abbey lands, church revenues, freedom from external direction had more to do with convincing potentates and great men than after-thought theories of the fall and the atonement.

This is how a movement possessing no logical character was aided by what men in their phrase-making call the inexorable logic of events. Wars and spoliations did in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for Protestantism what scientific atheism has done for it in the nineteenth. It became the symbol of material prosperity. The rise of Protestantism marked an epoch in a sense which Arianism had not done. Material prosperity was the breath of life to the leading Reformers; it was the turning all things to gold which won so much acceptance for the reformed doctrines in Scotland, through the German principalities, in the Scandinavian nations, in Switzerland, in France, and in many parts of England. The violent transfer of property and the vast social change incident to it made an epoch from which there was no going back. No social revolu-

tion, no blotting out of ancient landmarks, accompanied the speculative heresies that wounded the church in the early centuries. When they died she resumed her place in the old settlements, and the memory of the evil interregnum faded into a kind of fancy without power on the march of nations. But new conditions synchronized with the ideas of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, perpetuating them by the fixity of associations arising from power, violence, wealth, and all the rewards attending unscrupulous enterprise and ambition. The efficacy of faith without works would be an encouraging doctrine to the man who found an inconvenience in the observance of the fifth and sixth commandments. A barony carved out of a dissolved monastery lent a special value to the principle of private interpretation. For the first time in Christian society the acquisition of wealth became an absorbing passion ; but lest some survival from the Gospel teaching should afford authority to the exercise of justice and mercy, the scientific atheism of to-day interposed individual interests as the measure of morality. This was the intellectual attitude of the world when Leo XIII. took the place of the Fisherman.



HIS INTEREST IN MATTERS OF DETAIL.



THE BURDENS OF HIS HIGH OFFICE WEIGH HEAVILY ON HIM.

When opening his chapter on Leo XIII. Mr. Crawford suggests rather than presents an outline of European history from the French Revolution. It strikes us as inaccurate. Europe had not fallen into a death-like trance—these are not his words exactly, but they convey his thought,—but a trance had not fallen on Europe in the interval from Waterloo till the Year of Revolutions, as 1848 is called, doubtless because it brought no change to the peoples who were told in verse and poetic prose that they were oppressed. That the states were weary of war would be the correct expression, but there was below the surface an activity sure to work itself to the top. Processes of social and political evolution were germinating. In England they were taken in time by the Reform Act; in Prussia they were rendered almost innocuous by the transfer of landed property to a considerable part of the occupiers. These were the only states in which the ideas seething in the masses seem to have been wisely guided; but for all that, a social ferment is at present undermining Germany and England's safety depends on an outlet for her commerce. How much Mr. Crawford has mistaken the aspect of European policy in the years from 1815 to 1848 may be judged by his opinion that England was the

only state not governed by weak and timid sovereigns. As a matter of fact, George IV. had not a particle of influence, and William IV. was the puppet of Wellington and Peel. George IV. signed the Emancipation Bill in an agony of rage, William signed the Reform Bill at the command of ministers contemptuously indifferent to his blubbing. On the other hand, all over Europe, from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, the revolutionary idea had been kept under control by "the weak and timid sovereigns." It burst out in 1848; it was extinguished everywhere except in France; and France obtained the blessing of a military despotism in exchange for a constitutional monarchy.

We can only glance at the Italian states. There was no excuse for a rebellion against governments anywhere except in Venice. The king of the Two Sicilies and the grand dukes ruled their possessions in a good, easy manner. The peoples were hardly taxed, they enjoyed the comforts of life; but there has been always something unsettled in the Italian disposition, and those Italians from the Alps to Spartivento used to dream of Roman greatness as of a heritage they had lost. It would be a pity not to state a fact connected with Italian conspiracies either not generally known or generally lost sight of. Busy-bodies from France and Switzerland, inspired by classical enthusiasm, formed branches of the Society of Young Italy. Members of those societies frequently crossed into Venetia, the duchies, or the kingdom of Naples to sustain the branches in those parts. They were imprisoned, of course, but the more crafty Italians invariably contrived to let the foreigners bear the punishment, and as invariably to make capital out of their sufferings. Mazzini guided the branches from a foreign country, and Garibaldi, notwithstanding that his opinions were well enough known, seems to have enjoyed more liberty than a person of his stamp, if a British subject, would obtain in England.

England gave great moral and material support to the revolutionists. It was her policy to prevent a reconciliation between the Italian states and the advanced liberalism of those men. She recommended reforms to Pius IX., and when he appointed Rossi his minister, in deference to the growing opinion, she praised him for his enlightened sentiments; when Rossi was assassinated, she praised the murderers as men rightly struggling to be free; when the Holy Father fled, she celebrated in high festival the death of the Papacy. It would be no exaggeration



HIS TALL, STRONG, BONY FRAME.

to say that one secret of the animosity of English Liberals to Ferdinand of Naples was the tender and respectful manner of his reception of Pius IX. The king's tears, when on the frontier of his dominions he kissed the Holy Father's hand, had that nobleness about them which gave the lie to the dark tales of Neapolitan despotism. When the young Queen Victoria used to advertise the few pounds sent to a laborer's wife brought to bed of a triplet, editors and other enthusiasts gushed over the graciousness of "the womanly queen"; but nothing was said in praise of the high-minded prince, who in himself represented the old royalty of France, of Germany and Spain, and, forgetting the plots against his own life, proceeded to the outskirts of his kingdom in order that his welcome to the head of the church should be worthy of a Catholic king.

This was an early experience in the pontificate of Pius; the first fact which that of Leo confronted was a policy in England expressing the atheism of which we have already spoken. Commercial progress, the accumulation of wealth, death to old traditions, effacement of priestcraft, were the stock ideas of the time. Catholics experienced in their religion a bar to their

rise in life. Everywhere was pointed out the contrast between Protestant and Catholic states in material prosperity; there is hardly a Catholic gentleman in England but has met some nominal Catholic in the universities and the learned professions who apes this manifestation of Protestant muddleheadedness by drawing attention to the small number of Catholics who are men of science as compared with the large number of men of science who are not Catholics, and the small number of Catholics compared with Protestants and others in the learned professions. Putting aside this matter, in so far as it assumes an entirely erroneous standard of comparison, it would be unfair to condemn Christianity because the first converts were for the most part poor, while all the wealth and honors of imperial Rome were possessed by the pagans; but putting the question aside, there remains the fact of a dangerous social opinion confronting Leo XIII. among the most learned and ambitious of his flock just as he entered upon his office.

It was a dark hour for him. England was anti-Catholic in a more sinister direction than when she was openly persecuting Catholics. In Germany the *Kulturkampf* was at its height. An ethnological theory as to the future government of the world was threatening the influence of the church as the embodiment of a Latinism which belonged to an unlettered age. All that appeals to pride was centred in Teutonism. The Latin races were swept off their feet and bowed before the rising sun of Germany. But a change came. Political animosities were silent. Great armies were stayed by an unseen hand, as the hordes of Attila had been stayed, and the course of the church went on like a full river whose majesty nothing can arrest.

The circumstances of the youth of Leo XIII. contributed to the shaping of his moral and mental qualities. He belonged to the lesser landed gentry, a class which in every country has supplied the best instances of harmony between the speculative and ideal and the practical intellect. Though a poet, Lord Tennyson was a philosopher; and though rather fond of prediction, he has suggested some sound political speculation; and we have the like marvellous combination of those intellectual forces in Mr. Gladstone, the only man of our time who can at all be compared with Leo XIII. Leo was born under the shadow of the Volscian hills. It was from those heights the tribes so often rushed down upon the young city left by Romulus, so that day and night, as upon the Scotch Border, watchers looked for the coming of the foe. As the Scotchmen answered



HE IS A POET AS WELL AS PHILOSOPHER.

the beacon-fire which told the Southron was at hand, so rang through the city the call to drive the Volsian home. There were associations with the twilight age in those hills, mysteries of the dawn of man's life: whence came he, whence his gods, whence his dooms of right—rudiments of law and policy, germs of conquest and of progress.

Young Pecci owed to his ancestors a tall, strong, bony frame. A high Aryan he was—huge-skulled, strong-jawed, capable of hard thinking and hard-hitting, a controversialist or a soldier, or, if the moral qualities were not in equipoise, a revolutionist or pirate. He was indebted to the pure air of the mountains, the exercise of the sportsman, and the simple life of his home for the endurance and flexibility wrought into thew and sinew, and which are still manifest in the fabric, worn as it is by ninety years of toil. His moral and intellectual qualities had not to undergo a strain before forming a great purpose and executing it, as in the instances of those men of genius unfortunate in a delicate constitution. What wear and tear of the nervous system were suffered before Demosthenes could mount the bema in answer to the herald's question: Does any citizen

desire to speak? Agonies of sickness and nervous irritability were doing upon him the work of years quite apart from his public services. One can imagine that the pains and waste of vital forces before each philippic were ten times more exhausting than the work itself—than the energy which thundered menaces to Philip, the surpassing skill with which he led his countrymen along. No one can conceive the suffering which made Richelieu's life an old age in the prime of manhood, yet with this half-life—this life mated to death—his genius laid Europe at his feet. Such instances are rare. It is seldom the moral qualities rise so superior to nature that the courage of the soul takes captive sickness, decay, suffering, and the cowardice springing from them. But Pecci thought in a frame which was an aid to sound thinking. His genius had to pay no such tax as Richelieu's before the display of its powers, no such fine before the merchandise of mind was offered to mankind. His was a mind capacious of great ideas in union with a body affluent in the possession of health, strength, and endurance—mind and body acting and reacting with a harmony like the forces which work through the physical universe, reminding one, as Grattan might say—reminding one of the thunder and the music of the spheres. Looking over twenty years and weighing the conflicting influences that swing and sway and rise and fall in Europe, we see that from the time of his accession until now his statesmanship has been an inspiration. As we write he has sounded the note of loyalty to venerable traditions in not displacing France from the proctorship of Eastern Catholicity. All Germany, Catholic and Protestant, are in array against him, but he has counted the cost, and, as though he saw a profound principle involved, he stands as with the right and generous and not with the interested and time-serving.

Clearly he grasps difficulties with the quickness and certainty of intuition, he tells the solution of them to the city and the world in language which is the lightning of his mind. To this mind, so strong and wise in the guidance of men, fancy has given the touch which is the ether of thought, the finer, subtler essence which is the soul's soul and which reveals itself in poetry. To this man so gifted with varieties of power, and each one great, the rule of the church has been given in our time.

Mr. Crawford is clearly right in saying that the Pope is as wise a leader as any one who has wielded power in our day. Perhaps the greatest, because he has done more to secure peace by his caution, firmness, and spirit of conciliation than all the



HE BLESSES ALL THE WORLD.

rulers of his time taken together. Looking at his reign upon the outside, we see that it has gained world-wide respect for the church. He is a ripe scholar, a great statesman, an honest man. The soundness of his views concerning social problems one would expect from his training as a Catholic priest. No other training can approach it in fitting men to grasp the forces working in society, because it supplies a key to the heart—not merely the heart of this individual or that, but the heart of mankind with its passions, needs, its hopes and fears—an abstract expression of the individual heart. No other training can confer the knowledge of right, because it only looks at right in relation to God. What are called the rights of men—the fundamental and alienable rights of man with regard to himself and others, so far as they have any foundation in truth at all—must spring from the absolute right of God over his creatures. Much of the mischievous teaching of philosophy for two centuries has arisen from a view which makes man a god to himself, whose own opinions are his law, whose affections are the measure of his enjoyment, whose accountability is confined to the claims of society as represented by the state, or a class within the state

constituting itself a tribunal like the Areopagus of the tea-table. We represent things fairly. Men indeed talk of "eternal verities," but whence do they proceed? In what sense are the rights of man eternal if they are contingent and conditioned? But so far as they reflect the will of God they are certainties which cannot be taken away without a violation of justice. From such a source Leo XIII., like each one of his predecessors, has drawn his knowledge of what man owes to man and to society. Consequently in his utterances on social and economic questions he has done more to keep the peace than all other rulers.

One especially valuable quality he possesses is that of tranquil courage. The judgments of good men are often obscured by nervous irritability which prevents the immediate appreciation of sound principles. The correct judgment in a given case is often arrested by a hesitating temper which shrinks from initiative. Possibly Mr. Crawford means this when he speaks of Pius IX. as always hesitating. Well, there is a human side to the Papacy; and the pope who was driven from his capital, who was restored to his subjects by the arms of a foreign power and kept by them on his throne against the threats of the revolutionists of Italy and Europe, who saw his city again taken by a foreign sovereign in league with the assassins of Young Italy and the mercenaries of England—such a pope might be well excused for doubting the wisdom of formulating economic formulæ among men likely to wrest them to their vicious purposes. It was different with Pope Leo and the time of his accession. The thieves were falling out. Emperors and working-men were at each others' throats. Authority is good because of divine origin, whether it be Tiberius or William I. who rules by the counsels of Sejanus or Bismarck. The well-being of the masses is a good thing, but this should not rest upon principles of treason and robbery. Dreading the masses, the second William relieved his Sejanus from the difficulties of an office trying to the energies of an aged man and went to Leo. The masses, dreading that the resources of a great empire would be too strong in conflict with ideas of a rather sordid and selfish character, empanoplied their ideas in the armor of reason, justice, reverence, and so fenced they went to Leo. It was a great triumph, one that marks an epoch to the mere historian—an incident of the long succession which shows to the Catholic and the fair-minded Protestant that there is something in the Papacy which even in its human aspect defies analysis.

THE CHARITABLE WORK OF WOMEN.

BY S. L. EMERY.



STRICTURES are passed at times upon the charitable work of Catholic women outside of our great religious orders. Nevertheless there does seem to be a gap in the organization of the church which might easily be supplied by a society of lay-women. The trend, however, of the thought among the active workers in the field of charity is professedly against a society among women that would parallel the St. Vincent de Paul Society as it is now constituted among men. The work of laymen is well organized, calls forth the energy of many choice spirits, and does a wondrous amount in ameliorating the condition of the poor.

But when we come to the consideration of the Catholic woman's charitable work there seems to be among us a general idea that everything is vague, unsettled, and left to woman's own sweet will and impulsive plans. The noble work of the Young Ladies' Charitable Association in Boston with its free home for consumptives, the self-sacrificing labors of the Ladies of Calvary in New York, the earnest work of the ladies in Chicago for the deaf and dumb, militate to a certain extent against this statement, but to a certain extent only. There is here no great, banded organization like that among the men, uniting all these women in their blessed work by a union of prayers, indulgences, common rule and guidance.

Are we so sure, however, that the Catholic Church has made no provision for this very thing? And if she has done so anywhere, is it not possible that her plans, always wise and far-reaching, cannot be made applicable to the present condition of things in our country? Let us, under the guidance of the Apostle of Charity, St. Vincent, search carefully into this important matter.

As long ago as the year 1617, before ever the society known as Lazarist priests or that of the Sisters of Charity was established, the great St. Vincent had formed a confraternity for women charitably disposed to work among the sick poor. His practical mind immediately took up the lines of *rule* and *guid-*

ance, for he had clearly experienced their necessity. His provisional rule soon received canonical approbation. The original document soliciting this favor is still carefully preserved, a part of it being in St. Vincent's own handwriting, and is therefore of peculiar value in itself and in relation to our present subject.

The analysis of this precious testimony to the saint's plans and purposes is as follows: The aim of the work is to honor our Lord Jesus Christ in his suffering members, *the sick poor*, by helping them both spiritually and corporally. This thought is in itself divine, and is as old as Christianity. In fact, the first poor man of the Gospel is our Lord himself; his most holy Mother shares his poverty, even while, by her love, her cares, her work, she softens its privations at Bethlehem, in Egypt, at Nazareth. During his public life our Lord willed to be indebted for his daily bread to the charity of the kindly disposed.

THE HIGH PURPOSE OF THE CONFRATERNITY OF CHARITY.

The Confraternity of Charity is inspired in its aim and its practices by this one thought only: *Our Lord is the object of the services rendered to the sick poor*. All is to be done with a holy intention and nothing for human respect. Something far higher than what is ordinarily understood by philanthropy enters into this plan conceived by the large heart of St. Vincent, a something which will often bring far more benefit to the doer of the work than to the recipient of the charity. He lays it down as a principle that those belonging to this confraternity must strive after the welfare of their own souls as well as of those whom they seek to benefit; and the souls of the poor whom they visit must be as much the object of their solicitude as are their bodies.

The rule proceeds to the most minute details in regard to the manner of visiting the sick, of helping them, of providing their nourishment; it even explains, in its delicate consideration for those whom his tender charity calls "*the poor, our masters*," how to fit upon the bed the little board or table whereon their modest repast is served. Everything is prescribed with that sweet sincerity that impresses the soul with a profound conviction that nothing is small in the service of a God who is himself infinitely great.

Of the officers first elected for the confraternity, Frances Baschet and Charlotte de Brie, we are told that during a

terrible scourge of famine and pest, that affrighted courageous men, these women went, by day and night, into the poorest and most infected huts, carrying food and remedies that they had themselves prepared in little dwellings at the city gates, where they made their chosen abode, as sentinels of charity, during that disastrous period.

Is it likely, in the ordinary purposes of Divine Providence, that an organization planned by a saint, and begun under such leaders as these heroic women, filled, too, with the very spirit of the Catholic Church in her perpetual working everywhere—is it likely that such a work failed and passed away? Reason and faith answer energetically, *No*. And it is indeed a fact that the confraternity still exists, though as yet but little known in the United States.

A PARENT TREE OF CHARITABLE SOCIETIES.

It did not merge, as has been thought, into the splendid, world-wide community of Sisters of Charity, although that community may be truly said to have sprung from this little confraternity which was the first organized society to be formed by Vincent de Paul's wonderful gift for organization in the cause of the needy. Neither must it be confounded with the Ladies of Charity of the Hôtel Dieu, nor the Ladies of Charity of the Court. It should always be distinctly understood and remembered that *les dames de la Charité*, or *les Confréries de la Charité*, founded at Châtillon in 1617, was prior to all of these, that it spread abroad, and that, although the storm of the French Revolution thwarted and hindered its blessed work for awhile in France, it flourishes again, there and elsewhere. In the authorized Manual for the association, bearing date "1886, Paris," a summary is given of the present condition of the society, which is as follows: "In Paris, 54 branches; other parts of France, 54 branches are reported; in Italy, 97; in Belgium, 41; Austria and Poland, 13; Turkey, 6; Peru, 9; Mexico, 25." In the United States there is *not one* reported, although in fact a few societies exist here.

The work was implicitly approved by Pope Urban VIII. in 1632. Pope Innocent XII. granted it indulgences in 1675. In 1744, Pope Benedict XIV. gave it tokens of his esteem. But the great testimony to its worth has come in these latter times, when Pope Pius IX. "granted to the Association of the Ladies of Charity *the same indulgences and spiritual favors* that his predecessor, Gregory XVI., had accorded, by the briefs of

January 10 and August 12, 1845, to the society of men founded under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul."

The rule to-day is framed upon the model of that which St. Vincent gave to the first association established in Paris. Faith is its motive principle, bidding us see in the suffering poor our brother, and the brother of Jesus Christ—nay more, Jesus Christ Himself. A member of the association must show herself ready for all sacrifices, in order to be useful to those whom she seeks to truly gain to God. She is to be full of zeal, fearing no fatigue, ready to put herself to any trouble if she may relieve another's pain. She must be truly humble, taking willingly the second place in the good she does, accepting insult, seeking to be concealed from the world's praise or notice. Considering herself the servant of Jesus Christ in the person of the poor, she tries to assimilate herself, as it were, to that condition by the simplicity of her dress and manner, speaking to those she visits with real respect, and entering their humble dwellings modestly and plainly clad.

SAVING SOULS AS WELL AS BODIES.

She must show them much kindness by compassionating their sufferings, listening to them with interest, weeping with those who weep; in order that they may see that their painful position is understood, that their troubles are shared, and that they are the object of a sincere affection. Gently and with patience the poor man's immortal soul must be tended and comforted as well as his suffering body. On the one hand, food, medicine, clothing, fuel, must be thoughtfully provided; useful suggestions made as to cleanliness, neatness, economy, the love of work; and interest must be shown in obtaining them means of livelihood when out of work. But, on the other hand, the paschal Communion must not be forgotten, nor the last Sacraments, nor reconciliation with an offended neighbor, nor prayer, nor repentance, nor the account that rich and poor must one day render to the Judge of all. "The work of the sick poor," says the Manual quoted above, "saves thousands of souls," which is not the report we look for in the annals of philanthropy, although it is one that the recording angel gladly carries to heaven. Words can hardly express too strongly the stress laid by St. Vincent on the spiritual side of this helpful organization.

A PONTIFF'S DEFINITION OF CHARITY.

In this connection will be found extremely applicable the allocution and benediction of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., to the Ladies of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, assembled in the chapel of the Priests of the Mission in the city of Florence, the 21st of August, 1857. It is another proof of the kindly interest which he took in their good work.

"All of you who here assembled, ladies, are consecrated to the works of charity. Now, the first virtue that ought to accompany charity is patience. You have been obliged to practise it this evening, in waiting for me so long a time; you have shown that you possess it, and that you are capable of producing the acts of this virtue. It is, moreover, necessary in all the affairs of this world; patience is necessary in the bosom of one's own family; patience is necessary in supporting the trials of life; patience in visiting the sick, in going into the houses of the poor, in vanquishing sometimes, even yet, the repugnances of nature, and in surmounting the obstacles one meets in doing good. Let us lay up, then, a great provision of patience; for we can say that patience is the inseparable companion of charity, and that there is no charity without patience. *Caritas patiens est.* . . . I am, then, come among you in order to give you the apostolic benediction, and it is with all my heart that I shall give it; but first I wish to say to you a few words.

"There are many ways of practising charity. Alms-giving, bringing up poor children, visiting hospitals or needy families, or the sorrowful sick-bed—all this is to practise charity. The last method is the one that you have chosen, and to which you have devoted yourselves. I have had the consolation of seeing in these days many pious women consecrated to the works of charity, some to aid the sick in hospitals, others to bring up poor children as Christians, some in houses of seclusion, some in prisons. We see by this that the Lord wills, by that which is weak, to confound that which is strong, and by means of the feeble sex to humble the pride of men, who ordinarily think that they alone are capable of great and useful works. The usefulness of your work can be very great, in this time especially, when the common enemy is roaming about and making a great stir in all parts of the world; and now under the mask of philanthropy, and now under that of a friend of the people, he seeks, under pretext of making the people happy, to tear from their hearts the only true happiness, which is the faith, by representing our holy religion as the enemy of temporal felicity. Against these ideas, which you will meet only too often, alas! I exhort you to fight zealously. However little good sense one may have, religion nowadays is held in

esteem; and you will find everywhere, perhaps in your own families, persons who will say that they esteem religion, that they love religion, and who nevertheless do not practise their religion. They will say that religion is the only means of relieving misery, of healing the wounds of society; that religion is the only consolation in trials; and then they do not put this religion in practice. Courage then, and behold your mission! Be worthy of this holy Catholic religion which you profess, of the doctrine of Jesus Christ; make strenuous endeavors to preserve the faith, to reanimate it where you find it languishing, to teach it to those who are ignorant of it; teach it in your families, teach it to your children, teach it in the houses of the poor; especially teach it by example; act in such a way that your work may be profitable to the souls of those whom you are going to aid, and as far as lies in your power unite all hearts in the bonds of the true religion. Go, then, to visit the sick; but remember, in order that your work may be worthy of the benediction of God, it is necessary that the alms-giving of the hand should be joined to the alms-giving of the mind and the heart. Do not be satisfied with giving alms only, but have words of comfort, of compassion, of advice, and thus you will soften the harsh husband; you will bring back the wife to the right way; you will strengthen the children in the Christian life. . . . And where you find the faith extinct or wavering, then, as you will no longer be sufficient for such a case, address yourself to some well-known ecclesiastic, who, all on fire with divine charity and filled with wisdom, can enlighten the mind and warm the heart of your poor, who, though sick in body, are far more sick in soul.

"And now may God bless you, as I bless you in His name; may He bless you, may He bless your spouses, may He bless your children, may he bless your families, may He bless your houses; and may this benediction bring into your homes peace, concord, union, all the virtues, happiness. May God the Father bless you, and may His almighty power give you the strength to vanquish all the contradictions and obstacles that you will meet in the practice of virtue, the strength not to be wanting in the holiness requisite for your duties and your obligations! May God the Son bless you, and may He give you a ray of His wisdom, that you may know how to defend religion, that you may have words of counsel and of truth capable of winning souls and of bringing back into the right way those who have wandered from it! May God the Holy Spirit bless you; may He give to you, may he inspire you, may He cause to shine in your hearts a spark of His divine charity which will increase yours, and, augmenting it ceaselessly, will render it each day more active and more efficacious.

"You hold in your hands every moment of your life; it is your duty to make them of value by filling them with good

works, and by consecrating them to your own salvation and to that of the poor.

"Oh! what an immense consolation it will be for you, upon your bed of death, at the moment you utter those words, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum!* Lord, receive this soul, which is worn out in the salvation of souls; and which, by Thy grace (for it is always a great grace of God to succeed in saving souls), but also by its hard labor in Thy service, has brought to Thee these souls Thou didst Thyself redeem, and which were confided to its care by Thee! *Benedictio Dei*, etc., etc."

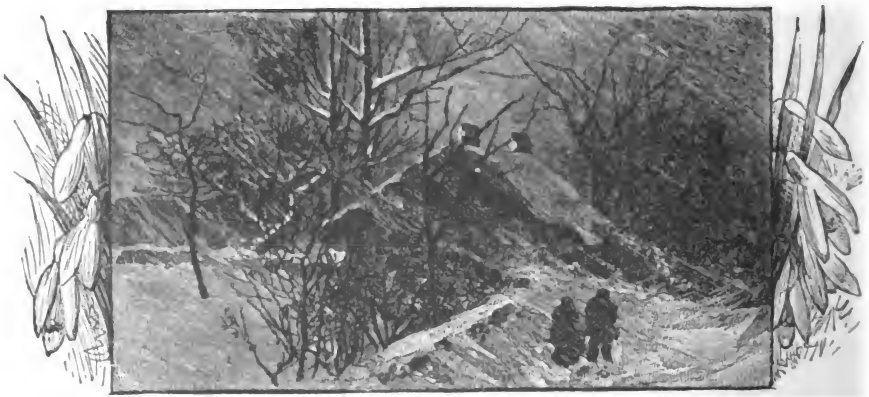
We may connect usefully with these glowing words the memory of Pope Leo XIII.'s brief, wherein he declared St. Vincent de Paul special patron before God of all the associations of charity that exist in the Catholic world.

Why should not this regularly authorized and long established organization in behalf of the sick poor be everywhere spread abroad? Why should it not be possible that, in no rigid and irksome fashion, but by an elastic and sweet tie of prayers, indulgences, and good works, all existing societies of Catholic women everywhere should be united to this society, already blessed by supreme authority, and founded by the very saint authoritatively given as the patron to all? Why should not all of them, in that case, be considered auxiliaries and helpmates to the conferences everywhere, and thus "the good odor of Christ" be everywhere more and more spread abroad throughout the world?

A long step towards this happy consummation would be taken by the general use of the beautiful Manual mentioned above. Parts I. and II. relate to the formation of the work. Part III. treats of visits to the sick poor in their homes, different prayers and practices for the sick, thoughts on the use of sufferings, directions in regard to the preparation of the sick-room for the reception of the Holy Viaticum, aspirations to suggest to the sick person before and after Holy Communion, prayers for the dying, and method of preparation for death. Part IV. contains sketches of the life of St. Vincent, of Mlle. Le Gras, and of the twelve ladies who re-established the work in Paris, and tells of the courage and devotion of the Ladies of Charity during the siege and the Commune of Paris. Part V. gives prayers and litanies. The entire Manual is imbued with a heavenly atmosphere of a more than human charity, that makes acts of charity holily attractive, practically helpful, and truly spiritual.

Léon Aubineau gave, in his charming work, *Les Serviteurs de Dieu*, a striking account of the Marquise Le Bouteiller, one of the most active and distinguished members of the Ladies of Charity since the Revolution. M. Etienne said of her, at a meeting of the ladies after her death: "She recalled to me admirably those elect souls whom God had expressly formed to second St. Vincent de Paul in the accomplishment of his great enterprises of charity, and who will for ever share the glory of his name." Are there no such elect souls among the Catholic women of the United States to-day? There surely are.

In union is strength. To carry out in its fulness the plan briefly indicated here, and to bring about completely this noble union, might entail some slight renunciation of lesser plans and aims. But this renunciation would be scarcely felt if the bond of union is made, as above suggested, a thoroughly elastic one, under the guidance of that Divine Spirit who breatheth where he wills. The central organization being extended in its aim and purpose to *all* work among the needy and suffering, and thus embracing a scope as wide as the conferences, it is easy to see that all could become closely connected, rallying for a centre round him whom we know as the Apostle of Charity, St. Vincent de Paul.



CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM.

BY CHARLES C. SVENDSEN.



CHRISTMAS in Bethlehem! What a rush of feelings, tender memories, and happy moments the mere thought of Christmas brings to the Christian. And Christmas in Bethlehem! The pen falters to describe the glorious thought of being at the birthplace of our Lord on Christmas morning. You are a child again at Bethlehem, with the pure desires of a child, the holy faith of a child, the confident hope of a child, and are transformed into the spiritual being God had intended man to be. There is no human thing to interest you; you forget earth and things of earth; the mortal for once is subordinate to the grand ecstasy of the immortal. The heart bounds in happy abandonment of everything in the world, and with purest pleasure the spirit adores at the "Holy City of Fulfilment," where the "Word was made flesh" and mankind's Saviour became man. You can only melt into the child of yesterday when, with childlike mind, you think of the coziness and charm on Christmas morning that must surround the place honored by Christ's birth.

Bethlehem is not disappointing to the pilgrim. The shrines and character of the city are in keeping with its glorious history, and to the Christian at Christmas-tide it is the source of true consolation. We approached Bethlehem with a different feeling than the curiosity which overcame us when we drew near the ruined splendor of Solomon's Temple, the wonderment we felt as we stood at the paws of the speechless Sphinx in the desert, or the admiration at some shrine where a creation of the master mind of Raphael or Murillo was to be seen, or even the respectful homage that came from us at the resting-place of some genius who had enriched the world with new beauties. It was altogether a new feeling which we experienced during our visit to the spot where was born the King whose sceptre is Greatness, Beauty, Justice, and Love, and the effect of our visit indeed was of a different kind than experienced anywhere else in the world.

Bethlehem is six miles south of Jerusalem. The traveller

has the choice of riding, driving, or walking to reach it, as an excellent wagon-road now leads to it. The route from Jerusalem extends from the Jaffa Gate, where numerous peasants from the neighboring villages lounge about in idleness and Arab hackmen invite you to a seat in their carriage; past the sombre canyon which indicates the one-time boundaries of Benjamin and Judah, the Ennom Valley below, deserted and spoilt as the worshippers of Moloch had left it when challenged by the prophet to cease the useless sacrifice of children; and along the causeway that stretches towards the upland, flanked on either side by stony gardens and the plain of Bekaa, with a view of purple hills that rise to cerulean skies.

Our way led us past the ancient Greek monastery of Mar Elias, outside of which Elias rested on a stone bed, which is pointed out under an old tree. A little off the way of this we came to the Well of the Three Kings, where it is said the Wise Men rested with their caravan after inquiring of Herod for the new King of Israel. Tradition tells that the wondrous star reappeared to them at this spot and led their way towards the opening of the caravansary where they found the Christ-Child and the Virgin Mother and Joseph. Tissot, the penitent artist, in his pictorial life of Christ gives a very graphic sketch of this incident, employing the data which he collected on the spot.

The region is rich in the beauties the painter seeks; but the peaceful hills surrounding do not suggest the one-time camping ground of the Philistines who were smitten by David, the gleam of battle and the clamor of armed hosts who rolled over the country in deadly strife. Abraham and Benjamin passed this road. Cultivated spots were seen everywhere until we reached the Field of Pease, which is enclosed in the property of the Knights of Malta, a Catholic brotherhood who conduct a hospital. The field is mentioned in Scripture as the place where Christ asked the husbandman what he was sowing; to which he replied "stones." The field produced pease of stone thereafter.

In a wild and solitary spot we beheld the dismantled Tomb of Rachel, the fair mother of Israel. The Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews venerate it, and it is of undisputed authenticity. No writer, ancient or modern, has doubted its antiquity, or that the ashes of Rachel rest beneath it, as it is mentioned in Genesis and frequently referred to by later scriptural writers. Carne says: "There is something in this sepulchre in the wilderness that excites a deeper interest than



"FAR DOWN IN THE VALLEY, BASKING IN THE SUNSHINE, WAS THE SHEPHERDS' FIELD."

more splendid or revered ones. The tombs of Zacharias and Absalom in the Valley of Josaphat, or that of the Kings in the plain of Jeremias, the traveller looks at with careless indifference; beside that of Rachel his fancy wanders to the land of the people of the East; to the power of beauty that could so long make banishment sweet; to the devoted companion of the wanderer who deemed all troubles light for her sake."

Then from a rise on our way we surveyed the natural panorama before us, and scriptural scenes, which we had stored while perusing the story, came to our mind with beauty and vividness. We had a view of the far-reaching plain and the Judean country of senescent grandeur. The hills were many that we beheld, and they grew purpler and more tender of form with distance. Toward the west was the crowned top of the Frank Mountain, which the Crusaders occupied for hundreds of years, and farther west was seen the vapors arising from the Dead Sea, beyond which lay stony Arabia. The region was familiar to David as a child, where he herded his father's flocks, and where the gentle Ruth came with Noemi and gleaned in the field of Booz. Joseph, the spouse of Mary, passed this way, following the edict of Cæsar Augustus, who taxed the whole world: "And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee

out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife."

Far down in the valley, basking in sunshine, were the Shepherds' Field and the village of Bet Sahur, where the good men lived who heard the angel message: "I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David." You seem to hear an echo of the Gloria sung by the "multitude of the heavenly army praising God," and nineteen centuries seem but to have increased the charm of the beautiful song of praise, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

A few moments later the abrupt termination of a hill brought us in full sight of Bethlehem, its compactness and orientalism growing more distinct each moment as we drew nearer. There was a loneliness about the hill-top upon which Bethlehem rests, and yet a thrill of adoration and warmth goes on within the soul of the pilgrim as he takes in the tender delicacy of the scene, with its associations, for the first time: the white houses towering high above; Bethlehem, "a pearl in steel, a diamond set in brass"—a fit subject for the brush of some peerless artist.

Bethlehem, to which the prophet Micheas refers as the "little one among the thousands of Juda," out of which "He shall come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel," is distinguished from another Bethlehem in Galilee by the additional name "Ephrata," meaning the fruitful, as the country which surrounds it was the most fruitful and lovely in Judea in ancient times, as it is to the present day. The honor it had of being the birthplace of our Lord, however, would give it sufficient distinction from any other towns bearing the same name. Abraham named it Beth-Lehem—that is, House of Bread—and it is also called the City of David because it was the birthplace of the greatest king of Israel. At Christmas-tide every native Christian and all the pilgrims who come from distant countries can be seen journeying to it on the way we just crossed.

Having entered the city through buttressed lanes, the first building which impresses the beholder is the Church of the Nativity, which is enclosed in the large convent building, and which combines three religious houses, that of the Armenians, Greeks, and Catholics. The convent is a massive structure facing the market square, or Place of Khans, built of ponder-

ous stones, high and strong, giving the impression of a fortress. A small door cut through the wall leads to the interior, and we were obliged to stoop in order to enter, pushing aside a large leathern door which swings on the inside like a curtain. In other parts of Palestine the churches cannot be entered by a direct passageway from the street, and the entrance here is



THE PLACE OF KHANS.

purposely small, as we were told, to prevent a number of people from entering at one time. The precaution is necessary for fear of fanatical outbreaks on the part of the Turks, which were of frequent occurrence years ago, and also to keep out domesticated animals seeking shelter.

The first Christians erected a chapel over the cave where the Saviour was born, and the pilgrimages to the spot were numerous from the beginning. Bethlehem fell under pagan dominion with the other cities of Palestine, and Hadrian tried to obliterate the very place indicating the Divine Event by razing the chapel to the ground and placing a large statue of Adonis over it, as he likewise took down the churches and erected statues of Venus and Apollo over the tomb of the Saviour and the place of his death at Jerusalem. But the act of desecration in reality perpetuated the traditional sites. Later the Christian Empress Helena, to whom Palestine owes many

noteworthy churches, erected the present Church of the Nativity during her wanderings at the holy spots. The reign of Constantine effected the destruction of all the pagan images, and his edict that the people "worship no false gods" was carried out.

The venerable church, as one sees it to-day, is in a rather neglected condition; the fact that it is in the possession of the Greeks accounting for this. Its former beauty and grandeur, however, can be traced even in its decaying state. The large central interior has forty-eight marble pillars of Corinthian pattern, and the walls are decorated with mosaics and frescoes evidently dating from the infancy of art. A sculptured baptis-



CHILDREN IN THE ARMENIAN RITE.

mal font stands in the lonely aisle, and the floors and accessories are allowed to crumble for want of repairs. In the transept of the cross-formed edifice can be seen the Greek and Armenian chapels, richly decorated with brazen lamps and candelabra, tapestry and rugs. In close proximity to the church is the Catholic parish church of Bethlehem, the Church of St. Catherine, a simple structure, commodious but hardly large enough for the growing congregation. When services are held here the men occupy the left side, and the women the right side of the aisle, kneeling upon the paved floor in picturesque attitudes. It was noticeable, too, that the men remove the fez, or head-dress, during the service, a form which is optional, it seems, in

the other churches of the Holy Land. The church is neatly furnished, and, besides possessing an organ of rare volume, the sanctuary contains beautiful pictures representing "The Birth of the Saviour" and "The Adoration of the Shepherds," signed by a French artist. The church is in charge of the Franciscan Fathers, who also have charge of all the other Catholic shrines of the Holy Land. The pilgrim finds shelter at their cozy hospice. The fathers watch day and night at the holy places, and the difficulties which they sometimes encounter here, as well as elsewhere, in maintaining possession of them are many, requiring the greatest self-sacrifice. The



MODERN WOMAN OF BETHLEHEM.

endurance which they are capable of, though, is an evidence of their seriousness and valor, to give a good account of the sacred stewardship entrusted to them for many centuries by the popes. They are brave and devout men, who shirk no personal dangers whatever in struggling for our rights, and perils are continuously menacing them, if only trivial in latter years.

A stairway leads from the Church of St. Catherine to the Grotto of the Nativity, and is used by Catholics only, the Greeks and Armenians having separate approaches. Every afternoon of the year a procession starts towards the Grotto. About twenty cowled monks, carrying lighted tapers and singing Vespers, were descending into the Grotto as we arrived; the pilgrims followed, and it was our privilege to join them. The dark cave is explored until a large sanctuary is entered, the Chapel of the Nativity. It is thirty-eight feet long and ten feet high. The walls and ceiling of the cave were covered with costly marble by Helena, and thirty-two lamps were burning in the crypt, where no daylight can enter. A niche in the Grotto was reached where the birthplace of our Lord is indicated by a stone of a bluish cast, over which was a silver emblem of the sun, with the inscription, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." The monks and pilgrims threw

themselves on their knees and kissed the spot. The primal rock of the cave is hidden by rich gifts of silk, plush, and gold, and expensive embroideries hang about in profusion. Fifteen oil lamps burn always before it. An air of holiness which is irresistible pervades the deep cave, and, indeed, the person who is privileged to visit there without being moved to his innermost soul must have a hardened heart. I have seen tourists conduct themselves with poor grace, bordering on disrespect, at many of the holy places shown them, and I have seen the same tourists melt to tears when they read "Here the Virgin Mary gave birth to Jesus Christ." At one of our visits we saw



ACCORDING TO THE ARMENIAN RITE.

a Western woman stand (stand because she was determined not to kneel) at the Holiest Place in the world. But soon her better nature became master, cynicism was cast aside; she forgot self, and with the light of faith in her eyes she fell on her face and repeatedly kissed the Holy Spot, and cried "I believe it is here! I feel it is here!" The experience of the soul at the moment of full faith is a foretaste of that inexpressible bliss the Apostle tells of: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man"; and may we be permitted to add that no pen has described the perfect joy, sweetness, and contentment of the believing Christian as he kneels at the Crib of Bethlehem?



IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

The Greeks possess the Holy Spot, and a few feet away, lower down, is another niche belonging to the Catholics, where we were shown the marble-covered Crib wherein Christ slept as a child, on the identical spot where the Magi of the East adored the God-King and left princely gifts as a token of homage. A picture of the Adoration of the Shepherds generally covers the naked rock of the cave by this niche, but in the Christmas season it is removed and the walls are exposed. Another subterraneous passage-way leads to the spot where the angel appeared to St. Joseph in a dream, and told him to flee from the perfidy of King Herod and take the Mother and Babe to Egypt; while farther on an altar is dedicated to the massacred Innocents. Small altars also indicate the earthly resting-

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places of St. Eusebius, St. Paula, and St. Eustochium, who lived in the Grotto. Somewhat deeper still we saw the dwelling of St. Jerome, now transformed into a chapel. St. Jerome spent much of his life in this little cave, doing those inspired labors which have won for him the name of the Great Father of the Church.

Christmas, so to speak, is celebrated in this Grotto throughout the year—a perpetual homage—but special ceremonies occur on Christmas only, which may be noted. Every one knows with what splendor and joy the feast of Christ's birth is celebrated throughout the Catholic world—the Midnight Mass, exultant ringing of bells, and the songs of children interspersing the religious ceremony. The same ceremonies take place at Bethlehem with all the gorgeousness and pomp such splendid functions will allow.

On the afternoon of the day before Christmas the Latin Patriarch, who is a Franciscan, and numerous fathers from the Monastery of the Redeemer, Jerusalem, arrived at the market-place, which is the chief square of the town. They were received by the French consul, the Turkish soldiers from the local garrison, officials, and mounted officers. A band, composed of Arab boys from the Catholic Orphanage, played march music, and the concourse of people in gayest holiday costumes, who filled the square and the terraces and house-tops, was a splendid and picturesque sight. With the songs of priests and people the oriental pageant entered the church. Benediction was pronounced by the venerable Patriarch, and the Christmas ceremonies began.

Christmas Eve the Christians assembled in the parish church, where manly-voiced friars were singing Matins. Outside bonfires were blazing, and the quaint square was warm and bright. At ten o'clock a procession was formed by priests, headed by the Guardian of the Holy Crib, who carried a wax image of the Christ-Child in his arms; prayers and music issued with a softened cadence from the subterranean sanctuaries. When the procession arrived at the niche containing the Holy Crib, a deacon received the Christ-Child. The Gospel was sung, and when the words were expressed "Here she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and here laid him in a manger," the act of an assistant suited the words; they wrapped the Babe in swaddling-clothes and laid him in the recess of the manger. All of the assembled bowed reverentially, and in succession fell on their knees and kissed the

semblance of the Holy Infant. The actions of every one present were such as if the Christ-Child was there in person. There was no fear of His majesty, however, or apprehension



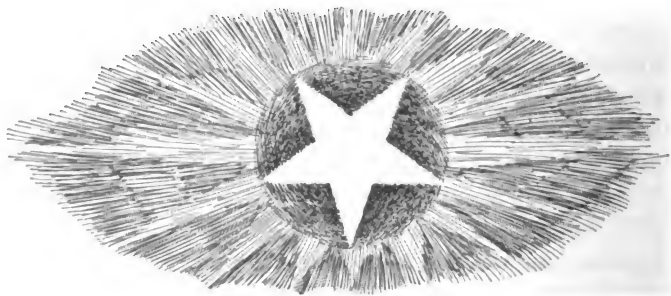
ENTRY OF THE LATIN PATRIARCH INTO BETHLEHEM ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

of giving offence, but a confident clinging to the promises He made, which every one kneeling there felt.

Before the approach of midnight the Church of the Nativity was crowded to its extremest capacity by Syrians, Russians, Germans, and representatives of other nations. And when the chimes of the parish church sounded through the still air, announcing the commencement of the midnight Mass, there were sounds of fervent praying and rejoicing from the great throng. The same Mass was being sung in St. Peter's, Rome, beneath the mighty dome of Michael Angelo; in the Madeleine, Paris, and in St. Patrick's, New York, and in all the Catholic churches the world over, with the greatest possible *tclat*, pomp, and devotion; but the realization of being present at a ceremony on the very spot where Christ, the incarnate God, the Way, the Truth, and the Light, deigned to take the form of man in a humble

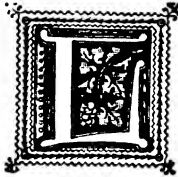
stable, was a moment of the purest joy and unalloyed faith experienced but a few times in life. Every one was happy and joyous, and the beauty and tenderness of each soul was reflected on the countenances of the devout gathering. There was one motive noticeable in the congregation—to love the little Christ-Child, and we were particularly made glad seeing the attachment and devotion of the natives of Bethlehem to their faith.

The priests were vested in the finest silks, and on this day they used vestments embroidered by queenly hands. The cope of the Guardian was regal in wealth, gold and precious stones gleaming everywhere from it. The altar of the three Wise Men, where the Mass was in progress, also was appropriately adorned with lights and the mementoes of European kings. The ceremonies were over before daybreak, and the oriental morning, crisp, cool, and bracing, was gliding in and leaving behind a night that was holy and blessed. But the people remained at the Holy Grotto long after the white sun arose and sent a halo of light over Bethlehem, and then went to their homes in general merrymaking.



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

BY REV. H. A. BRANN, D.D.



LIKE many other words that are frequently on the lips of publicists, or are used as the shibboleths of party gatherings, "fraternity" has its false as well as its true meanings. The anarchist cries fraternity, and stabs the head of the state; the representative of authority is not his brother. The socialist cries fraternity, and proceeds to rob the rich; the owner of property is not his brother. The French Revolutionist shouted for liberty, fraternity, and equality, and yet in the same breath he cried: "The aristocrats to the lamp-post"; aristocrats or priests were not his brethren because his ideals were pagan.

The Catholic Church supplied the world with a new and distinct term in the word "brother," and attached to it a meaning that was unknown in pagan civilization. The head of a fraternal organization, which in his day was destined to become, and since his day really has become, the greatest fraternal organization the world has known, wrote: "And finally be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, loving the brotherhood, merciful and humble."* It was his care to foster a spirit that animated a brotherhood that was instituted for the whole world, for Jew and Gentile, for rich and poor, for savage and civilized. This brotherhood is the Catholic Church. Its founder was God, who assumed our human nature, and thus became our brother, and elevated us to the dignity of being the sons of God.

The Prince of the Apostles learned the true meaning from the Master who had planned it and gave it its constitution and laws. From the divine Master's lips he had heard the command to spread the brotherhood over the whole world in unity of government, faith and charity. He had seen the divine Master institute the fraternal banquet at which all the brethren sat down in perfect equality, and which was to be repeated to the end of time. Peter was present at the first feast where Christ sat with the twelve as brothers at the same

* I. St. Peter iii. 8.

table, a love-feast that continues to be celebrated every day in the year and in every land, "from the rising of the sun even to the going down."* It was this banquet, and the spirit of it, that made the early Christians call one another brethren, and made them known as brethren even to the pagans.

This great brotherhood is a living and fruitful organism, and hence the creator of organizations like to itself in spirit and character. They are the product of its fecundating love. As a great lake, overflowing with the waters of never-failing springs, sends many streams through the plains and valleys to refresh and fertilize them, so the Catholic Church sends out from her inexhaustible bosom countless organizations for religious and benevolent purposes. Her religious orders, her societies of St. Vincent de Paul, her society for the propagation of the faith, for the redemption of captives, are all the fruits of Christian fraternity. They are the product of Christian faith and Christian charity, which, being Catholic, concern the welfare of the whole man, body as well as soul.

We all see the action of this fraternal spirit in the world of to-day. We know now that where that spirit exists there is genuine Christianity. But the spirit of fraternity is now so common that we often forget its origin, and the cause which produced it. We often ungratefully forget that it was the Christian religion which not only produced fraternal organizations of its own, but, acting outside of itself upon all the natural sources of fraternity, purified them where they had become adulterated by paganism, and made them wholesome springs for the regeneration of the world.

The natural sources of fraternity are chiefly two, the family and the nation. The family is the first source of fraternity. Children of the same mother, living in the same house, eating at the same table, are brothers; and in a wider sense, relatives are brothers, because the same stream of blood flows in their veins. This is according to the law of nature, the law of consanguinity. Now, how did the Christian Church find this law when she undertook to evangelize the world? She found the natural law ignored and trampled on. The father stood in the family an uncrowned despot, having practically the power of life and death over his wife and children. Neither natural justice nor the voice of nature controlled his action. The family was a cold, heartless creature of the state; agnation, which was simply an extension of the father's despotic power in the line

* Malachias i. 11.

of his own relatives before marriage, instead of consanguinity or the more direct tie of blood, controlled the descent of property and the right to inherit. Compare the laws of the twelve tables, and the commentaries on them of the pagans Ulpian and Caius, with the great code of the Christian emperor, Justinian, if you wish to see how Christianity restored the family to the rights which it had by the natural law, and which it has by the laws of Christ; how Christianity curbed the power of the father, elevated the mother through the sacrament of marriage, and restored the rights of children to life, to liberty, and to property. Through the Christian code they became not only the subjects of their parents but brethren and co-heirs in Christ. Christianity made the child the brother of his own father.

It is a noteworthy fact that when politicians apostatize from the Christian religion, and with the hatred of apostasy wish to destroy its influence, they return to pagan models, and make war on the natural rights of the family. For instance, they make laws of divorce, or laws enforcing godless education—the one to degrade the mother, the other to rob the child of an inalienable right; or they make laws to punish Christians for trying to sustain the teaching of Christ. Thus the only fraternity of the pagan and the apostate is one of hate. They combine to destroy the rights of the family, which Christianity defends and protects.

The second great source of natural fraternity is the nation or the race. We have a natural attachment to the land in which we were born, to its mountains, valleys, rivers, and lakes, and to the people among whom we have lived, whose feelings and aspirations we share. The man who does not love his country is a monster.

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!”

The quotation is trite, but the words are always appropriate. This love of country becomes stronger with age, and especially when, besides the natural beauties, the justice of its laws and constitution make the country doubly dear to the inhabitants. Our own great land is a case in point. There is no flag which represents such excellent political institutions as our starry banner. It is the only flag unsullied by religious or political persecution. No other people can say that of any

other flag. After every civil war in Europe hecatombs of victims have fallen, sacrificed to political hate. After our civil war we let our erring brethren go, and in a short time forgave and forgot their offences. The history of every nation in Europe is stained by bloody penal codes to punish religious offences. Our government alone has never put a man to death for his religion. And therefore we have double reasons for loving our country. It has acted so far according to the spirit of Christianity. Our laws are tempered by its spirit and teaching. The laws of nature, the rights of individuals, and the laws of the Church are recognized. Our civil laws leave her free, respect her discipline, and protect her persons and property. Our political system is aptly calculated to make our nation one great Christian fraternity.

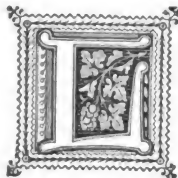
Now, whence has our country derived that spirit of equity that reigns in her Constitution and law? Certainly not from the pagan idea of the state or nation. Paganism made the state God. From the state all rights were derived. Religion itself and the priesthood were the creatures of the civil power. Hence the first Christians who dared to practise a religion not recognized by the state were accused of treason, and punished as traitors. The fact that they professed belief in the divinity of Christ was deemed a mortal offence to the divinity of the emperor, and deserving of death. Yet it is this very theory of the power of the state that the apostate politicians of modern times accept. They claim for the state a spiritual as well as a temporal supremacy. Acting upon this claim, in Europe they have imprisoned and disfranchised clerics, and confiscated church property. They have claimed for Cæsar the rights of God, and made laws oppressive of the conscience of the people. They have established state churches, and governed them as if they were purely political institutions, as in England. They have made the will of the law-maker, whether he be a czar in an empire or the majority in a republic, the supreme criterion of right and wrong, the god whom to disobey is treason. Acting upon this pagan theory, the so-called republic of France is as much a foe to fraternity as Russia. Fraternity implies a union of hearts of the whole people. How can there be fraternity when the majority is always depriving the minority of its rights? The majority in this country—that is to say, our ruler—in spite of certain pagan tendencies, has not yet begun, openly and directly, to deprive the minority of its legitimate rights. The spirit of our people and of our institutions was

unknown to Grecian or Roman paganism. This spirit is not of barbarian origin. We have not derived it (although some say so) from a race of ferocious pirates, who before they became Christians held their brothers in slavery, and whose fundamental principle of law was that "every man should have a lord," and who spent most of their time in butchering one another. The spirit of our laws, like the laws of the good King Edward, and the laws deriving their origin from Magna Charta, is Christian. It is in the Christian code of Justinian and in the Canon Law of the Catholic Church that you must seek the origin of our enlightened legislation. The limitation of the husband's power, the right of dower for the wife, the right of property, as it now exists, for the children, are all of Christian origin. Long before our system, the political systems of Spain, France, and Italy, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, breathed the spirit of Christian fraternity. The separate provincial parliaments holding the authority of the kings in check, the *fueros* of Spain, the *coutumiers* of France, the privileges and exemptions of the Italian republics and princedoms, were all foreign to the despotic idea of pagan government, and the product of Christian ideas. They were not perfect governments, for nothing human can be that; but they were immeasurably superior to the cruel, centralized despotism of the pagan system, which destroyed both in the family and in the nation the idea of fraternity. Christianity, by fostering that idea, softened the severity of the civil laws, and made mankind realize that all were descended from a common pair, and created by a common Father, who is in heaven.

In fact, our very political system seems to be copied from the idea of Catholic brotherhood as realized in the church. There is no political organization in the world so like the Catholic Church as that of the United States. Just as in the church we have many dioceses, each having its own laws and its own rulers, yet subordinate to the central power in Rome, so have we in the United States many States, each having its own laws and home rule, but subject to the central power in Washington. We have that unity in variety which makes political, as it helps to make all other beauty. The spirit of Christian fraternity pervades our laws, and makes all the citizens equal; as in the church all the faithful are equal at the same sacramental banquet.

A FALLEN IDOL.

BY EDITH M. SMITH.



LIONEL STEWART threw himself on the ground in the miserly shade of a clump of scrub oaks, and casting his pick as far as the strength of a sinewy arm could hurl it, he leaned against a background of age-scarred rocks and gave himself up to the musings of despair. The stillness of a mid-summer noon in New Mexico enveloped him. Amid a silence so unbroken his quiet breathing sounded strained and stertorous, for neither twilight's calm nor midnight's holy hour finds the noises of nature so hushed as when an August sun, blazing at full meridian, enervates even the most minute and active specimens of insect life.

In the east the spasmodic charivari of the locusts would have proclaimed the sultriness of the weather, but in southern New Mexico that tantalizing pest is unknown—a fact which goes to prove that Providence distributes the goods and ills of life with less partiality than man would have us believe.

With even six bits in his possession Stewart would have been quite in a mood to enjoy the gorgeous panorama spread out before him and to while away hours in lazy contemplation of the matchless mountain scenery; but to-day he was struggling with a feeling of unrest and despondency quite foreign to his usually sunny disposition, and melancholy was fast threatening to "mark him for her own."

Lionel Stewart, a graduate of the Harvard law class of '93, had come West with the laudable intention of following Greeley's advice and growing-up with the country. With a foresight which his admiring family considered unparalleled in the annals of contemporary biography, he decided to open an office in a small but progressive town, make a reputation in his chosen profession, and be ready and willing, when New Mexico attained the dignity of statehood, to go as her able representative in the United States Senate! Incidentally he was equipped with an average amount of energy, the experience that college life generally gives, and five hundred dollars in cash—the legacy of a deceased uncle. Aided by these sim-

ple gifts of fortune and buoyed with the confidence of youth, Stewart firmly believed that his every plan would materialize, and he allowed himself five years in which to accomplish his course and return—or be returned—a conquering hero to Washington. But

“The best laid schemes o’ mice and men
Gang aft a-gley.”

By the time he was established in Silverton and before the glittering newness of his black and gold sign had worn away, Stewart found, to his surprise, that in point of growth the country had got the start of him by at least twenty years, and that sixty other men, college graduates like himself, and possessed of the same legal ambitions, had likewise chosen Silverton as a first stage on the road to fame, and that every season brought thither fresh scions of the law—all lured westward by Horace Greeley’s immortal words.

This was discouraging, for the population of Silverton consisted of scarcely more than six hundred inhabitants, and even in the wild and belligerent West a man can’t expect a lucrative practice when there is one of his profession to every ten citizens. Then there were other difficulties: Silverton proved to be an orderly, well-behaved little burg, with small demand for legal talent. When a question of property, or the like, arose, the disputants as a rule preferred to settle it themselves at the point of a pistol without any reference to Blackstone or Coke; nor was it uncommon for the successful party to show his regret for what had occurred by appearing with the mourners at the funeral of the deceased, and in helping to defray the expenses thereof.

As in days of old the law of might superseded that of right, so in these days, on the frontier of our mighty Republic, equity usually rests with the man who is quickest with his gun.

A trial for murder rarely takes place. *Cui bono*? A New Mexican jury is opposed to capital punishment on principle, and sending a man to the penitentiary is a useless and expensive form of justice, since the governor invariably pardons the criminal before his term is well begun. Hence, on the specious plea of self-defence, all quarrels are quickly and permanently settled; a proceeding which doubtless benefits the defendant, but is hardly fair to the struggling lawyer, and it took Stewart only twelve months to conclude that, through no fault of his own, his chosen profession was a failure. He sold his office

furniture for a song, threw in the sign for good measure, rented his books to a sanguine successor who failed, promptly and entirely, to pay any rent after the first month, and invested his last hundred in a newspaper, the former editor of which found it expedient to leave that part of the country until after a certain embezzling unpleasantness, wherein he had prominently figured, was forgotten.

The *Free Silver Clarion* for a time proved successful; its editorials were devoted to the forcible, if not practical, solution of the currency question, and to scathing reflections upon the *gold-bug* journalists across the way. But six months later a younger weekly was started by a man who had the advantage of deeper political lore as well as a free vocabulary of invective. Subscribers flocked to the new standard, and in a little while the *Free Silver Clarion* ceased its shrieks.

Stewart then lived on borrowed capital, doing whatever work he could get, and consoling himself in the meantime with the philosophy of the illustrious Micawber. He was not proud, but he could not descend to the level of "measuring drinks" in a bar-room, and as that was the only position offered him after several months of idleness, he determined to turn prospector and obtain from Mother Earth the riches that his unappreciative fellow-men refused to give.

Fortunately he was possessed of a staunch friend in the owner of the Mountain Queen mine, a man who had already "made his stake," and who, in consequence, believed firmly in the possibilities of other claims. Mr. MacAlpine was sincerely fond of Lionel, whom he had come to regard as a son; he feared, moreover, that if the young fellow remained longer without employment he would yield to the temptations of frontier life and follow the downward path that so many have trod before him.

So MacAlpine offered to grubstake him for a year; a proposition which Lionel gratefully accepted, and for twelve months he had led the nomadic life his soul loved, wandering among the majestic hills near to Nature's heart, with rifle, horse, and pick for his sole companions, and at night a few favorite books to help him while away the tedium of his wakeful hours.

It was all very different from the career he had mapped out; but how few of us achieve the aspirations of our youth, and who has ever realized his ambition? Stewart was happy as a king, contented as a Mexican, which is a more truthful

figure of speech. Unfortunately one can't exist entirely on hope and air—not even the balmy, bracing air of southern New Mexico. Stewart's tenure as a grub-staker would expire in a week, his provender could not hold out that long, and it was with the consciousness of these disheartening facts staring him in the face that our story opens.

After an hour's lazy enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*, now interrupted by the change of the sun whose rays had begun to pierce the interstices of his meagre arboreal canopy, Stewart sprang to his feet and began a dejected search through each pocket in turn. It was fruitless. Twenty-five cents in the coin of the realm and a black seal wallet with sterling silver trimmings—handsome but empty—were the only results of this most vigorous investigation. The former represented his bank account in its entirety; the latter existed merely as a satire on the inutility of the average Christmas gift.

Stewart examined it with a smile of grim amusement. "Et tu, Brute!" he quoted as he returned it to an inner pocket. "Well, I think the time has come for me to arise and go to my father; but even the Prodigal Son act can't be carried into effect without money in these days. I will have to write home for funds ere I can present myself in person, and that will take time even if the dear old 'governor' has any to send me. I am forced to admit that my resources are exhausted. There may be some letters in town for me that would help to solve the problem of what I shall next attempt; I will ride in and see. But first let me get some lunch—this air is an un-failing tonic, and man has rarely achieved success on an empty stomach." Stewart, thus soliloquizing, strode towards his tent humming a popular refrain in spite of the grave outlook of his fortunes, for youth and health are seldom long despondent.

As he neared the tent he heard a groan, and a feeble voice quavered out, "Agua, señor, agua, por l'amor de Dios."

Although startled, the prospector's quick ear followed the sound, and climbing hastily over a group of rocks that blocked the snake-like trail leading to his camp, he sprang forward just in time to catch an aged Mexican who fell fainting in his arms.

A tattered sombrero with tarnished silver adornings had fallen by the wayside, but the man still clutched his scarlet *serape* about him as if, notwithstanding the temperature, his emaciated form was covetous of its warmth.

Stewart was a kindly-hearted fellow, tender as a woman

where suffering was concerned; he had acquired some slight degree of medical skill during his few years of "roughing it," and he knew the man had fainted from hunger and fatigue.

"I hope he won't die on my hands," was his mental ejaculation as he laid the Mexican on the bed and forced some brandy through his clinched teeth. In a little while the man was sufficiently revived to thank his rescuer, with all the courteous volubility of his race, for his timely succor.

Lionel spoke Spanish fluently. When he first came West he had expended many dollars of his precious hoard in learning that musical language, with the view of arguing cases before a Mexican jury. Thus far, however, he had found few opportunities of putting his knowledge to practical use. Had it not been for a flowing white beard which lent dignity to the old man's wrinkled, yellow face, he would have struck the beholder as a ludicrous reproduction of the mummy of Rameses III., and Stewart found himself marvelling at the animal instinct which makes the majority of people press eager lips to the cup of life long after the sweetness thereof has been drained and only bitter dregs remain.

By degrees the patient's strength returned, and as he partook feverishly of the coarse fare which was all his host had to offer, he began to talk, his conversation giving evidence of a culture and refinement far above that of the average person of his race in the South-west.

The next day he appeared to rally, but Stewart made him keep his bed while he went into town for a physician. The doctor came, and after a cursory glance at the patient he called Lionel aside.

"He can't last twenty-four hours, so you had better let me send the town officers for him and relieve you of further trouble. What can you do with a dead *greaser*?"

"Do you think I would turn a man out of my tent when he is dying?" Stewart rejoined indignantly. "I would not so treat a dog. There will be ample time for the authorities to step in after he is dead—and besides, he may recover."

"All right, my boy; have your own way. This is your shooting match! I meant no offence. *Addios*." And whistling cheerily, this promising son of Æsculapius mounted his steed and was soon lost to sight among the mesquite-covered hills. Stewart then administered some powders which the doctor had left. Their effect upon the patient was instantaneous; he seemed endowed with new vitality, and raising himself on his

couch he felt in his ragged vest for an envelope. It was worn and soiled with age. He handed it to Stewart, and then took from around his neck a locket of curiously carved silver.

"Open it," he said faintly. Lionel complied and drew out a small piece of paper closely covered with characters, apparently in cipher.

"Now the other paper; but quickly, my voice is failing," gasped the old man. The other paper proved to be a map or chart, carefully drawn on a sheet of blue foolscap—how long ago one could but conjecture, for the blue was aging brown.

Stewart, obeying directions, placed both papers on the bed before him. A wild glitter came into the Mexican's eyes, he begged excitedly for more brandy, and thus stimulated he began to speak: "This is my legacy to you—you who have saved me from perishing like a dog when those whom I had benefited cast me off. Ah! but they did not believe the old man had anything more to give them. Bueno; we will see! To you I leave the secret that I had thought would perish with me. Seek the place marked on this chart by a +, lift the square stone, and wealth untold is yours; gold, silver, precious stones—all yours. Come closer, my son, and let me explain the cipher; closer, closer—oh, my God!"

The speaker fell back on his pillow, his voice dying away into a hoarse gurgle. Stewart hastened to give him the medicine the doctor had prescribed, but he motioned it away. Crossing his wasted hands upon his breast, he strove to murmur a prayer; the breath of life grew faint and fainter, an expression of perfect peace dawned upon the patriarch's worn face, and then Death stamped it with his icy seal for ever.

Events, whether fortuitous or the reverse, frequently crowd upon each other in quick succession after months or years of stagnation. It may be that Fate, being blind, distributes her smiles and frowns indiscriminately, trusting to the goddess of Chance to equalize things here below. After Stewart had followed the canvas-covered wagon which did duty as hearse into town, and had seen that the old Mexican received as decent a burial as he could borrow money to pay for, he hastened to the post-office.

Upon opening the first letter of the budget that was handed him, he observed with a thrill of pleasurable excitement that it contained a check for one hundred dollars. He had loaned that sum to an acquaintance when he first came to the territory, in his green and salad days as it were; the friend had

long since "gone broke," which is the classic Western style of expressing one's state of insolvency, and Stewart had given up all hope of ever seeing his money again.

"Bread cast upon the waters!" exclaimed the young man gaily, waving the check before the eyes of Mr. MacAlpine, who at that moment entered the office. "This will at least enable me to settle some of my debts and live like a gentleman until I decide upon some course of action. It also goes to prove the wisdom of my motto, 'Nil desperandum.'"

The contents of the other letters were speedily digested and Stewart shoved them carelessly into his pocket. As he did so his hand came in contact with the locket. "By Jove! I had forgotten all about my legacy." It was true; he had thrust both trinket and papers out of sight when the old Mexican expired, and the breaking up of camp, together with the various duties that had since occupied him, had effectually driven all thought of them from his mind. Besides, he looked upon the whole story as a dream, the delirious ravings of a dying man.

That evening, however, when he retired to his room in the comfortable if not luxurious Broadway Hotel, he resolved to find the key to the puzzle. He began his work more in jest than in earnest, but the fascination of the thing grew upon him, and he persisted in his efforts until his quick mind grasped the cipher and he located, to his satisfaction, the mysterious stone. This result led him to hope that the legacy of which his strange guest had spoken might prove something more than the vagaries of an excited imagination.

Some sixteen miles to the north of Silverton, at the terminus of a short range of mountains which stand outlined like a painted wall against the clear blue sky, is a rock famous in the vicinity as Santa Rita, or the "Kneeling Nun." It is carved by the hand of nature, perchance by the cataclysms of time, into the semblance of a woman standing with bowed head, and, like all such freaks of nature, it has various legends to explain its origin; but, as Mr. Kipling would remark, that is another story.

Stewart determined to put his discovery at once to the test; so the following day he hunted up MacAlpine and told him of his mysterious inheritance.

"Let us investigate, by all means," exclaimed the adventurous Scotchman. "I will engage a team while you see about the provisions. Lay in enough to last us a week, and be sure to supply yourself with blasting powder and a fuse. Keep

everything dark, though ; for if this expedition turns out to be a fake the boys will badger the life out of us."

It was too late when the men reached their destination to do anything more than make a cursory survey of the ground. Stewart found to his relief that the land around the fabled rock, corresponding to his diagram, was still unlocated—virgin soil for him to preëempt at pleasure.

"I will not be in any danger of having my brains blown out for jumping another man's claim, and that is one point gained," was Stewart's consoling reflection as he lay that night on his improvised couch, which consisted of a mattress of sweet-smelling juniper boughs piled together, and covered with a couple of Navajo blankets. The blue dome of heaven, dotted with its myriad stars, made a canopy more gorgeous than has ever draped the resting-place of the mightiest king ; and yet our hero passed a restless night, his slumbers broken by the unearthly yelps of a prowling coyote and the almost equally weird notes of his snoring companion.

Both men arose with the dawn, and while waiting impatiently for their coffee to boil Stewart went over the map with MacAlpine, carefully explaining the cipher and comparing the ancient chart of the Mexican with the scene before them. There could be no mistake, for nature remains unchanged through the vicissitudes of centuries, until man, the arch-vandal, comes to mar her fair face with his iconoclastic touch.

The coffee was not good, although Lionel had often boasted of his success in preparing this stimulating beverage ; this morning, however, its muddiness passed without comment, and after a slight repast the men tethered their horses and prepared to ascend the precipitous cliffs, near the summit of which the recreant nun is supposed to expiate her sin—a modern version of Lot's wife.

By this time the hidden treasure had taken such tangible hold of Stewart's mind that when, after hours of calculation and amateur surveying, he and his companion came upon a square, brown stone securely balanced upon a giant boulder, he waxed indignant at MacAlpine's expressions of surprise, accepting the reality with the same imperturbability that he would have displayed in receiving a bequest from the hand of his family lawyer.

To remove the square stone was the work of a second, but the boulder presented greater difficulties, and to this day neither man can tell whether they were overcome by sheer force of

will or by adventitious aid. Suffice to say human ingenuity conquered and, as the rock went thundering down the steep side of the cliff, they saw opened before them a wide gap in the hill-side, presumably the entrance to a cave.

"The plot deepens; who shall go first?" exclaimed MacAlpine.

"I, of course; if there is any danger I should be the one to face it."

"Nobly spoken; lead on, Macduff," replied the Scotchman, whose checkered career had so often led him into danger that the word *fear* held no meaning for him. Each man took the precaution to load his revolver and fasten his cartridge belt securely around him, for, as Stewart suggested, the cavern might have another entrance and serve as a lair for the wily panther. Then, lighting their lanterns, they entered the dark defile.

For awhile their path seemed level enough, then it began to descend, and at last Stewart was obliged to go down on hands and knees in order to proceed. Nothing daunted, he grasped the lantern in his teeth and fell on all fours. MacAlpine followed his example, blowing like a sea-lion and swearing vigorously at this enforced return to the conditions of infancy.

For nearly fifty yards—it seemed fully five hundred to the men—they continued this uncomfortable means of locomotion, the elder gentleman vowing he would turn his back on the whole darned business if he only had room in which to turn, a remark that only evoked an explosion of unseemly mirth from his more agile companion. At length the tunnel veered abruptly to the left and our explorers were again enabled to stand upright.

A few more steps and they were in a cave whose gloomy recesses showed neither stalagmite nor stalactite, nor ornamentation of any kind; it was shaped like an amphitheatre, but with high, vaulted roof, through which the light in some inexplicable manner seemed to pierce. It might have been a sarcophagus hewn from the solid rock, so dry and hard were its walls; there was no slightest feeling of moisture in the place, no rhythmic murmur of underground streams, nor any sound of trickling water, all was arid, solemn, impenetrable. As soon as the men grew accustomed to the dusky semi-shadows they began to take note of their surroundings. The light penetrated through an opening, apparently artificial, in the roof of the cave directly above a long, flat slab, unmistakably the sacrificial stone of some heathen tribe.

Directly in front of this gruesome block was a rude altar crowned with a stone idol, hideous enough to make it a valuable piece of bric-a-brac, should it ever fall into the hands of a New York art dealer. The men knew they had discovered an Aztec cave of worship, and they could not repress a feeling of horror at the thought of the awful human sacrifices immolated to the senseless figure who had stood stolid and motionless through the lapse of centuries.

So this was his legacy! Stewart felt distinctly sold, but as he advanced towards the altar, holding his lantern aloft that its rays might be focused upon the stone image, a cry of astonishment escaped him. The hideous face was literally encrusted with precious stones, its body was inlaid with gold and silver beaten into quaint and matchless designs, and from its forehead blazed a ruby that would adorn the crown of Montezuma!

MacAlpine vented his astonishment in a prolonged whistle, and stretched forth his hand to touch the gems; but a small, flat head with two fiery eyes lifted itself from the idol's neck, around which it lay coiled as if graven from the same stone, and a hissing, rattling sound caused both men to spring back just in time, for the snake rapidly unwound its loathsome folds and dropped to the ground.

Stewart had killed too many rattlesnakes to feel anything more than a sensation of supreme disgust, and as the reptile advanced he took careful aim and fired. Before the deafening reverberations had died away a dozen or more writhing, coiling serpents emerged from the recesses of the altar and surrounded their dead companion. A glance showed the men that discretion was the better part of valor, and they beat a retreat, rather more hasty than dignified. Once more in the blessed light of day they paused to mature their plans.

"It would be foolish to attempt shooting the things," counselled the older man; "there may be legions of them, and a rattlesnake bite is too dangerous to take any chances on. How in the deuce are we going to get rid of them?"

"Blow them up with dynamite," suggested Stewart jokingly.

"The very thing," exclaimed MacAlpine; "but we will have to exercise care, else his sacred, bow-legged Divinity will be blown up too, and then good-by to your fortune."

"Suppose we go back to camp and talk it over. I am as dirty as a cave-dweller, and I feel the need of refreshing both the outer and inner man without further delay."

"I am with you, my boy ; we can leave your treasure with impunity, for it is certainly well guarded. Strange that such venomous reptiles should have chosen that altar for their resting-place ! It seems symbolic of the horrible rites that have been practised there."

"Indeed it does," responded Stewart thoughtfully, "and stranger still, to think of the empires that have flourished and fallen, the pages of history that have been written, while that relic of barbarism has been left unharmed, the legacy of an extinct, nay, almost unknown race."

The men did not return to the cavern until the next day, for Stewart had to ride into town for a fuse long enough to reach from the aperture in the roof to the altar underneath. They had no great difficulty in finding this orifice, for they followed above ground, as nearly as possible, the tunnels of the cave which led them direct to the foot of the monolith now Christianized as Santa Rita ; and there were evidences that this commanding rock had been once used as a post of observation—whether by the Aztecs or some more modern tribe, the men were unable to determine.

MacAlpine, whose long experience as a miner had made him familiar with the various uses of giant powder as a blasting agent, thought that a small cartridge could be placed near the altar and exploded without serious injury to the idol, which they were naturally anxious to secure intact. These explosions were to be kept up at regular intervals until the serpents decamped.

"I am quite sure it will succeed ; but you, Stewart, must be the one to place the cartridges. I would not crawl through that narrow passage again for all the mines in New Mexico. The rattlers will not hurt you if you do not molest them. I will listen and drop down the fuse when you give the word ; after you rejoin me I can light it, and there will be ample time for us to get out of harm's way before it reaches the powder."

Three times the experiment was repeated, after which Stewart insisted on a tour of investigation. In spite of his previous asseverations MacAlpine girded his loins and prepared to accompany him.

"The curiosity of our common ancestress, Mother Eve," quoth he ; but Stewart knew that a more kindly feeling prompted the large-hearted Scotchman—the desire to be of assistance in case of danger.

This time before approaching too close they carefully ex-

amined the altar, but when after repeated proddings and pistol shots no ominous rattle was heard, they concluded that the serpents had really abandoned their trust.

Upon lifting the idol, they found underneath the pedestal on which it stood a small cavity filled with the most beautiful specimens of opals, turquoise, and amethysts, some cut and others in the native quartz; nuggets of gold were also there, and rings and bracelets—relics of barbaric splendor that would now be priceless in the eyes of an antiquarian.

The men had great difficulty in getting the idol through some of the narrow tunnels, but they eventually triumphed and their prehistoric relic suffered no further injury than the loss of a few jewels, and a chip from his sacred nose. Very little has ever been said of this curious legacy, so strangely and romantically acquired, for both men refused to be interviewed on the subject, and soon afterwards Stewart left Silverton for the East.

After disposing most satisfactorily of his uncut stones, his first step was to send a check to MacAlpine with the request that an appropriate monument should be erected to the memory of his benefactor, which goes to show that the sentiment of gratitude is not yet entirely extinct in the human breast. The old Scotchman sturdily refused to accept a cent in payment for his share in the discovery, but he wears always a handsome opal scarf-pin which his friend had mounted with diamonds and sent to him as a souvenir of their extraordinary adventure.

Then Mr. Lionel Stewart returned to the bosom of his family, convinced that Horace Greeley's advice had lost much of its applicability since first uttered by that eccentric New Hampshire genius, and resolved to try the experiment of becoming a prophet in his own particular division of country. We hear that he gives promise of success, and we hear furthermore that negotiations for the sale of a remarkable Aztec idol are pending between him and the directors of one of our wealthiest museums.

Up to this time the transaction has been so carefully guarded that it has obtained no newspaper notoriety, but certain learned professors state that when the sale is made public it will create a *furor* almost unparalleled among the archæologists and antiquarians of the present century.

HATH TIME GROWN OLD?

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ.

THE QUESTION.



HY paint we Time an ancient man,
His limbs grown weak and old,
And in his nerveless hold
A rusty Talisman?
Hath Time grown old?

Doth not the Sun his course fulfil:
The fleeting Seasons follow on,
From ruddy Spring to Winter wan,
Unceasing, constant still?
Hath Time grown old?

One Day is as another Day,
One Year is as another Year:
Yet, with the passing of his bier,
A Man doth fade for aye.
Hath Time grown old?

Unto all things, of earthly brood,
The Ruling Wisdom hath assigned
A resurrection, in their kind;
Man never is renewed.

Onward the sequent Ages roll
Relentless; though the Hope of youth
Crumbles to Age, Ambition's tooth
Still gnawing at the soul.
Time grows not old!

THE ANSWER.

Peace. Man shall but begin to be
When, like a crumpled scroll,
The skies to ruin roll
When dawns Eternity!
When Time grows old!



"SLOWLY THE CREAMY CLOUDS COME IN FROM THE SEA."

A CLOUDY PEARL OF THE PACIFIC.

BY PHILIP E. NYLANDER.



LILO was not on the programme—neither was the shipwreck. But those who go down to the sea in ships take chances as well as passage, and sometimes undertake side trips which are not provided for in the itinerary. Thus it happened that when two days out from Honolulu, with leaks starting, pumps breaking, and everything generally demoralized, the "A 1" steamship City of C— started back on an exciting race for life, headed for the nearest port, Hilo, Hawaii, four hundred miles away.

Some simple people travel for pleasure, others find in the experience an excellent substitute for the penitential pilgrimages of the past. It was neither a hilarious nor a pious gathering which sat about in somewhat strained sociability in the main cabin. Listening there to the creaking and groaning of the timbers, it would seem that demoniac agencies confined within the frame were lashing themselves into madness in their efforts to rend the vessel in twain; until from this mountain in labor the frightened rats came forth from the hold to be despatched by the ship's cat, which, master of the situation,



HONOLULU.

seemed to think the entire affair gotten up for his own special entertainment.

Some little comfort was derived from a perusal of the ship's certificate of registration, which, framed upon the walls, set forth in impressive characters the rating of the vessel, "A 1" for five years from 1898. A drowning man will catch at a straw, but this straw was of no value in stopping leaks. Some



"WE REACHED HILO ON ALL-SOULS DAY."

men told stories : How once in a similar predicament, in a storm off Cape Horn, a preacher crawled along the forward deck to the sailors' quarters, whence, after listening at a crack of light in the forecastle, he returned, muttering with satisfaction, "Thank heaven, they are still swearing!" Meanwhile the gale increased in violence and the ship plunged on in terror, with the great seas on the port quarter pursuing her like huge, hun-



"IT LOOKED ENTRANCINGLY LOVELY ON THAT BRIGHT NOVEMBER MORNING."

gry wolves; we meanwhile calmly waiting with the boats provisioned for immediate launching.

We reached Hilo on All-Souls day, thankful that our monument was not made up of conglomerate wreckage floating in the Pacific. So little external evidence of injury was apparent that some volunteered to pull over the smoke-stack. The vessel was inspected and condemned. The owners will be reimbursed by insurance. The patient public, thankful in escape, is uncomplaining, and in disaster the old piratical motto holds: "Dead men tell no tales." So the farce of inspection goes gaily on.

It is no wonder that Hilo looked entrancingly lovely on that bright November morning. Fairer even than when, in 1824, it had fascinated the world-worn eyes of Captain Lord Byron, who would wed his own name with that of beauty, and wrote "Byron's Bay" in fading letters on the British Admiralty charts. This is so characteristically English, you know. Like the traveller from Albion visiting Salt Lake City, Utah, who, dipping his finger into the salt water and from thence putting it into his mouth, said gravely, smacking his lips, "It's ours!" This claim is now an American's proud privilege. Hilo is ours! Guarded on the south by the gaunt sentinel palms of Cocoanut Island, the city rises until the eyes rest upon the background, where Mauna-Kea, the long mountain, crouches under its weight of snowy years. Along the shore the white sea rolls in upon the beach, or dashes against the base of cliffs covered with perpetual verdure from cool, copious rains. "Hilo is a gem," says the guide book. Yes, Hilo is a gem, a little cloudy pearl of the Pacific, iridescent with the gleaming aurora of rainbows which lean lovingly over it. Slowly the creamy clouds come in



LAKE OF FIRE, KILAUEA.

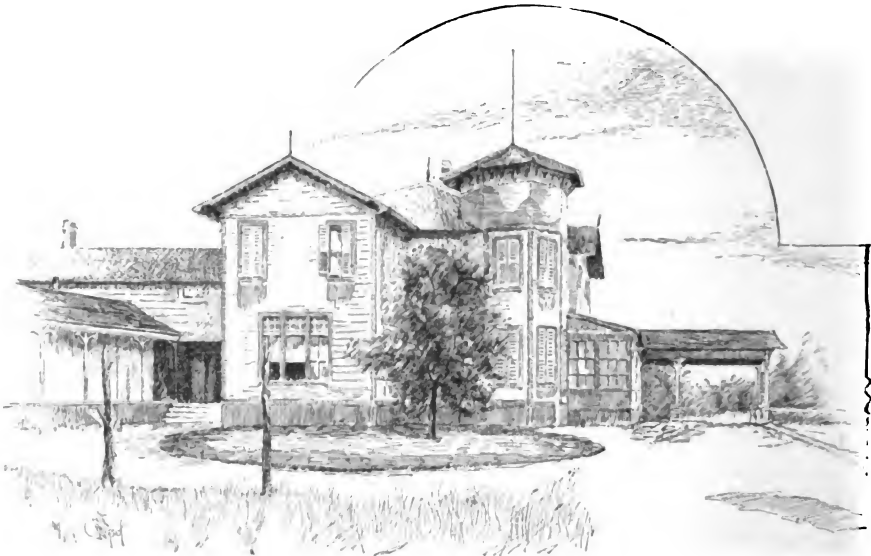


THE LAVA-FLOW, COOLING, HAS TAKEN ON MANY FANTASTIC SHAPES.

from the sea and gather over the fields of sugar-cane and coffee, as if old Mother Nature were making a mammoth breakfast-cup to be brewed in the smoking cauldron of the crater of Kilauea.

The town is cosmopolitan, the upper part being American and modern, with fine houses and stores, perfect roads, and electricity for light and power. From this point stages start for the volcano. Within easy distance are many points of interest. A stream of water rising in the mountains comes down in bewildering cascades or leaps a hundred feet in the cavernous Rainbow Falls. Not to be outdone in interest, the lava-flow, cooling, has taken on many fantastic shapes.

Near the landing-place on the shore are the ant-hills of the industrious Japanese. These little brown people are fast discarding their national characteristics, and clothe themselves, as they are beginning to clothe their demands for wages, like Europeans. But on the next day after our arrival the Mikado's *fiesta* was celebrated, and nearly everybody was in gala national attire, the children, with painted pink cheeks, looking like animated dolls. The celebration took place upon the outskirts of the town. Here bands of wandering minstrels marched in Pyrrhic measure and graceful gesture before the temporary



VOLCANO HOUSE, KILAUEA.

temple of Buddha. Crowds gathered near by in an enclosure set apart for wrestling. Two athletic rivals advanced and faced one another before a solemnly garbed referee. Crouched for an instant, they sprang and there was a sinuous writhing of sinewy figures, like the Laocoön in bronze, then a fall upon the soft black earth, at which the statuesque referee waved his wooden fan downwards.



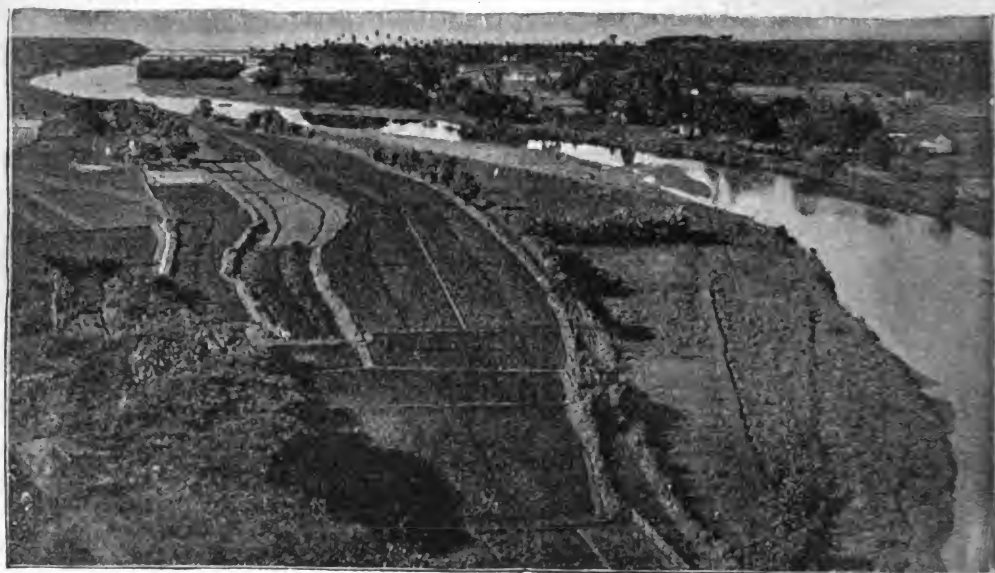
THE BROTHERS' SCHOOL.

Many of the Japanese are field laborers, being by their small stature and great strength adapted to the severe work in the cultivation of sugar. In January the cutting of the cane is begun. It is then stripped and floated down to the mills in the great flumes, which span the gorges like spiders' webs. In these mills the maceration process is pursued. Crushed into pulp and ground, ninety-nine per cent. of the saccharine matter is extracted, while the refuse, dry as chaff, is drawn into the furnaces and burned. The sap, now boiled in vacuum, is crystallized. Whirled in centrifugal machines, the liquor is expelled, and the sugar is dried and shipped away to make the whole world sweeter.

Coffee is said to be in its infancy, but already its precocity is apparent, and growers of coffee have no grounds for com-



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN HILO.



WAIMBA RIVER, KAUAI.

plaint. Fruits, especially bananas, are abundant, and give freights to regular lines of steamers to the States. Nature is prodigal, and the native needs are easily supplied. "What are the most beautiful things you have ever seen?" asked one of the teaching Brothers of a Kanaka pupil, who replied, with the logic of a Kanaka or a child: "Poi and fish." These are the staples, the fish being often eaten raw and somewhat ripe. Poi is the staff of life. The root of the taro, a tuber, is baked and ground into meal. It is then kneaded into paste and, slightly fermenting, is very wholesome and agreeable, after one can disassociate the dish from bill-poster's paste, eaten with the fingers.

The stranger is initiated into many strange native dishes at a *luau*, or picnic feast. The guests, as they gather, are garlanded with wreathes, called *leis*, of bright-colored flowers. A wise provision brings finger-bowls on first, for fingers are the only implements for conveying food to the mouth. Some of the dishes are fearfully and wonderfully made. A young pig, stuffed with hot rocks and covered with aromatic leaves, is baked in the ground. There are no requests for "a little more stuffing, please." Hospitable to the utmost, the native character appears at these festivals—happy, careless children, with love of good cheer, of music, and of flowers.

The condition of this gradually disappearing race has been influenced, not entirely for the better, by the "evangelical"

missionaries of these islands. It would be well for those who are denouncing the good work done by the Catholic missions in the Philippines to look to the history of the Protestant missions in Hawaii, the principal work of which has been to convert the earth to their own inheritance. Encouraged by their failure in making anything out of the natives, some of these worthies have undertaken to "convert Rome," the leading spirit in this benevolent undertaking being that venerable pachyderm, Rev. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu, whose hide was invulnerable even to the keen shafts of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Open Letter." Little or nothing is accomplished; the Portuguese, who constitute the principal element among the Catholics, are faithful. Intellectual pabulum in the way of bigoted literature being ineffectual, the flour-sack apostolate has been instituted; but only a few poor, ignorant people take their spiritual leaven in a measure of meal.

Meanwhile the newer element among the Protestants do not hesitate to affirm that the good work done on these islands is done by the people of Father Damien. These are the Catholic priests, under Bishop Gulstan of Honolulu, the order to which Father Damien belonged, an order which has other hidden Damiens among its members. In Hilo the fine church is crowded with devout worshippers, and numerous outlying missions are zealously successful. The Catholic schools, well filled, contain a number of non-Catholic children.



"ALONG THE SHORE THE WHITE SEA ROLLS IN UPON THE BEACH."

I once asked an earnest but somewhat narrow partisan of state schools: "Why is it that, if our Catholic schools are so very bad, Protestant parents will persist in sending their children to them, paying extra for the privilege?" I have never heard the answer to this question. Perhaps it is that our schools are the best, after all. There are no leaky crafts in Catholic education, where religious watchfulness follows the sense of the importance of the soul's safety. Under such registration, by conscientious inspectors, the ship of state will be safe in the company of Peter's bark, as it conducts souls safely through the voyage of life, and into the harbor of eternity.



"BOILING POTS" OF HILO.

DR. PASTOR'S ESTIMATE OF ALEXANDER VI.*

THE history of the Papacy has been dealt with by Germans, Catholic and Protestant, in a manner which upon the whole may be said to have supplied valuable information. Our readers will have in mind the Protestant historian Leopold Ranke, who, notwithstanding an anti-Catholic bias and a somewhat unphilosophical subservience to hypotheses, rendered to the popes unregarded or calumniated before his time a measure of justice halting, indeed, but courageous and unexceptionable in its tone and temper. At the first we should be prepared for a certain degree of belittling, undervaluing, minimizing the work done by the popes when a German took up their history, and a readiness to attribute questionable motives as the source of action in itself wise, and a sinister policy as the guide of the Papacy in its relations with temporal sovereignties in general and the German Empire in particular. That is, something of prejudice and something of theory affect the German in estimating the credit due to Italian popes as rulers and in their policies, which must have been of necessity Italian rather than imperial if the independence of the Holy See were to be preserved.

Nor is this view inconsistent with the opinion we hold of the great services rendered by German writers to the church, and the fidelity of the German Catholics to our holy faith. The scientific conviction formed by Janssen from vast, minute, and profound historical research, that Protestantism forced back the growing civilization of the world—whether he is right or wrong—displays a noble independence of mind in forming it and the truest philosophical boldness in giving to it expression. Very interesting and valuable would be the statement and support of this authoritative judgment, but we must reserve it for another occasion, and content ourselves with saying that in Dr. Pastor, Janssen left a pupil altogether worthy of him and able to accomplish all the master would have desired in putting in a proper light the circumstances of the German people at the

* *The History of the Popes from the close of the Middle Ages.* Vols. v. and vi. By Dr. Louis Pastor, Professor at Innsbrück University. Edited by Frederick Ignatius Anticbus, of the Oratory. New York: Benziger Brothers.

time of the Reformation, and at the same time completing and correcting Ranke's history. It is said that Pastor combines the special excellence of Ranke and that of Janssen.

In considering Pastor's work one is appalled at the immense mass of material consulted; and yet an able judge tells us that when you enter the great pile constructed by him you proceed at your ease, unfatigued amid the order and symmetry around and above you, and in the fulness of a light which is present into whatever part you penetrate. He has ransacked seventy-six collections of archives and manuscripts in the Tyrol, France, Germany, and Switzerland. He has consulted six hundred and ninety-nine works, compiled from the fifteenth century to our own day, to prepare for his two last volumes—covering the period from Innocent VIII. to Julius II., namely, nineteen years. In using his materials we are assured that our author took to himself as an inspiration the motto of Cicero appropriated by Leo XIII.: *Ne quid falsi audiat; ne quid veri non audiat*, which may be translated in the epigram of their champion, De Maistre: "We owe the truth to the popes, and they want nothing but the truth." * That is to say, they are entitled to justice even though they are popes, and they need only justice.

It may be said that in no subject could the candor of a Catholic historian be tried so severely as in the life and pontificate of Pope Alexander VI. Dr. Pastor shows them in their worst colors, and, as if to prepare us for the estimate formed, he lays down the propositions, weighty and judicial, "that the materials before him are ample to pronounce a judgment on the entire subject which should be explicit; . . . every attempt to whitewash (*de sauver*) the memory of Alexander VI. will henceforth, he is convinced, be the defence of a desperate cause." At the same time it must be allowed that certain charges are to be rejected; notably, criminal relations with Lucretia Borgia. She was not, perhaps, free from reproach in her life and conversation, but she was far better than one born to rank and at the same time to infamy could be expected to have been; she is to be pitied rather than denounced. Cæsar, described as a type fashioned from wickedness, was nevertheless not responsible for many of the assassinations attributed to him. This, of course, is to show that his proved crimes produced unfounded charges rather than that he had been calumniated. But a fair inference may be that much of what has been brought against Alexander and his children was due to the offence given by the

* *Histoire du peuple allemand depuis la fin du moyen âge.*

sons to so many and such powerful influences in Rome and the adjoining states. It is only fair to bear in mind, despite Dr. Pastor's stern dictum as to the hopelessness of lightening the load on Alexander's memory, that the detestable populace of Rome had from the earliest times been the irreverent and ungrateful enemies of the popes. Ambassadors and other strangers would readily enough take the impressions about the popes which filtered through the sewers of Roman society from the palaces of great nobles down to the rabble that howled their hatred after the carriages of cardinals and other dignitaries. The great house of Colonna was conspicuous for its disloyalty to the Holy See, so much so that for centuries there was hardly a scene of violence and outrage on the sacred person of the Lord's Vicar in which some Colonna had not been an actor. The difference between the demeanor of foreign dignitaries, and even Italians from the other states, and the behavior of the high Roman nobles was very remarkable. In presence of Alexander a Visconti or a Sforza would bend with a profound reverence which recognized in his person the supreme majesty of his place, while a Roman noble would hide under outward lowliness the falsehood which bound him to the interests of Spain or of France. There is no explanation of this save the innate treachery and greed of the nobility of all ranks. This baseness in the noble was called personal ambition, because it aimed at a sort of sovereignty over the people. The greed and treachery in the people were called a love of change that could not rest in peace and in prosperity, any more than it could be happy under the fierce and licentious power of the barons. To do the Roman masses justice, they hated while they feared those lawless nobles, so long a terror to the sovereign pontiffs and the clergy. Nothing would induce them in the long periods of oppression to rise against their masters, behind whose backs they gnashed their teeth with rage. When a pope of commanding talents for statesmanship ascended the throne and reduced the nobles to submission, the populace invariably availed themselves of their new freedom to insult him and his priests, as in our own time they murdered Rossi for the crime of having been appointed minister at their request.

The position of the popes at this period was one of difficulty between rebellious barons resting on the swords of mercenaries and the most lawless, vindictive, and cowardly common people the world had ever seen. At the time of Alexander's election the States of the Church were exposed to every danger

from within and without. He was a man of great talent who, though very young, had gained some distinction at the bar, a career which he abandoned for that of arms. When his uncle, Calixtus III., became pope he summoned the young soldier, who was already giving promise of greatness in his new profession.

It is right that the position of the Cardinal-bishop of Albano and Porto * should be fairly presented as it was before Rome and the world, in order that the Sacred College as a body should be acquitted of the aspersions cast upon it owing to the charges of simony so freely flung upon some of its members by every Catholic historian from that time to the present. It was believed he alone could save the Temporal Sovereignty, and events justified the judgment of the cardinals, who considered that a soldier rather than a saint was needed at that crisis. But what reason was there at this time for supposing he was not a man of good life? He appeared pious and his demeanor was grave. He seemed to be charitable, for his liberality to the people was profuse. He was fearless and high-minded—of this there can be no doubt—for only the rich and powerful ever experienced scorn and harshness from him, while in his intercourse with the poor and the middle class he was kind and affable. The unstable populace idolized him because of his generosity, his graciousness, and the conviction that his great talents, boldness, and pride would be a wall between them and the cruel license of the nobles. Knowing as we do that the latter, when free from control, surpassed what we read of the rapacity, fury, and lust of the English barons in the reign of Stephen, a good reason, from the human side of papal authority, stands out for the election of the only exceptionally capable man during that time of darkness and danger, in which state and church seemed rushing to the abyss. It does not appear that the connection between him and Rosa Vanozza was known to more than a few, whose interest was to guard the secret. This was how matters stood when the Sacred College elected this man of sixty-one years of age, noble, dignified, magnificent, and marked by talents and training for a foremost place in policy and arms. Rome became wild with enthusiasm, and declared:

"Cæsare magna fuit nunc Roma est maxima. Sextus Regnat Alexander. Ille vir, iste Deus!"

It is quite clear Dr. Pastor could not have access to the au-

* He was raised to this dignity by Sixtus IV., and not by his uncle. This affords a presumption that his character stood well in public.

thentic and secret documents in which he says the "infamy" * of Alexander's life was hidden if Leo XIII. had not wished it. Having said so much, we present that historian's impression: that Roderick Borgia, bishop and cardinal before attaining the dignity of Sovereign Pontiff, had paraded his vicious life, and that never had his unbridled luxury been concealed. It was known, we are to understand, in the streets, in the marketplace and the hovel; in the fortress, half-palace, half-prison, of a Frangipani or a Savelli, an Orsini or a Colonna. It was concerning these years, we must ask the reader to bear in mind, that the shrewd Burgundian minister of Louis XI. wrote: Rome would be the happiest city in the world only for the Orsini and the Colonna. Now, with this grave remark from Philip de Commynes, we are inclined to suspect that Dr. Pastor, despite his access to the most authoritative and secret documents † and his untiring energy and care, has failed to put the man and the time before us in their just relation, and that therefore he has failed in that impartiality which alone can render possible the majestic equity of history.

It is not so clear to us that Dr. Pastor's judgments on this pope will not be revised. The very reason a critic of talent ‡ has for affirming that Pastor's estimate is unassailable, namely, that he places himself in the period of which he treats, is, in our poor opinion, the very reverse of the historian's attitude, at least with regard to this particular pontificate. If elsewhere Dr. Pastor exhibits the faculty of placing men in historical perspective, he must be thought to have made Alexander the sacrificial offering of a candor much affected by Catholic writers who prostrate themselves before that fetich of modern insolence and ignorance called Protestant opinion. William Roscoe, a fair-minded Protestant, in his *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.* insists that the charges against Alexander are for the most part wholly false or greatly exaggerated; so does Capefigue, so does Chantal, and before them Abbé Rohrbacher, M. Cheré, M. Audin, and many more we could mention. Now, all these men cannot be blindly mistaken; it does not affect the point that Dr. Pastor has had archives and documents open to him unless we have reason to suppose that he alone had access to them, or to copies entire or fragmentary of entries of the acts of the lawyer, soldier, and cardinal, Roderick Borgia, and his acts as Alexander VI. in the eyes of a crowded court.

* Or rather the "infamous Pontiff," as a French critic calls him. Many English and French, indeed, have written of him as "the infamous"—"l'infame."

† *Documents les plus authentiques et les plus secrets.*

‡ Vicomte de Meaux.

We fully admit his unreasonable affection for his children and the wealth and honors he lavished on them; but this family affection is said to be a quality of strong, imperious natures. What we rather regard in the matter is the violation of his vow and the continued relations with the mother of these Borgias. His bounty to his children was indefensible. It raised enemies against him among foreign potentates and Italian nobles. It was displayed to an extent pitiably childish. His references to them read like the imbecility of dotage, when they are not the expression of a passionate grief. His sorrow at the death of one of them, Juan, would remind you of David's lament over Absalom. In that blow there was a punishment for sins and scandals that might have softened even his defamers. We have already referred to the hostility of France; those reformers who looked to Savonarola as to a martyr were only too happy to gloat over the foul libels of Burchard. Now, Burchard was described by a fellow-officer in the papal court in terms which may be considered fairly severe,* and we think that among the denunciations and inventions in his *Diarium* not a discovery obtained in the researches of Dr. Pastor but may be found. Capable men rejected most of them and we beg to do the same, while we are ready to concede that Alexander VI. was unworthy of the priesthood and his pontificate a disgrace to the church. Again we press upon the reader that the majority of the Sacred College did not know the man, though it may be that they attached more importance to the gifts which marked him out for a temporal rather than a spiritual ruler.

We have not space to say anything about Savonarola—at one time raised to the skies by his fellow-citizens, at the end dragged by them to the funeral pile. Luther, on his part, declared that "his brother was according to the Spirit," and the Protestants of Worms in our own day have placed a statue of him on the pedestal of Luther's statue—among the pioneers of the Reformation. No doubt other Protestants who seemed disposed to join in similar ecstasies abandoned the idea when they learned that the ill-starred monk was in reality faithful to Catholic doctrine, but he has their sympathy at least in his disobedience. We cannot enter into certain discussions concerning his relations with the pope, and the view he

* The compliment paid to this German master of ceremonies is "Non solum non humanus, sed supra omnes bestias bestialissimus." Roscoe significantly observes that Burchard is silent concerning the worst accusations, and he would not be silent if they were current in his day. Alexander died an edifying death, and did not die from poison intended for another. He had broken in pieces the power of the Roman nobles and was hated in consequence.

took of his obedience to the latter. Of course Dr. Pastor takes the right view of these subjects, but we shall close simply in the words of one of the advocates of Savonarola himself—words charitable enough to serve our purpose without committing us to an opinion: "He perished the victim of passions he had excited, illusions he had spread, but he died with a pious courage which blotted out the faults that had brought about his death." * These words are more to the purpose than much of the hysterical admiration which astonished us recently from Catholic writers, clerical and lay.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

BY F. X. E.



BEYOND the hills of Galilee
There rode a cavalier
Whose sword in mortal enmity
Smote Christians far and near.
The newly-shorn he led in shame
To dungeons dim and old,
Yet soon the self-same foeman came
Within the Shepherd's fold;
For nigh Damascus' portal fell
A heavenly noontide ray:
So wonderful and weird its spell,
His vision paled away.
And lo! a breath from Calvary
In plaintive murmur sighed:
"Why persecutest Me?
My Will, 'tis not defied!"
"O tell me whom Thou art, my Lord;
What will I do?" he said.
He heard—his tender heart adored,
His soul the shadows fled.
His yearning spirit cast afar
The Light of Love divine,
And found in every Gentile star
Love's all-approving sign.

* Vicomte de Meaux.



THE PARK AT LILY DALE.

LILY DALE, THE HAUNT OF SPIRITUALISTS.

AN EXPOSÉ OF SOME SO-CALLED SPIRIT PHENOMENA.

BY E. LYELL EARLE.



HE writer recently visited Lily Dale, the summer home of Spiritualists. He was the accredited representative of a New York paper, and his object was to investigate the belief and methods of Spiritualists.

In the first he was unsuccessful, as he could find nothing definite to pin their faith to; in the second, he found more than sufficient to cast doubt on any doctrine that needed such fraudulent methods to give it stability.

Some of the brightest minds among Spiritualists lectured at Lily Dale while the writer visited there. He was a careful listener at their discourses, and later on discussed their rambling tenets with leading mediums, only to come to the same conclusion—that there was no fundamental doctrine in Spiritualism.

First of all, Spiritualists reject the name Spiritualism as savoring too much of asceticism, in the idea of a personal spiritual life led by the believer, in contradistinction to the carnal.

Secondly, the only point they do agree on is, that all around us are spirit forms with whom we may hold immediate

converse, solace ourselves with their company, find guidance in their counsels, and courage in the thought of their victory. In everything else concerning the nature of these spirits, their origin, their destiny, their manner of manifesting themselves, all is chaos.

The fact is, in so far as Spiritualism is a religious belief, there is nothing new in it. All religions have believed in the existence of a spirit world. The Catholic Church has the grandest of all spirit communions, the Communion of Saints. What brings Spiritualism forward so prominently as a belief is the fact of the so-called "spirit rappings," which Spiritualists consider a scientific demonstration of the verity of their belief. We all remember how Dr. Brownson's bright, vigorous mind was drawn for a time by these supposed spirit phenomena, but we also remember how his masterful exposition of their theory smote them in the *Spirit Rapper*.

Lily Dale, the home of Spiritualists, is indeed one of the



THE STATION.

most beautiful spots in beautiful Chautauqua County. Three lovely lakes lie peacefully around it; while the dense forest, wherein orgies rivalling pagan excesses are held, belts it from the very water's edge. Half a million of people visit it annually, most of them to consult the self-constituted mediums between earth and spirit life. Fabulous prices are charged for

some of the séances; and spirit tests are multiplied and intensified in proportion as the material fee is increased and repeated.

A few words about the various classes of mediums and their work will, no doubt, prove interesting.

Mediums at Lily Dale are classed as Materializing, Etherealizing, Slate-Writing, and Trumpet Mediums.

The Materializing Medium is the highest. At his bidding spirits stalk forth bodily and hold converse with their friends in earth life. Under proper conditions they will allow you to shake hands with them, and, if you are amorously inclined, even to embrace them. Next in grade of excellence is the Etherealizing Medium. These bring the spirit in the semblance of a cloud or haze, that rises mysteriously from the floor to the height of the spirit it represents. Out of this cloud comes the spirit voice to give its message across the borders of Shadow Land. The Trumpet Medium heralds the spirit message through a trumpet that floats around the room. In both of these cases ventriloquism is known to have played a prominent part. The Slate-Writing Medium gives you the very characters traced by spirit hands. These you may bear away with you to ponder them at will and hold as a gruesome record from Spirit Land.

Recently a box of medium's slates was opened at the depot near Lily Dale, and a number of writings were found thereon written with a chemical preparation which, on certain conditions of light, became visible. The messages, like the ancient oracles, were of a most general nature, and could be applied to any "person, place, or thing that can be known or mentioned." In a recent number of the *Arena* a man named Graham, who had been with the Bangs Sisters for years as their slate-writer, exposed their methods and challenged a reply. The *Arena* placed its columns at the disposal of any one who would assume the defence of the mediums, but no champion was forthcoming.

SÉANCES.

Séances, or sittings, may be public or private, just to suit the wish and pocket-book of the sitter. Public séances always cost \$25, frequently \$100. The writer was a party in several of these public séances recently, and secured flash-light pictures of them, which eventually proved the spirits to be material indeed. We will explain one sitting fully. This will serve to illustrate the others.



A GRUESOME HOST OF SHIRIT ATTENDANTS.

Dr. Alma, the central figure in the group, is an ultra-spiritualist, magnetic healer, reincarnationist, and believer in a host of other doctrines weird and fascinating. He wished to consult his spirit guides, and secured Mr. and Mrs. Moore, mediums, to conduct the séance. Their fee was a hundred dollars. He invited a few friends and sceptics to witness the materialization. The writer was among these. Mr. Hearn and his associate, Dr. Cheney, from whose pen we may soon look for an exhaustive treatise on this subject, were ready to make flash-lights.

The sitting was held in a room of fifteen feet square, open-

ing into a smaller one in the rear. The room was perfectly dark. Chairs were arranged around the wall for the invited few, most of them extreme Spiritualists. Dr. Alma sat in a large chair in the centre near a heavy black curtain, which was manipulated by Mrs. Moore, Mr. Moore being under spirit control to conjure up the expected *manes*.

Some time was spent in the medium getting under "con-



THE RIVER STYX.

trol," which was proven when a tall figure in white drapery glided into the room, and announced to the audience, in a very earthly tone, that Dr. Alma's spirit company would soon appear. Scarcely had he retired when four figures came solemnly into the room, grouping themselves gracefully around Dr. Alma. The tall figure announced that they were Dr. Alma's spirit friends, and gave their names as Abraham, Isaac, Mary the Mother of Christ, and Mary Magdalen. Ancient indeed and great enough to suit even Dr. Alma's vanity! Just at this moment the flash-light was taken and the séance was broken up.

Another one was held on the following night. Dr. Alma's vanity had more sating. Under the control of the medium, the three Wise Men of the East came to do him homage, while the sun, moon, and stars danced attendance from the black cloth behind him. Dr. Alma was delighted at the result. All the "Camp" had to listen to the wonderful materialization.



SLATE-WRITING FROM CAPTAIN PEEL.

The writer, however, was astonished to see men of sense attach any importance to manifestations that were the very crudest and most bungling. He identified the two women as serving-girls in the hotel; and after several more flash-lights left no doubt as to the identity of the supposed spirits, the management made a formal investigation, and the Moores were compelled to discontinue their sittings.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Another fertile field for fraud is Spirit Photography. Mediums at Lily Dale annually reap a rich harvest of golden sheckles from this field. The subject sits for a photograph, and on receiving his picture is startled to find one or more spirit faces clustered around his head. The medium assures him that they are his spirit guides, and that they materialized at his

bidding, and left the imprint of their presence on the highly sensitive photographic plate. To the believing this is evidence of personal development, of growth along spirit lines, and generally opens their hearts and their pocket-books.

This is the acme of fake! The plates are always prepared, or touched up after the exposure. Mr. Hearn, a photographer and artist at Lily Dale, but not a medium, has time after time prepared plates with vague faces thereon, and used them in photographing Spiritualists. He always found that these people saw a striking resemblance to some one of their thousand or more friends or relatives, who had passed from earth life to spirit land. The sceptical always view these so-called spirit phenomena with grave suspicion, while there are others, and these the great majority, who are ready to receive even the most paradoxical as so many new proofs of the truth of Spiritism.

The following is a case in point between a Mr. Gibson and the Bangs Sisters at Lily Dale: Mr. Gibson, who, by the way, is a class-leader in the First Presbyterian Church Sunday-school in Meadville, went to the Bangs' studio and obtained a crayon of his dead daughter under the following conditions: An ordinary canvas stretcher, such as is used for oil paintings, was by himself placed upon a sheet tacked to the floor. This was covered over with a chenille cloth tacked down on three sides, with the loose end immediately in front of where he had seated himself upon a chair. No human hand, he avers, touched the stretcher until it had lain under its covering two hours, and not then until the Bangs' "control" notified them by rapping that the picture was completed. When this notice was given he drew the canvas from its resting-place, and to his delight found the crayon. During the time the invisible hands were at work at the portrait, Miss Bangs' "control" was playing various pranks with the sitter. Mr. Gibson was struck about the head with paper wads, books, and other articles coming from whence he knew not. Wads of paper soaked in water struck him in the face until the fluid ran down his neck, wet his collar and his clothes, and made matters very unpleasant for him. The gentleman, however, being a good-natured old man, made no complaint against the spirit enjoying himself, and felt rather pleased to think that the visitor from the other world was being entertained at his expense.

Mr. Gibson was so overjoyed with his good fortune that he wanted every one to share it with him, and accordingly told his

story and showed his portrait, which, by the way, cost him \$25, to hundreds of people. The colored crayon was that of a beautiful girl, which, as before stated, he believed was the portrait of his "spirit child," who died young, and who, if she had lived, would now be twenty-seven years old. It was not



ELLIS ISLAND, LILY DALE.

a picture of the child, however, but of the woman as she now is in spirit life. The portrait was that of a handsome, fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, whose age would be judged to be not more than eighteen years, though the spirit daughter would be nine years older had she lived, and represents a female, to use Mr. Gibson's expression, "any man might be proud of."

The matter caused no small amount of discussion. The faithful were delighted with the work of the spirits, and considered it almost miraculous and indisputable evidence of the truth of Spiritualism. Sceptics, however, quietly laughed at their credulity and winked the other eye. The so-called fun of Miss Bangs' "control" and the *mauling* Mr. Gibson received at his hands were charged to have been for the purpose of drawing the gentleman's attention away from the concealed canvas, in order that the one containing the picture might be substituted for it. The record of the sisters in Chicago, where it is charged they were exposed as frauds and had a whole wagon-load of paraphernalia to assist them in producing "spirit"

phenomena, was brought up against them to substantiate the charge of fraud and legerdemain in this case. Then, too, they alleged that at the most crayons of this kind, said to be produced with an air-brush, can be purchased at wholesale at five dollars each.

Looking at the private life of mediums, male or female, there is very little from a moral stand-point to inspire one with confidence in the doctrine they profess.

Thoughtless and flippant writers, seeking to bolster up a tottering system, have gone so far as to declare that the saints of the Catholic Church, and even Christ himself, were nothing else but highly developed mediums. One thing, however, is certain, their private life was a living commentary on their belief. Their wonderful powers were never used for personal aggrandizement; all their efforts were exerted toward the physical and moral betterment of the race.

With mediums the opposite is true. Spiritual powers, so-called, are evoked and exercised in proportion to the material inducement offered the medium. Their object is generally to satisfy the morbid curiosity of the persons consulting, frequently to aid them in avoiding obligations of duty or in compassing ends not sanctioned by the moral law.

The relations existing between medium and subject are always peculiar. All the conventionalities of life are swept away. There is no moral or legal supervision here. The medium is his own supreme judge, and the frequent suits for fraud and grosser improprieties are patent proofs of the want of moral rectitude in mediums. Then, too, the idea that they are possessed by a real or imaginary spirit "control" dominates them like a high-grade stimulant, and in periods of relaxation recourse is too often had to artificial stimulation to a most disastrous degree.

Not all believers in Spiritism are thus morally delinquent. On the contrary, the writer knows estimable men and women who are believers in this vague system, and, in the absence of better head and heart nutriment, find or seem to find hope and consolation therein.

The facts connected with the phenomena of clairvoyance are so strange and far-meaning that a thorough investigation of them would no doubt be of great interest.

After the most careful investigation of Lily Dale from an impartial view point, we can unhesitatingly declare that there are no phenomena witnessed there which cannot be explained



DR. DEAN'S SPIRIT FRIENDS.

or produced by purely natural means. And yet, in view of this fact, is it not strange that men and women in life and business affairs the most shrewd and sceptical are here the most credulous and confiding? The most preposterous claims of unscrupulous mediums are accepted with blind belief. Men who rail and rant at the doctrines of a church sanctioned by centuries of wondrous deeds, receive as infallible truth and as manifestations of spirit life the word and work of men and women who, aside from their bold assumptions, are the most ordinary and material of mortals. Truly this is a marvel hard to understand. If these people would investigate the claims of the ancient church, and the spirit phenomena therein manifested, they would find little to satisfy them in the empty assumptions of Spiritism.

SUSAN BROWN, AUTOCRAT.

BY JULIA STEDMAN.



OW often one little corner of a canvas, one circumstance in a life's era, clings to the memory and colors or characterizes the whole. I never hear the name Sheridan that my mind does not at once revert to a dear, roomy old house in the city of Baltimore, a house with many delightful nooks and corners, with inimitable lawns, a park of majestic old trees, one glorious magnolia and several linden-trees; but notably—and here is my corner—a nursery!—such a nursery as I never saw before, have never seen since. It reached quite across one side of the house, and a fire-place of generous expanse glorified one end of it. Linden-trees peeped in at the windows and tapped upon them on windy nights. But they did not disturb the little sleepers within, hushed into slumber by the low, melodious hum that issued from the rocking chair directly in front of the fender. Old Susan, helmsman of the rocker and autocrat of this domain, was a slim, delicately built mulatto, with lines of every kind chasing across her face—lines of care, lines of humor, and lines of firmness; the latter somewhat predominating, one of those frail-looking but wiry, strong-willed people, whose influence is far-reaching and whose energy untiring. Four years ago her mistress, who had been for many long months a bed-ridden patient, took a sudden turn about four o'clock in the afternoon, and, before doctor, priest, or husband could be summoned, folded her waxen hands and closed her tired eyes, to open them no more. "Susan," she had whispered, as her fingers clasped the shaking hand of the nurse, "take care of my two darlings, and keep them with you as long as you can. Help them to be good, strong Catholics. Tell Frank this is my dying wish; he will see to it." A few fervently labored aspirations and all was over. This was four years ago, when Josephine was but twelve years old, her brother Harry barely four. The two elder sisters, Helen and Isabel, and a brother, who had joined his father's law firm a few months before, were almost strangers to Josephine, who had clung with persevering affection to her home in the nursery, and to Susan, who had proved herself a loving and efficient guardian.

Frank Sheridan's sister Dorothy, who promptly and generously installed herself as hostess at Sheridan Place, upon the death of her brother's wife, was not exactly old, nor was she nervous, or cross, or unduly fond of the feline race. Her cap with its pretty strings and bows fluttered quite becomingly upon her rich brown hair, and she wore a placid, comfortable look seldom accredited to old maids. She had a certain worldly presence, too, that made her quite acceptable to her elder nieces. But our old friend, Susan, judged her with merciless severity.

"Honeys," she said, addressing her two charges, "that woman doan touch one hair o' yo' heads."

Susan always meant what she said. She had not only confidence in her own powers, but the priceless faculty of inspiring others with the same, which is the gift of gifts. Susan was something of a surprise, and not a little fun or annoyance to Aunt Dorothy, who had not reckoned upon so formidable a rival of her authority. Fortunately, she had the good sense, and the better grace, to conceal her feelings. She was quite secure with the other members of the family, was a capital entertainer, knew exactly what was most becoming to the style of beauty of which each fair niece was a type, more or less perfect; and she swallowed down most religiously the rising yawn when her brother brought out the chessmen, although they meant for her an hour of total self-immolation.

What did it matter if that stiff little colored woman and her charges held her at bay? It spared her many a care when she came to think of it, though she pitied the victims of this despotism.

One cold November day, when a good poking and resettling of the logs that rested on the nursery andirons sent a volume of bright sparks flying up the chimney, Susan sat alone in the growing darkness, turning the heel of a stocking "by heart," as she would say, if asked how she followed her stitches without seeing them. Josephine had not returned from school, and the low hum of voices from the rooms below was all that broke the stillness. Susan seldom dozed, as old women often do, and to-night she was far from it.

"Gettin' mighty dark," she said. "High time Miss Jo was home. Her par'll be ringing fo' her 'fore I knows whar I am. Here, whar's my shawl? I ain't gwine t' answer fer dat chile bein' away at dinner-time. Bless me! sho'nuff, here she come,'" as a bright face showed itself at the door. "Yes, Miss Honey,

Susan's here all right. My! but you's good an' late. I'll jess light de gas and get you right ready, or dinner'll be on 'fore you knows it. Ne' mine, Miss Honey," she said as Josephine began to explain, "dat's all right. I s'pose it was calsfanick day. My! but yo' han's is cold. There goes dat bell! I jess tho't so. Now, yo' par done tol' me say, miss, you must put on some color to-day. He won't stan' it no longer; it's 'notions,' an' 'my doin's,' an all dat, so it kain't be help. I guess Miss Dorothy back o' all dat, but she kain't go much fu'ther. Here, Miss Jo, jess dis blue sash, an' dis blue ribbon on yo' hair. My! but yo' cheeks is rosy t'-night, miss. The young missuses' beaux 'll be all lookin' yo' way sho."

"Do you think father will let me up early to-night, Aunt Sue? I've brought a book from the convent library, and I want so much to read it up here."

"Well, mebbe he will, an' mebbe he won't; time 'll tell," was the non-committal form of reply which Susan loved to employ. But she leaned over the banister, and loudly whispered down between her hands: "Miss Jo, I dun clean fo'got to tell you, Marse Har'd comed home with yo' brother t'-night. I guess you won't be thinkin' much o' that book."

Susan was right. It was well-nigh nine o'clock before Josephine joined her nurse again. Then she gave the old woman a start, for every one of her long prayers being said, and all other matters disposed of, she had given herself over to a spell of forgetfulness.

"Well, I d'clar', honey, you dun skeered the heart right out o' me. I was right about that book, wasn't I, Miss Jo?"

"Oh, yes, of course you were, Aunt Sue; you are always right. Don't you know," she said gaily, "when you say a thing is so it is so, even if it *isn't* so?" Then stretching herself at full length upon the rug at her feet, and looking full into the old woman's face, she said: "Aunt Sue, have you seen Howard yet?"

"Well yes, honey; I saw him through the windy comin' along with yo' brother. My! but ain't he growed a comely gemmen?"

"Yes, but didn't he come up to see you?"

"Well no, Miss Honey; it seems lak he gettin' p'tickler 'bout comin' roun' here since you's growed up. I spose it's jess proper manners, an' then he knowed, o' co'se, that Marse Harry was away."

"How thoughtless of him, when he's been away a whole

year. He didn't forget to ask all about you anyhow, Aunt Sue."

"Ne'mine, Miss Honey; it's jess some notion or yuther. He'll be here pretty nearly every night, and I'll see him sho' some time."

"Did my mother know Howard, Aunt Sue?"

"To be sho' she did then. She love him like her own son. Your par an' his was great frens in de ole days, an' your par wanted Marse Har'd to jine his law business some day; but young marse he had a kind o' leanin' to'rds doctor wuk, an' so he came to Baltimore an' sot right to wuk at it. Isn't that why he run off to Yurru'p las' year, honey? Dey say folks gets lots o' sperience in them hospitals over thar, and Marse Har'd he mighty cl'ar brain. I spec he monstrous knowledgable by dis time. Why dis day las' week he jess turned his twenty-fo'th year. Youth, an' looks, an' brains makes fine full sails, Miss Honey; but po' young marse, he one o' them real stiff Protestan's. I'm feared there's no movin' him in the right way whutever."

Josephine suddenly raised herself into a sitting position, and her face wore a startled expression as she exclaimed, "What! isn't Howard a Catholic?"

"Bless yo' soul, no, honey. He her'tic to de backbone. His mar an' par bofe died 'piscopalians, an' he got a big likin' fo' his own 'ligion. Not bein' tight-laced nor nothin,' but he mighty stuck in Protestan' ways, I tell you."

Josephine looked long and earnestly into the fire, and then, rising with a weary air, said half to herself: "Poor Howard! he must be a Catholic or he won't be saved."

"Oh no, Miss Honey, don' say dat. Father Hendrick say he in good faith, an' der ain't an uprighter young gemman in all Baltimore than Marse Har'd. I ain't knowed him these three years for nuthin', an' I echoes them wuds loud an' strong."

Josephine little knew, as she got herself ready for bed and knelt to pray, with her head buried in the cushion of the rocker, that she was forming the subject of much conversation below stairs. She was a girl whose thoughts seldom dwelt upon self. A dear, bright child with genuine affections and no guile, she was upright and straightforward almost to bluntness. Her judgment was far beyond her years, and people were wrong in thinking that she acted generally under the influence of her old nurse. True, she imbibed many of her principles,

yet not before they were weighed in her own scales and found worthy.

These were hardly, however, the points under discussion below. It had been remarked by Howard Radcliffe, upon his rejoining the family group, of which Aunt Dorothy was the central figure, that Josephine had not only grown in stature but in beauty since his trip to Europe. A very unfortunate and unwise remark, had he reflected upon it, and upon which followed a lively discussion of her exterior merits. Little did he dream that Aunt Dorothy had portioned him off, without so much as considering his own voice in the matter, to the fair Isabel.

Here was Helen, thought she, about to make a brilliant match. With an atheist, it is true; but what did that matter? He was a man of great prestige and greater bank credit. Isabel did not seem to take well in society, and although Aunt Dorothy could have desired something better, Howard Radcliffe would have to do. His youth was a small obstacle and easily surmounted, she thought. No one need know that Isabel was ten years his senior. She certainly did not look it. As for her father, he was too much engrossed in his law-cases and money-making to give heed to these details, and what was Aunt Dorothy good for, if not to arrange and promote affairs of this interesting nature? A few hours ago she would have given a laugh of genuine mirth at the very idea of that old-fashioned Josephine offering anything in the light of an obstacle. She laughed now, but a laugh with a queer discordant ring in it, which happily produced no jar upon Howard Radcliffe's ear.

Howard's powers were by no means unlimited. He could diagnose a complicated medical case, or he thought he could, which is the greater half of diagnosis; but he pronounced upon Aunt Dorothy's smile at its first symptoms, and that favorably.

Mr. Lowell says:

"Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not."

Worldly wisdom, but not a very wise wisdom, prompted Aunt Dorothy to confer with Susan one morning about her protégée. It was a kind, motherly warning, of course, and it cost the old woman some serious meditating before she could

label it "counterfeit." Only yesterday Susan had taken some little alarm on her account, and from her reasonings had evolved this solemn oath: "Miss Jo' ain't gwine to marry no Protestan' ef I kin help. Nigh a whole fambly of col' Catholics is plenty an' mor'n enuff fo' me. Spec I'se gwine to let Miss Jo go lak Miss Helen and Isabel's goin'? Givin' up their faith as easy as they would their ole shoes, all for some man or yuther, an' then p'raps not gettin' him? Not I. Ole Missus she say 'Tak' kyar my chile,' an' I'se *gwine* to tak' kyar. I guess it mighty high time I was seeing 'bout it, too. Dat pretty flush on Miss Jo's face whenever she ben to de pa'lor ain't for nuthin'."

The only thing that remained now was a discussion of ways and means. But the ways Aunt Sue chose would be straight, clear-cut ways, and the means gentle and sweet, for her affections were deep and strong, and Howard, no less than Josephine, came in for a goodly share of the same.

Here came Aunt Dorothy's warning: "Josephine was *really* a little too familiar in her manner towards Mr. Radcliffe; all very well when they were children, etc., etc. After all, she was a growing girl, studying much, and exercising a good deal on her way to and from school. She really should not be obliged to wait until evening for her dinner. Much better if she could dine alone, and take a light tea in the breakfast-room at six or seven."

"Monstrous p'tickler all 't once," soliloquized the old autocrat. "I guess Miss Is'bel got her finger in *dat* pie, h'm. 'Too fermiliar'; what else'd she be, po' honey? Marse Har'd's wuth the whole kit o' them. I wouldn't wonder ef he *would* think about marryin' some o' these days, an' mighty po' taste too, ef he chose one o' them worl'y critters, with thar haid full o' fashions an' theatres an' beaux, in place o' my lily-o'-the-valley with the light o' God an' innocence shinin' through her eyes. I'll take that warnin' fo' what's wuth. Co'se, I'll keep Miss Jo up-stairs fer all she'll care, but I s'picion it'll make Marse Har'd all the more sot on seein' her. That's way with love, I hears—mo' you try to smother mo' it burn."

So Jo took an early dinner an' a lonely tea, and all was artfully explained to her father, as being her own desire and according to Susan's advice.

Howard did not put in an appearance that night, because, although pressed to occupy his place daily at the Sheridan table, he feared becoming a too frequent guest. But two nights

after he came, and—well, any one with a grain of observation could detect the shadow that spread over his face at the sight of Josephine's empty chair. He did not hesitate to inquire into the cause, and he got the answer prepared for him, which was that given to Mr. Sheridan some days before.

I am afraid he deviated some little from the line of truth when he alleged press of study that evening as a cause for absenting himself a little earlier than usual. He was young. Let us absolve him.

Some mornings after this, on his way to business, he met Josephine going to school, and carried her books four blocks out of his way. Somehow, business did not press so heavily this morning. I believe that with very slight pretext he would have carried them four blocks more.

"Will you be down-stairs this evening, Jo?" he said as they neared the convent gate.

"Why no, Howard; it will be a large party, lots of grown-up people and dancing. I am not even going to sleep at home to-night, as Sister Theodosia wants me to stay here and practice this evening for our concert next week."

"Oh!" he returned—and what other feelings he had on the point expressed themselves from the toe of his boot, which sent a small rock spinning across the road with a rapidity and directness well-nigh marvellous. It never occurred to the poor fellow to invent an excuse for absenting himself from the Sheridan function for that evening, but he expended a good deal of precious energy in abusing fate.

Howard was unconscious of anything more than a natural sympathy for Josephine. But love is a plant that can spring from the sod in a single night. Poor Howard! his was a sad case. All the more so, that he did not see the web that was being woven around him.

He donned a brave smile and went to the party. People said he was "charming," "so clever," "so handsome," so everything. They might have added "so miserable," and struck home more nearly.

"Is it true," said one, "that he is engaged to Isabel?"

"Perfectly," said another. "I have it from the best authority. You know they have known each other from childhood, and don't you see him with her everywhere?"

"Sh-sh," said another who had overheard these remarks. "Don't, for goodness' sake, circulate that report. My brother congratulated him a few minutes ago and he denied it hotly."

"Well, that's very odd. I'm sure I got it from a reliable source."

During this dialogue the young man under discussion was lying at full length on the rug in front of Aunt Sue's rocker, whither he had fled when the music and dancing were at their height and his endurance was showing signs of wear.

Timidly he had knocked at the door, whose knob he had so often turned without any such formality.

"May I come in, Aunt Sue?"

"Is that you, Marse Har'd? Why co'se, honey. Whut! you not dancin' to-night?"

"Yes, Aunt Sue; but I'm tired and don't feel very well."

"Well, yo' swally-tail 'll look wuss'n you feels ef you lies on it like dat, honey. Here, sit up in dis cheer. I spec you miss Miss Jo, Marse Har'd, do' she never yet went to one o' them jamborees."

"It takes you to come right to the point, Aunt Sue, and touch the sore spot. Yes, I do miss her. I miss her more every day. Does she miss me when I am away?"

"She never say so, else I disremember," replied the cunning old lady.

"No, I suppose she does not; she has plenty of other things to think of."

"Doan be too sho', Marse Har'd; you two's allus ben gre't chums, an' somehow 'r other I reckon she did miss you. She looked mighty lonesome some days."

"Oh, say, Aunt Sue, were you ever in love?"

"Laws, chile, what a question! Never! Dat is's fur back as I kin remember. All dat nonsense went clean out o' my head when I was a little gal. Now see here, Marse Har'd, doan you sot yo' heart on Miss Jo, less you 'tends to get baptized and jine the true chu'ch. I 'sponsible for dat chile, an' she doan' go marryin' no Protestan'!"

"Now, Aunt Sue, don't say such a thing. What's the difference between Protestant and Catholic? There are more roads to heaven than one."

"I ain't sayin' thar is, an' I ain't sayin' thar isn't, but she doan marry no Protestan'."

"But, aunty, I wouldn't interfere with Jo. She could do just what she liked."

"Yes, mebbe so; she gwine one way, an' you gwine t'other—nice goin's on they'd be. Ef she can do as she lak, Marse Har'd, let her do it now an' make you a Catholic. An' sence

you seem a little sot on havin' her—which you kain't have fo' long time, o' co'se—s'pose you jess shows yo' love by changin' yo' 'ligion."

"That's something to think about, Aunt Sue. Wouldn't it be wrong in me to change my religion for such a motive? Would I be a good Catholic if I did?"

"No, indeed, honey; indeedy, no! I was jess provin' you. You's a good Protestan' anyways, an' that's better than a loose one, an' you'll be a Catholic some day sho', and a good one, too, bless yo' heart! Now, run 'long, honey; dar'll be a search wa'ant out after you 'fore long."

"They'll think I've disappeared by magic, won't they?"

"They will, indeed, Marse Har'd; an' listen hyar, honey," she added, lowering her voice, "what you s'pose dey'll say ef dey hears you been up hyar?"

"Why nothing! What could they say?"

"Co'se, to be sho'; dey knows Miss Honey ain't hyar."

"What difference would that make to them? Many a time I have spent an evening up here with Jo, and nothing was said."

"Mebbe so, honey, but dey's scentin' out evil these days. Doan yo' notice Miss Jo doan go down to dinner no more?"

"I should think I did; but I blamed *you* for that. You don't mean to say—" and a vista seemed to be unfolding before him. "I say, Aunt Sue, tell me honestly, do they object to my liking Jo?"

"Honey, they don't think you does; they only *fears* it, and they are boun' to put a stop to it somehow. Miss Dorothy didn't say so in words, but I kin read her lak a book. Dat's her meanin' sho'."

Whereupon the door opened and in walked Miss Dorothy in flesh and blood, with a good proportion of the latter in her face as she gasped out with scanty breath: "Howard, can this be you? How very odd of you! They are searching the house for you. You are to lead the german with Isabel. They have voted you in. Come along, you naughty boy."

During the ensuing few weeks our young friends saw each other very seldom. What was proper for Howard once was so no more, and it rested altogether with Josephine whether they should meet or not. Howard wondered if she was indifferent as she seemed, because she never made the effort he thought she might make if she cared for him, even if she had that

feeling of dependence upon his advice and assistance that she once had.

Such thoughts as these were promptly dispelled, however, at the very first glimpse of her, and the candid smile which breathed an immortal soul into her salutation.

Howard had not entered the nursery since the evening of the german, and a faint blush when he met Josephine on the day following that event proved that he did not know Aunt Susan well enough yet to feel that his secret was safe. Indeed I doubt if he really desired secrecy on her part.

Whether Josephine suspected anything from Susan's urgent appeal to her for prayers that "Marse Har'd" might be converted, I cannot say, for Josephine knew how to keep her own counsel as well as her nurse. But she promised to use her influence, after making a novena to St. Joseph, her patron and best-beloved saint.

"Aunt Sue," she said, "you know Howard is very learned, and there are many things I cannot explain to him if he asks me."

"Dat's all right, honey; send him 'long to me. I knows a heap of par'bles an' catechism; an' ef I won't do, send him to Father Hendrick and he'll fix him up to las' for ever."

So Josephine spent the remainder of that day, and much of the following night, composing a sermon of an eloquence and persuasiveness calculated to move a heart of stone. She thought it best to attack his heart rather than his reason, having had some little experience of the former's goodness. Who can doubt her penetration here? She had not, however, all the time she could have desired to clip and prune and ornament her sermon, because her catechumen rushed in the house next morning with a telegram which summoned him to Philadelphia to look after the sale of some family property there. Aunt Sue heard the news first and communicated it promptly to Josephine, who was getting ready for school.

"Now doan you take on, Miss Honey. I reckon he'll be back 'fore you gets through that book, and then yo' novena'll be ended sho!"

Aunt Sue had read a look of mute anguish in Josephine's face as she laid down her book and stood looking out the window. This it was which elicited the remark from her.

"Oh, yes, I am sure he will; it's only—that—" and Josephine coughed a little,—“anyway Harry will be home soon; we will hardly know him, will we, Aunt Sue?”

A knock at the door postponed the reply and gave Josephine that peculiar start which is generally provoked by a keenly looked-for arrival.

"How do you do, Aunt Sue?" said Howard, with marked effort to speak manfully and steadily.

"You have heard the news, I suppose, Jo?"

"Yes, Howard, Susan has just told me; it is too bad, and so dreadfully sudden too, and you were away all last year. How long will you stay in Philadelphia?"

"That I can't say, Jo. Every day will feel like a year to me, I know."

Josephine clearly read the meaning beneath these words, yet she neither blushed nor looked conscious.

"Can we do anything for you, Howard?"

"Yes, Jo, *you* can," he said hesitatingly. "I have a patient on my hands that I can't get rid of. I want you to prescribe something to keep him quiet."

Dear old Susan here remembered that she had something very pressing to attend to down-stairs, so down she went, saying a Hail Mary on each step, and concocting a plan to clear the coast for her two charges, who had "plenty of business to settle an' might as well have it good an' over." Aunt Dorothy and the sisters were to have a drive that morning; couldn't she hasten the coachman a little? Anything to get them out of the way. Yes, she could—and she did. There was not a domestic in or out of the house who did not consider her word as law.

"A patient?" repeated Josephine.

"Yes, a dreadful one. I'm afraid there's no such thing as curing him, but you might alleviate his pains a little, if you cared to."

"What do you mean, Howard? I don't know anything about medicines."

"Perhaps not, Jo; but a kind heart goes a long way, you know. Suppose you had an infallible remedy in your possession and all you had to do was to hand it over, would you refuse?"

"Howard, you never spoke like that before. How can I understand you?"

"Well, Jo, I am the patient and my disease is a mortal affection of the heart. Have you any pity for me?"

This time her eyes did drop, and she blushed too. She needed no further explanation. Light, and almost jesting, as

his words were—and carefully prepared, perhaps—there was an undertone of deep earnestness which was not lost upon her, and the rest she read in the candid language of his eyes. She had never before dissembled in her intercourse with him; why should she do so now? Yet what was she to say? Oh! if Aunt Susan would only come up and relieve her embarrassment. But no; the old clock kept ticking off the seconds with monotonous and hopeless regularity, yet no Aunt Sue. Howard must break the silence again.

“Jo, aren't you just a little bit sorry that I am going away?” Still no reply. “I shall be miserable without you, Jo; don't you care just a little?”

How the poor child longed to say she cared the whole world; yet how could she so lightly disregard Aunt Sue's warning? And wouldn't that be “taking on”?—something she had given her word not to do. So she tempered her words with discretion, even if the tremor in her voice betrayed her. “Don't ask me that again, Howard; you know I will miss you more than any one—you have been so good to me.”

Was this a good time, she asked herself, to bring in anything about his conversion? Oh, no! came the reply; *after* the novena's the time. Overhaste might spoil all, and conversion is a work of grace. Poor little Josephine! She had thought to attack his heart first, and here he was attacking hers in a very defenceless quarter.

“Well, Jo, dear, would you mind if I never came back?”

“Haven't I told you I would, Howard?” she said as the tears appeared in spite of her brave efforts not to “take on.”

“Forgive me, Jo; I am too exacting, but there is so much at stake—and oh! say, Jo, this is so awfully sudden. I wish I wasn't obliged to go. If I only thought that some day this money that I am going to look up would be yours as well as mine—I mean that we'd share everything in common some day—I believe I'd charter a flyer to get there before any train is due, and wouldn't I be the happiest fellow in the world?”

“Don't say any more, Howard. I understand you; but I don't want to give you pain, and if I answer you I must do so.”

“Give me all the pain you know how to inflict; I am as brave as a Spartan, Jo; but don't let me go away without a word. I might never return. Say now, Jo, you do l-like me—I can see you do; and Jo, I love the very ground you walk on.”

“O Howard! don't. There is something which must, *must* come between us unless—unless—”

"Unless what, dearest?"

"Unless my prayers are answered."

"It is because I am not a Catholic, isn't it, Jo? Just as if that would make any difference."

"It would make this difference, Howard: that I can never answer your question to please you—to please us both—if you remain a Protestant."

"Is that all that lies between us, dearest?" he said as he grasped at the hand which lay upon the arm of the rocker.

"That is all, Howard."

What demonstration he might have made here was cut short by the opening of a door in the adjoining room, followed by Aunt Sue's low chuckle. "Dat's de riches' yet," she said; "dere goes Miss Dorothy an' de young leddies to see you off, Marse Har'd. I heered 'em say—in as how you 's gone 'long ago. Well, ef yous ain't de wust, lettin' dis fire go plumb out 'fore yo' eyes! Here, Miss Honey, yo' eyes is shinin' like coals; jess look hyar an' kindle dis up again."

"Aunt Sue, Miss Jo and I don't need a wood fire to-day."

"Indeedy no; I sees dat mighty plain! Ef you 's gwine to ketch de five-forty train, Marse Har'd, I guess you'd better hustle. Here's a bit o' de bes' lunch dis hyar house kin fu'nish an' an ole woman's blessin' frone in."

"Thank you, dear Aunt Sue. Yes, I'm right off now. Make Miss Jo write to me, and I'll bring you a bandanna that will make the town stare."

With these parting words and a long, silent hand-clasp with Josephine he left. Josephine watched him until she could see him no longer, and then, leaning her head upon the shoulder of her old nurse, she burst into tears, telling her, when calm, the story of her interview, and adding sentiments of her own which would have made Howard Radcliffe well-nigh delirious with joy.

"Is that you, Father Hendrick?" he said, as a cordial greeting interrupted his passage through the first coach. "How fortunate! Are you going to Philadelphia?"

"Well no, Howard, I'm not; but I shall stop very near there. My mother lives in a small village a few miles from the city, and I am going to spend a week or so with her."

"How glad she will be to see you! May I have the honor of sharing your seat? Thank you."

During the journey Howard discussed the object of his

trip, the outlook in his profession, and one thing leading to another, he touched upon that one of his hopes whose importance obscured for the time being everything else. How it relieved and comforted him to talk his mind and heart out to this holy man—Josephine's confessor too, as he very well knew. At last the keynote of religion was struck, and long and earnestly they talked, the priest using no persuasions beyond those which clear logical reason and bare truth provided, and Howard employing neither guile nor artifice in defending his views.

They parted for the night with a warm hand-shake of farewell, as the priest, who would arrive at his destination in an hour or two, did not intend taking a sleeper.

How little either dreamed that this was to be their last meeting !

Scarcely had Howard been two hours asleep when he was awakened by a terrible jolting of his berth. Hurry and confusion soon reigned where peace and comfort had dwelt a few moments before. Two coaches had run off the track at a dangerous turn in the road, causing much damage and the loss of several lives, one of them none other than that of the good priest, Father Hendrick, who happened at the moment of danger to be passing from one coach to another.

Loud cries for a doctor were heard on all sides, and Howard promptly responded to the cry, rendering what services he could to the poor sufferers and giving directions about the disposal of the mangled body of his friend. They were within one mile of Father Hendrick's home, or rather that of his mother, for a priest has neither "home nor country." Howard gave orders to have the holy remains brought to the parish church, whither he preceded them to obtain leave to place them before the altar. Arriving here, he confided to the priest in charge the sad office of breaking the news to the poor mother, whose state of happy expectancy was so soon to be transformed into one of mourning and sorrow.

Howard remained in the village all night, and the next morning repaired to the church for the first Requiem Mass. On his way he met a woman in black. One look convinced him that it was Mrs. Hendrick. She had heard of him, and walking forward, mutely took his hand and drew him into the church. Here for the first time Howard heard the words of the Mass, and witnessed with much edification the piety of those present, while listening to the words with which the priest recommended the departed soul to the prayers of all. A holy

awe and veneration for the Mother who so loves her children, following them with her offices even after death, stole over him. He did not note the flight of time, when the Mass was over, as he watched that mother, not overcome by grief, as he had expected, but overcoming grief by the holy weapon of prayer. Small wonder that there and then, quite uninfluenced by the motives which might have urged him to adopt the true faith, he should exclaim: "This is the true faith! O my God! this shall be my faith!"

"I knows dat writin', honey, an' even ef I didn't, wouldn't I know by yo' eyes dat it come fum Marse Har'd? Well, what's de news, honey?"

"Read it, read it, Aunt Sue, and thank God! It is news direct from heaven. Howard is being instructed already. O aunty! that dear St. Joseph; he wouldn't even wait nine days to give us our wish."

"I reckon dat po' blessed saint, Father Hendrick, had sump-in' to do with that, chile. He' soul flew right to heaven, dat's sho' an' sartin, an' he never did leave nothin' half done. Now, Miss Jo, you git ready and come right 'long to the church an' thank him an' yo' pet saint. We'll call at Miss Shepherd's on de way back. It's high time you was gettin' some new, smah't dresses, an' I'se gwine t' leab my han' out dis time, an' let 'em do thar own new-fangled work on you. You'se been brung up not to sot yo' mind on dress an' sich like, an' it ain't done you no harm neither. You'se ole 'nuff now to know the vanity o' them things. You can w'ar de robes o' de Queen o' Sheba an' no ha'm. Some day soon Marse Har'd'll be comin' back an' carryin' you off, but sho' an' sartin' dis ole darky ain't gwine t' be lef' behine. Ole missus, she say, 'Take kyar o' my chile,' an' I'se gwine take kyar."





MERCANTILE THRIFT IN THE LARGER TOWNS.

THE SPANISH ADMINISTRATION IN THE PHILIPPINES.



MR. WORCESTER, the author of a book on the Philippine Islands,* informs us on the title-page that he is assistant professor of zoölogy in the University of Michigan. A good book treating of the resources of the islands and the social condition and characteristics of their people would be valuable at present. It is highly probable the islands will become a centre of commerce in the near future. The United States and the European nations are speculating as to the meaning of the open-door policy announced by the American executive. The Germans seem to interpret it in one way, the English in another; while all the interested European powers indicate some perception of a constitutional difficulty in levying customs dues upon goods passing from one portion of American territory to another. We assume that those responsible for government understand the limit of their powers; the point we look at is that the speculation in the press of the United States and of

* *The Philippine Islands and their People.* By Dean C. Worcester. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Europe shows the importance of the new possession, and we desire to ascertain to what extent the book before us throws light upon that aspect of the matter. We are entitled to examine the book from this point of view because the author declares it is written for the information of the government. We have no hesitation in saying, from this point of view the work is useful. It is a good contribution to physical geography, it adds something to the domain of natural history, and is suggestive in the field of commercial activity.

NATURAL RESOURCES.

The possessions are extensive, said to be something like 114,000 square miles, or perhaps about the area of California. The soil for the most part is astonishingly fertile, reminding one of what has been so often said of the rich meadow-lands of the United Kingdom, that crop after crop has been taken from the same ground without manuring it. The products are of the variety to be found in all latitudes from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. The value of the forests is enormous; but how far the timber would supply the failing woods of the United States is difficult to determine. One thing is clear, that there are woods excellent for cabinet-making and building, and that one plant, the *palma brava*, would be found most serviceable in the drainage of swampy areas, in small towns, for piles under wharves, as conduits for the water-supply of districts. The development of these great natural resources has been checked partly by the heavy taxes, partly by the apathy of the government. There is hardly anything that deserves the name of means of communication and of transport. The want of roads has complicated the question of labor. On the surface it would seem that an ample supply of good and cheap labor is at hand in a population of eight millions, but Mr. Worcester informs us that he has frequently seen rice and sugar-cane spoiling in the fields for want of men to harvest them. We take it that the explanation is that population is sparse in some places, tolerably dense in others. Railways and good roads might solve this part of the problem, but there remains the natives' happy-go-lucky disposition resulting from few wants and these supplied with little exertion. The latter may be a task worthy of American enterprise and inspiration. The great principles of the founders of the Republic cannot be a mere sound. It is quite possible the demands of the recent war on that reserve of public spirit which must lie somewhere in a whole people



THE NATIVES ARE AS A CLASS INDUSTRIOUS.

inheriting generous traditions has drawn to the surface those ideals of human elevation which the absorbing pursuit of wealth and the hard conflict with the difficulties of life had almost chilled to death. If so, the war may not have been an unmixed evil. At least, with a new charge and a vast one, America has assumed new and vast responsibilities. It will be a subject of deep interest to the student of humanity with what spirit she enters on this mission.

We have said so much in praise of the book before us ; we regret there is much to be regretted in the tone of it. There is a puerility in the complaints about accommodation and transportation which would be more becoming an English cotton-man masquerading forty years ago in Italy as a milor than in an American naturalist travelling in a strange and hardly known country in the interests of science. The roads no doubt were bad, the hotels execrable, but students of nature should be prepared to rough it. He complains that on his first expedition he and his friends "were regarded with more or less suspicion by 'the Spanish authorities, and on 'more than one

occasion seriously interfered with." Of course they were; no one knew anything about them, they might have been spies or prospectors, or anything calculated to arouse the suspicions of a government.

THE ETHICS OF SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS.

For ourselves, we view with some degree of distrust expeditions among savage or semi-civilized peoples in the pursuit of scientific discovery, and for the advancement of religion and morality. Take the most recent instance, that of Major Marchand, we do not yet know what cruelties marked his path. We know that on Stanley's march the natives were hunted like game, shot down or forced to carry the impedimenta. They were half starved and scourged as long as they could move; when they fell so as not to rise again, they were left a prey to bird and beast. Something of Stanley's sense of superiority possessed Mr. Worcester and his friends in the Philippines; but they had not the advantages of Stanley, their resources were limited, and even Spanish rule over semi-civilized Filipinos is not the same thing as tribal government in Africa.

The world makes too much of explorers. Every tourist is a traveller, every amateur a lion of geographical societies. What happens when one of these gentlemen returns—say to England? The story of his adventures has preceded him. Fashionable and learned people are on the tiptoe of expectation. Mrs. Leo Hunter—whether she be a duchess in search of a new excitement or the wife of a lawyer within measurable distance of the solicitor-generalship, throws open her drawing-rooms. Scientific societies hold receptions and elect him to their honorary membership. His name is put down in the best clubs, and no one is ill-mannered enough to whisper about the blood shed, the hearts broken, in the expedition.

Mr. Worcester and his friends carried fire-arms with them in lands where it is against the law to carry them without permission. If he had lived in parts of the British Empire, he would know that there are parts of the civilized world where this privilege of freemen is principally observed in the breach. Suspected persons are dogged in the most advanced states of Europe. In the German Empire, in each one of the twenty-eight states that constitute it, a traveller without credentials might at any moment find himself in jail. A stranger was arrested the other day in England for asking some questions of a sentinel. It may seem strange that Spain was the country



THERE IS A CHARM IN THE HOME LIFE AMONG THE WOMEN.

through which an unknown person might travel with the least annoyance. It was the country in which a foreigner might most safely wound susceptibilities if it were not thought that he was the agent of an insurrectionary body. She has not, like England, farmed herself out as the meeting-ground of the conspirators of Europe; she has retained the right to keep from mischief foreigners within her boundaries. England could disregard her principle of asylum for foreign patriots if she suspected them of plotting against herself. American citizens were, within our own memory, imprisoned by the hundred on bare suspicion. Let this be understood clearly. As long as the American government was inactive Americans were imprisoned against whom there was not a scintilla of evidence. When pressure was put upon the British government, Americans against whom there was substantial evidence were released, or, if put on their

trial, were tried so as almost to secure their acquittal. The juries were selected for the purpose.

WORCESTER WAS THOUGHT TO BE A SPY.

It would appear that the authorities in the Philippines evidently thought these strangers were exploring the country as spies. No one believed that they were innocent naturalists. The lazy Spaniard or the active Mestizo would not understand that the adventurers took upon themselves the extraordinary fatigues attendant on their studies through a love of science and of mankind. We venture to say there are Americans between the Pacific and Atlantic who would judge at first sight that there must be "money in it" if they saw men climbing mountains, crossing swift currents, making arduous journeys, undergoing hardships such as Mr. Worcester describes. We think he and his companions got very well out of the consequences of their invasion of the possessions of a power naturally jealous of filibusters and more elevated propagandists of scientific religion and commercial morality. We cannot help thinking these gentlemen entertained for the people of these possessions and their rulers some such estimate as that which Mr. Stanley and Major Marchand had of the poor Africans they desired to enlighten and enrich in the manner we have described. This would seem clear from the circumstances of the second expedition. They took on this occasion evidence of their *bona fides*, and making allowance for everything, they enjoyed exceptional facilities for carrying on their work. In point of fact it would seem that any difficulty Mr. Worcester met with from a local official arose from his going into his jurisdiction without his credentials, while he bore about him grounds for distrust in his fire-arms, and the fact of his being the citizen of a power whose people were not supposed to be especially friendly to the government. That the suspicion was well founded, would seem established by the boast he makes that he obtained information valuable to the rulers of his country. People who make a book from their experiences in a foreign country for the information of their own government are apt to look from a point of view which will make their impressions nothing more than a piece of advocacy.

SPAIN ABOLISHED SLAVERY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The roads are bad, the products of the country are not raised on any scale commensurate with natural advantages, its



AT VESPER-TIME AN INSTANT HUSH COMES OVER THE WHOLE VILLAGE.

resources are undeveloped, the people are criminal and idle, ignorant and immoral. If the church be sustained by the state, the laziness, wealth, and viciousness of the clergy are the source of all the evils. We have this picture from Mr. Worcester of the Philippine Islands; and yet glimpses of sunlight are let in. At the earliest hour of the history of their connection with Spain a law was made forbidding slavery. No native could be made a slave; any native who had been made a slave was by virtue of the law emancipated in a comparatively short time. The law was not a dead-letter. All the natives were freemen before, during, and since negro slavery had become a thing of the past in the United States. Slavery was abolished in the West Indies only in this century; it flourishes at this moment in the British possessions in Africa. True, it is called forced labor, for which the laborers are paid. But what is the nature of the freedom of contract when one party to it must work at the will of the other? There is enough known to show that the South African natives work under the lash, that they are hunted if they escape, that their families and friends

are condemned to punishment if they cannot be recovered. The cattle are carried away, the able-bodied compelled to take the place of the fugitives—it matters not whether two or three are borne off for every one that had escaped, they are black men intended by nature to do the work which white men cannot do in mines and in swamps. It is thought that quite sufficient recognition of their human nature has been evinced, when it is stated they had been taken as a punishment and not as slaves. Of course, the system secures the delivering up of the fugitives. The runaway from a white man's farm, or place of business, from a railway in course of construction, from a morass in course of drainage, when he gets among his own people is looked upon as a deadly visitation, as a famine or a pestilence, as a calamity from which they can only escape by the most appalling expiation which human nature can undergo; the surrender of those ties of family and kind common to the most cultivated and the most savage, the only influences which preserve in the savage one ray from a better world than he has found in life. We decline to be beguiled into an acceptance of the morality of treating weak peoples unjustly, and this Mr. Worcester attempts, when he writes as if he had a title to offend the people who had not sent for him, who complains of the cookery in hotels when it did not please his taste, the comfort of beds when he should have provided such as suited him if he had intended to play the sybarite on an excursion into the wilds of nature in pursuit of new species of "birds and mammals." We do not think that this man of science comes well out of an expedition made to combine observation of nature with the process for a long time known as that of "spying out the weakness of the land."

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CLERGY OVER THE NATIVE.

He has much to say of the ignorance and corruption of the clergy, yet he tells us "that priests proved more successful than soldiers in bringing about the subjugation of the native tribes in the early days." What does this mean as a commentary upon the ignorance and corruption of the clergy? First take the words within the inverted commas: they mean that the clergy had a way of access to the native which the power of Spain did not possess, that they had a love for souls and a sympathy with human needs and aspirations extending over the whole range of savage life. They convinced the worshipper of some superstition that they had brought him truths

which opened a new world within his soul. This they could not have done unless he saw in their lives something purer and higher than anything he had ever witnessed; unless he found in those men who were to him as gods a tenderness and sympathy which united them to him by ties enduring and inexpressible. This is why the missionaries passed through a door which would be barred against the fleets and armies of Spain. But it may be objected that the fervor and holiness of those early priests no longer existed, that the pure lives which illustrated the Gospel they taught were no longer lived, that if the missionaries were of the metal of the priests of to-day, they would not have taken captive minds clouded by idolatry, hearts knowing no law but the impulses of nature. To this we give as an answer the testimony of Mr. Worcester, that the clergy possess immense influence over the natives. Arguing back from that, it would seem that these must not on the whole have been unfaithful to this high trust. Analyze it, and it must appear that the priests of a high and pure morality are tried by simple minds by that standard. The sophisticated mind alone distinguishes between the man and the morality he inculcates. The teaching of the missionaries gave to a life bounded by the narrow calls of nature a value which lifted it to the infinite and eternal, the savage found himself some one, indeed, amid the forces he had feared, something beneath the sky and its changes, something in the face of the volcano, something amid the ebb and flow of external nature and the ebb and flow of his own passions. He was lord of all in the new light, as David saw man's lordship when he made the hymn of creation celebrating the royalty of human nature. This was what the early priests taught, and their lives must



A NATIVE WATER-CARRIER.

have been—so far as imperfection allows—commensurate with the teaching. A general decay of morals, a general depravity among the clergy, would have so corrupted the succeeding generations they would have gone back to their old idols and usages, their unrestrained animal life. The clergy should either follow them into superstition or stand separated from them. They would be regarded as pensioners of a government which raised heavy taxes to maintain men unworthy of support. They would be execrated as a useless burden on the people if not looked upon as an evil emanation of a government which had forfeited all title to obedience. But, on the contrary, notwithstanding the unfortunate dependence of the clergy on the state, the security of the latter rested mainly on the devotion of the people to the clergy. Consequently, when we are told that all the troubles in the Philippines, all the tumults, insurrections, outrages, sprang from hatred of the clergy, we must rub our eyes. If, upon the one hand, the natives will only enlist in the army to please the priests; if it be true, as Mr. Worcester informs us, that the subjugation of the natives in the first instance was due to the influence of the priests rather than to the armies of Spain, and the authority of that country could only have been so long maintained by this influence, we confess an utter inability to understand that statement. There is one element, no doubt, in the indictment which may possess a certain amount of value—the fact that the priests were in part paid out of the taxes; we utterly refuse to believe that their principal revenues were derived from that source.

CONDEMNATION NOT BEFITTING THE ANGLO-SAXON.

It is quite conceivable that some of the young natives, particularly Mestizos, would imbibe from reading and intercourse those so-called liberal opinions which are seething in Europe. Opinions of the kind have plunged the mother country into war after war, caused her crown to be sent a-begging over Europe, reduced her to the condition of a third-rate power, and now have placed her in the lowest scale of European nations. We say it is conceivable, because those persons of mixed blood may have chafed under the contempt of persons of Spanish birth and gone on to include in their dislike whatever appeared to represent the arrogance of the dominant race. They might readily enough find a following among the lawless and desperate who are to be found in every state in which communication is difficult. Our author himself visited a

notorious outlaw who seems to have been a sort of despot in his region. Be this as it may, we can have no more difficulty in understanding this partial dissatisfaction with existing relations between the clergy and the state, when we know that within a few years a majority of the French prefectures were in the hands of Jews and the rest in the hands of Freemasons who were not Jews. It is not sufficient, however, to say that the discontent in any way—that the troubles in any way, could have arisen from the paltry sum paid to the clergy; a tithe of the income of the state was more than their endowment from this source. It would not seem extravagant. For the normal expenses of government, including everything, £35,000,000 a year would be about the amount expended on the vast machinery of the British Empire. A like sum is employed in paying the interest on the national debt, and, as a sort of sinking fund, the other millions are drawn for unexpected demands due to the new expansion policy. The income of the Established Church in England—a state church in the possession of national property—is considerably more than a tenth of £35,000,000. This work has been written for English readers as much as for American, its tone is struck to catch the British ear; we are in order in calling in the example of England and her church. If Spain, ruling islands so distant, so difficult of access owing to the poverty and the other troubles brought upon her by Liberalism and the rebellions in its train; if, upon the whole, she has dealt with the natives in a way incomparably better than that in which England has treated all the peoples of India, the highly civilized as well as the less civilized; if she has done something to promote the growth of the population instead of wiping them from the earth, as England has almost done with the finest savage race the world has ever beheld, the New-Zealanders, condemnation does not lie in an Anglo-Saxon's tongue. Who are those who condemn the Spaniards for cruelty? Men who have surpassed all ancient conquerors in the atrocities they inflicted on the people of India. Everything included in the most extreme conception of what military license means was acted time after time, year after year, decade after decade, from Clive's day until the mutiny. Are there none of the high privileges of conquest enjoyed to-day, this very day, by the traders, the clerks, the civilians, the officers, the soldiers, the camp-followers who have settled in that country like crows upon a carcass? Why, the commonest private soldier, the pariah of his native parish in England, is a tyrant over the

natives of India. What has become of the Aborigines of Australia? There is a tragedy if we could go below the earth, if we could enter the realm of shades and interrogate those images of fierce chiefs and tribesmen who fell fighting desperately for their villages, or who carried on desultory wars from screen to screen in what is called the "Bush," until all were slain except the more timid women, the more abject men, and some of the children, spared as in a battue young birds are spared, thrown back into the wilds as unfit fish taken in a net are thrown back into a lake.

PROGRESS IN CIVILIZING INFLUENCES.

Schools and colleges are to be found in the Philippines in which a system of education is carried on not inferior to that in the most advanced nations. The priests have immense influence, and the author adds: "If it were always used to further good ends, there is hardly a limit to what might be accomplished." There can have been nothing like general depravity among the priests when the influence is there despite their connection with the government, and worse still, their dependence for revenue on petty officials certain to be detested. The publicans were hated by the Jews because they oppressed them by exactions in excess of the taxes for the state. Every one engaged in the collection of tithes for the Episcopal ministers in Scotland was an object of hatred to the Presbyterians. The bishops and clergy of the Establishment in England were said to have been the cause of the great Civil War. Until very recently the rector in every parish was spoken of by the dissenting minister and his congregation as a priest of Baal. At this moment the rector in almost any part of Wales owes his safety to the law rather than to the love of the Nonconformist. It is not on account of differences of opinion so much as because the rector's connection with the state stamps him and his flock with a superiority over the others that they are disliked. Almost every incident in the examples cited has been present in the status of the clergy with the natives of the Philippines, and yet the influence of the clergy remains undiminished. We therefore decline to accept the general verdict against the clergy.

THE NATIVE CHRISTIAN POSSESSES HIGH MORAL QUALITIES.

Mr. Worcester supplies, towards the end of his book,* our

* Page 475.



DOMESTIC DUTIES ARE WELL DISCHARGED.

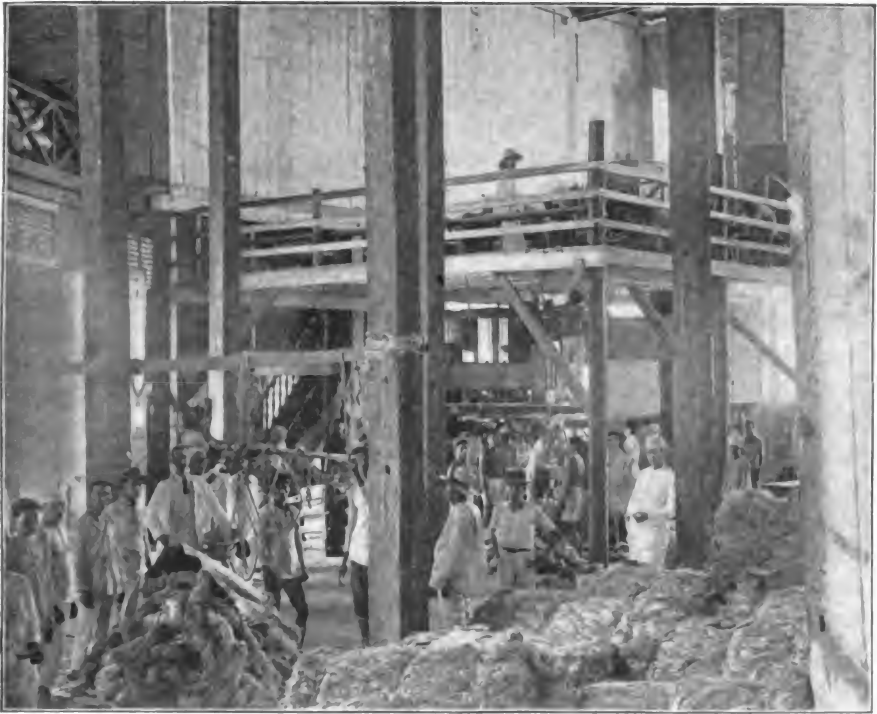
justification. He correctly judges that the most immediately pressing question results from the disposition of the civilized natives. These and these alone are Christians; they number about five millions, and constitute what may be considered the law-abiding element of the population. Mr. Foreman,* it appears, has a hopelessly bad opinion of the Christian native; he will rob his master after years of service, he will betray him to brigands, "he will commit some horrid crime against him." This is the manner in which Mr. Worcester presents Mr. Foreman; but he is honest enough to add that such occurrences are far from common—he implies even that they are extremely rare, and he rightly observes they are not confined to the Philippines. In point of fact, it would appear that the native Christian possesses moral qualities which favorably contrast with

* *The Philippine Islands.*

those of what are understood to be civilized nations. He is generous and hospitable—so Mr. Worcester says, and he must have had very exceptional opportunities for forming an opinion owing to his pursuits,—he is generous and hospitable; and to entertain a stranger without a shadow of claim upon him he will go to “any amount of trouble” and to considerable expense. It may be objected that this is a characteristic of savage and semi-civilized peoples; we deny the correctness of this opinion so far as it implies that general hospitality is not an institution that is something springing from a primitive law or custom. There have been savage peoples, and there are, who had no such idea, who have no such principle, not the most rudimentary notion of hospitality—peoples from whom all memory of it has died out as completely as the traces of all higher religion would seem to have gone from the Australians.

CHARM OF HOME LIFE AMONG THEM.

Again, take up their practice of personal cleanliness. This must have been introduced by the clergy in the time of the early conversions, simply because it is impossible to conceive savages washing themselves daily, taking baths frequently, unless from the influence of an external authority. But in this case the external authority could have been only from the church. It is quite unnecessary to insist upon this practice as evidence of a careful and enlightened rule over the converts and the possession of a commanding influence—the very elaborate provisions concerning ceremonial ablutions in the Mosaic legislation prove very distinctly the necessity of a special sanction to enforce such an observance—but we should infer such an influence, even if Mr. Worcester had not mentioned the power the clergy have upon the Christian natives from his report of their personal cleanliness. Again, he tells us that quite as noticeable as their universal hospitality is the neatness of their houses and the charm of home-life among them. To say the least, it is most remarkable the contrast presented by the ferocity and lust of the Moros—a vigorous race—and the religious and domestic virtues of the Christians, composed as they are of a population greater than that of all other inhabitants taken together and deriving origin from various sources. On very little more than a superficial examination of the work, it would appear that the severest strictures pronounced by Mr. Worcester applied almost exclusively to heathens and Mohammedans, so that “the immense influence” of the clergy must have been



THE NATIVE INDUSTRIES ARE FLOURISHING.

beneficially employed; and consequently that the rather absurd form of expressing the quantum of evil arising from that influence is not only a poor joke but, we regret to say, a distinct falsehood. He lets us see that the position of the wife in the household is a high and authoritative one. The impression his facts produce is that she, to a very large extent, is the ruler and administrator, that she keeps the purse, makes contracts, and as frequently as not she alone makes the contracts.*

THE VESPER-TIME CUSTOM.

The description he gives of what follows when the Vesper-time comes reminds one of the Middle Ages when a strong faith was everywhere, or of the Jesuit Reductions in Paraguay when in feeling as in fact the Gospel was the code of the land, the Cross its standard. We give this Protestant's words: "An instant hush comes over the busy village. In each house father, mother, and children fall on their knees before the image or

* "I have been frequently referred, by the head of the house, to 'mi muyer' when I wished to make a bargain" (page 480).

picture of some saint and repeat their prayers." Then follows the good-night of the children, in which respect and affection for their parents and for each other are manifested in a manner nowhere to be found since Catholic sentiment and manners died out of the world. Mr. Worcester tells us that this Catholic native of the Philippines "is self-respecting and self-restrained in a remarkable degree. He is a kind father and a dutiful son. His aged relatives are never left in want, but are brought to his home and are welcome to share the best that it affords to the end of their days." Now, these being his personal and family qualities, we must look upon him as one lifted completely out of the savage and "natural" life by a power more than human. Read an account of any savage people, from the Maoris standing at one extreme and the Bushmen at the other, and you will find the morals of a herd of cattle, the relations of animal instinct regulating the family life. The thing won't bear discussion; it is as clear as daylight that the nine-tenths of Mr. Worcester's book written to defame the clergy, and the few pages hidden towards the end, are in such direct conflict with each other that only one of them can be true. Now, from his incidental observations we have shown that another conclusion was the true one rather than the sweeping generalities in which he seems to have followed a Mr. Foreman with a sort of dazed submission until in some intelligible way his natural feeling of fair play and American independence emancipated him from the spell of that writer.

THE WORK OF THE JESUITS.

We have some more direct evidence that his sense of justice is too strong for preconceived opinions; accordingly, he states that the "Jesuits are a power for good. As a rule they are well educated and of more than ordinary ability." Yet these men, when their work was at its best in educating the people, combining as they knew so well how to combine the most thorough religious with the most effective secular education, were driven out by the wave of odium which, beginning in Southern Europe, broke with violence on the distant Philippines. From 1768 until 1852 no Jesuit could set foot upon the islands. If the people suffered during that long interval from the want of the best teachers, if in consequence of the decrees against the order morality became more lax, religion of less authority, and if with the lessened hold of religion and morality passed away that painstaking, conscientious pursuit of his secular avo-

cations which marks the Jesuit pupil as surely as it is said his economic training opens a career to the Scotchman in whatever country he may settle, the judgment should be pronounced against the real delinquents, the pseudo-philosophers of the last century, the wretched rulers whom they beguiled, the short-sighted Protestants who applauded that injustice, the men of science in our own time who tried to perpetuate it. The clergy are not responsible for the evils; they could not have been even in the opinion of the people, who have so well distinguished between them and the agents of the government in spite of the close relations between the church and state.

FOREMAN NOT AN IMPARTIAL HISTORIAN.

In this work there is a long extract from the book entitled *The Philippine Islands*, by Mr. Foreman. It would seem that the "friars" hold very valuable real property in the provinces near Manila. It must be mentioned, however, that they have not been permitted to take charge of parishes, or as a consequence to receive a stipend for the cure of souls. They are described as tyrannical landlords; and the evidence adduced of this by that writer is that the leases are granted for the nominal term of three years, "but," he subjoins, "the receipts given for the rent are very cunningly worded. Some have been shown to me; neither the amount of money paid, nor the extent of the land rented, nor its situation, is mentioned in the document, so that the tenant is constantly at the mercy of the owners." It is to the purpose to point out that Mr. Foreman makes no mention of one specific instance of injustice in this respect, and we are of opinion, from his very particular and minute references to one or two instances of immorality, he would not have spared the friars had he known of cases in which they defrauded tenants who had paid their rents.

As a matter of fact, the gentleman makes inferences utterly unwarranted. The receipt is not the document to look to for the statement of the contract between the parties. In the lease the rent reserved, the acreage, the abutments or boundaries, all the particulars he misses from the receipt, must have been stated. A receipt is not evidence of a contract; it is evidence against the signer of money received by him as payment. Now, clearly, if the receipt is dated, the presumption of law would be, at the highest, that it was for the nearest gale of rent to that date; if not dated, the presumption still would be that it was for the last gale of rent. A lease, say

for three years, reserving rent at ten dollars the half year, would be clearly for some gale of rent, and if the tenant could produce the requisite number of receipts to cover payments during the whole three years, it would be held by any court that he had made the payments. Instead of being proof of fraudulent intention, unbusiness-like receipts such as these would be an indication of the exact contrary. The fact that no definite sum was mentioned would be held to mean a clear receipt as being evidence against interest.

We prefer the tone of Mr. Worcester's book to that of Mr. Foreman if the extract to which we have alluded is at all characteristic of its spirit. There is a flippancy in his manner which possesses neither humor nor cleverness. For instance: "I was in Manila a few years back when a capital crime, committed by a depraved Spanish *Gentleman of the Cloth*," etc.—the italics are Mr. Foreman's; he would not for the world allow us to miss his fun. Again: "I knew a money-grabbing priest." We again quote him in the case of this "money-grabbing priest." He "had the audacity to dictate to a friend of mine, Don L—— L——, the value of the gift he was to make." He also remembers "a certain native Father L——." L seems to be the only walking letter in his alphabet; but we have shown in these examples that he would have given particular instances of fraud, instead of making the general charge founded on the stupid receipts, if any he had to give.

The United States has taken possession of the islands. We hope a great history is to be made in their future. The materials are there, we think; for the virtue of fidelity cannot exist without other noble and engaging qualities, and Mr. Worcester has proved that the native Christians possess it in a remarkable degree. It is not for us to speak of the natural resources and the elements of commercial activity in the command of a large amount of cheap labor. Still less of the policy of the open door now agitating England, or the right of the executive to declare a protectorate. These are high questions, but possibly it will be found that the solution of this task is in the power which at the moment represents the sovereignty of the Union. We hope it may be so, in order that a strong authority, unfettered by the conflicts of parties, their preferences, their prejudices, may protect the interests of the new subjects of America against the banking Christianity of London Jews or the manufacturing morality of Manchester handkerchiefs.

ANNEXATION, "THE OPEN DOOR," AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY EDMUND BRIGGS, D.C.L.,

Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.



THE termination of a war decreed by the Congress, as clothed by the Constitution with the *majestas* of the American people, the executive, acting within the limitations of the *imperium* to him committed by the same instrument, duly selected his commissioners and negotiated with the enemy a treaty of peace. This treaty, inasmuch as it provides, among other things, for the cession by Spain to the United States of certain colonial dependencies of the former power, coupled with a grant by the latter to the former of the trade policy generically styled that of the "open door," for a limited number of years, in the Philippine Islands, has, in advance of its presentation to the Senate of the United States, been fiercely assailed, on constitutional grounds, as an abandonment of the "Monroe Doctrine," and as a dangerous departure from our time-honored policy of isolation.

NOT BOUND BY POLICIES OF A CENTURY GONE.

This policy of isolation, beyond an expression of belief that a line of foreign policy laid down for the guidance of the infancy of a weak and struggling "Staatenbund," confined to the coast-line of the Atlantic Ocean, and surrounded to the north, south, and west by territories of powerful European monarchies, was never intended by George Washington, or any one else of the *patres*, to curb the aspirations, hamper the energies, or enslave the economic future of the mighty "Bundesstaat" of to-day, with its seventy-five millions of industrious freemen, and its territorial home domain extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. The writer, not being a "statesman," senator, or clergyman, does not propose to settle the problem off-hand, and is content to entrust the solution of it to those to whose patriotism the same has been confided by the Constitution and the laws, to wit: to the executive and the Congress. But to the novel and ex-

NOTE.—It has been asserted frequently of late that the policy of expansion is not only imprudent, but it is in opposition to the organic law of the land. In rebuttal of this we have secured the opinion of Dr. Briggs, one of the legal lights of the Catholic University of America, and present the same herewith.—ED. CATHOLIC WORLD.

for three legal theses invoked against the ratification of the would be peace proposed by the President of the United States of America, by virtue of the initiative to him commending by the Constitution, we feel impelled, by a sense of that towards those whose legal education is in part commended to our care, to offer some few words of earnest criticism. To start with, it is asserted and reiterated that, inasmuch as the joint resolution authorizing and directing the President to intervene by force of arms in Cuba expressed, in terms, the object of that intervention to be the removal of Spanish sovereignty from the Island of Cuba; and, since the act of Congress declaring war was in line with the terms of the intervention resolution, the President, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, had no constitutional power to wage war beyond the point of compelling the evacuation of Cuba, or to so enlarge the scope of the war as to make the cession of any other Spanish territory a condition precedent of peace with Spain. The writer has yet to see a shred of argument advanced, or the citation of a single authority made, in support of this thesis, its entire force lying in dogmatic assertion, *sans* argument, *sans* authority, *sans* anything save *fiat*. What is the law of the case? what the proposition?

THE PRESIDENT'S PLENARY POWER.

In political science the war power, as the treaty-making power, is *executive* and not legislative power; and the Constitution of the land expressly declares, Art. II., sec. 1: "The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America"; and, Art. II., sec. 2: "The President shall be commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States, when called into the actual service of the United States"; and again, in the same section: "He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur." True, the executive war power of political science is, by the same instrument, Art. I., sec. 8, partly delegated to Congress, just as the executive treaty-making power is partly delegated to the Senate; but how far? The language is: "The Congress shall have power" . . . "to *declare* war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water." (The italics are the writer's.) Now, if it be true that the war and treaty-making powers are by political science executive and not legislative functions, since the executive power is vested

by the Constitution in the President, whom it also makes commander-in-chief of the army and navy, it follows that the plenitude thereof, save as, and only so far as above limited, rests with the President, not with Congress or the Senate. This upon the well-established rule of constitutional construction laid down by Justice Story in delivering an opinion in the Supreme Court, that a constitution shall not be so construed as to be made ridiculous. In other words, the Constitution leaves the act of waging war with the executive, where political science places it, confining Congress to its *declaration*; and as to treaties, confines the Senate to *advice, consent, concurrence*, leaving the entire initiative of negotiation with the President. If this doctrine be true, and the writer has yet to see anything stronger than bald assertion to refute it, what becomes of the absurd charge that the President has abused his powers by enlarging the "scope" of the war? The *object* of the war was to turn Spain out of Cuba; its *scope* was such as the President, in the application of his judgment and conscience to his constitutional prerogative, saw fit, as equally with Congress clothed with the *majestas* of "we, the People of the United States," to make and wage it. As a matter of international law, the authorities, from Glenn up through the profound and learned list, are practically a unit in laying down the proposition that "the cause for which a war is commenced is not the limit of the objects or ends of the successful belligerent at the close of hostilities. Victory carries with it certain new rights. The expenses of carrying on a war are extremely large, in money, men, and sacrifices in many other ways. The war itself gives rise to changed conditions, so that to limit the victorious state to the accomplishment of the exact purpose named at the commencement of hostilities may not give a sufficient guaranty that peace can be maintained in the future."

It is cheerfully admitted that the principles of our free Republic do not admit of our waging war for purposes of conquest, and thanks be to God that this is so; but this does not inhibit the executive from demanding the cession of territory as the condition of peace, that our citizens may be indemnified for the losses they have sustained, and that our government may be reimbursed for the expenses of the war; and beyond this, we have the same international right as any other sovereign state to acquire territory by conquest, by treaty, and by cession.

THE UTTERANCES OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Prescinding from assertion and argument, and invoking the

potent voice of authority, let us compare certain utterances of the Supreme Court of the United States with the principles above laid down. In the case of *Fleming vs. Page*, 50 U. S. 615, the court says: "A war, therefore, declared by Congress, cannot be presumed to be waged for the purpose of conquest or the acquisition of territory; nor does the law declaring war imply an authority to the President to enlarge the limits of the United States by subjugating the enemy's country. The United States, it is true, may extend its boundaries by conquest or treaty, and may demand the cession of territory as the condition of peace, in order to indemnify its citizens for the injuries they have suffered, or to reimburse the government for the expenses of the war. But this can be done only by the treaty-making power or the legislative authority, and it is not a part of the authority conferred upon the President by the declaration of war. His duty and his powers are purely military. . . . He may invade the hostile country and subject it to the sovereignty and authority of the United States. But his conquests do not enlarge the boundaries of this Union, nor extend the operation of our institutions and laws beyond the limits before assigned to them by the legislative power."

In the case of the *Mormon Church vs. The United States*, 136 U. S. 1, the court says: "The power to acquire territory, other than the territory north-west of the Ohio River (which belonged to the United States at the adoption of the Constitution), is derived from the treaty-making power, and the power to declare and carry on war. The incidents of these powers are those of national sovereignty, and belong to all independent governments. The power to make acquisitions of territory by conquest, by treaty, and by cession is an incident of national sovereignty."

And so, by the voice of supreme authority, the thesis that the President had no constitutional right to wage more war than sufficed to expel Spain from Cuba, or to demand the cession of Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines, as a condition of peace, is rent "from turret to foundation stone."

THE "OPEN DOOR" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

This brings us to the second thesis of the opponents of the treaty, which is: "It is contrary to the supreme law of the land to stipulate in the treaty a guaranty of the 'open door' in the Philippines, because the Constitution says, Art. I., sec. 8: 'All duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States.'"

This thesis we hold to be, if possible, more untenable than the former, involving, as it does, not only a false conception of the terminology of the Constitution itself, but a failure to comprehend the difference between grants of limited and of plenary powers. Here, fortunately for the patience of the reader, the language of the Supreme Court itself more than suffices to exploit the theory advanced.

There is a vast difference underlying the terminology of the Constitution in the use of the words, "United States of America," as applied to our entire geographical dominion, and the words "United States," as referring to a political entity. When the Constitution speaks of the "United States of America," in the territorial sense, it includes all the portions of the earth's surface, land and water, subject to our sovereignty and covered by the flag; when it speaks of the United States as a political entity, it means that *union* of co-equal and interdependent *States* in which alone the larger political unit, the "Bundesstaat," exists; and this totally irrespective of any geographical possessions belonging to the Union, beyond seas or within our home "ring fence" lying outside and beyond the geographical limits of the States comprising the "Bund." In other words, the constitutional provision securing uniformity of duties, imposts, and excises throughout the United States means, and was intended to mean, simply that the same shall always be alike in all the States, and between the States comprised in the Union; and in nowise conflicts with or trenches upon the plenary power granted to Congress, Art. IV., sec. 3, "to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property *belonging to* the United States. (Italics are the writer's.) If there were any reasonable doubt of this, the language of the Supreme Court in the case of *Texas vs. White*, 7 Wall. 721, defining the meaning of the political entity "The United States," combined with the subjoined short quotation from Lalor's *Encyclopædia of Political Science*, would solve the difficulty. Lack of space prevents quoting the language of the court in *Texas vs. White*, the policy of the "open door" being amply provided for in another case; but the language of Lalor, showing the conditions existing at the time the Constitution was adopted, against the evils of which the "Articles of Confederation" of the previously existing "Staatenbund" were inefficient, is apposite and instructive. Speaking of the conditions existing subsequent to the peace and prior to the Constitution, Lalor says: "On the return of peace, while still maintaining the form of a confederacy, the States, no longer

united by a common danger, became, to a great extent, independent, and each managed its concerns with little regard to the interests of the others. Massachusetts had a navigation act, and levied impost duties, and other States followed her example. The restrictions and prohibitions imposed on American commerce were vexatious and destructive." To state the case in other words: Massachusetts, followed by other States, had interposed against interstate commerce the "closed door" of a restrictive and prohibitive tariff; and it was to afford a remedy for this "intolerable condition" that the constitutional limitation, "but all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States," was enacted. Again prescinding from assertion and argument, and employing the authoritative language of the Supreme Court, so far from finding anything to inhibit the grant to Spain of equal trade and tariff privileges in the Philippines, or to preclude us from applying there the policy of the "open door" to the fullest extent, we observe the court lay down and establish the following propositions, viz.:

THREE PROPOSITIONS OF CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

(1) That the treaty-making power, the President with the "advice and consent" of the Senate, in providing for the acquisition of territory by cession, may, in its discretion, grant to foreign states and citizens the same tariff and trade privileges within the bounds of such territory as are accorded to our own citizens; that this was actually done on the acquisition of Louisiana from France, Florida from Spain, and California, New Mexico, etc., from Mexico, and that the uniform practice of the political departments of the government in this regard has always been upheld by the courts.

(2) That enemy's country, acquired by conquest, does not become territory of the United States, as to our own internal organization, until its acquisition is confirmed by treaty or by legislative action of Congress; that, in the meantime, and until such action is taken, it remains foreign territory, as to our municipal institutions, but as to foreign states, is territory under the exclusive sovereignty of the United States, to be governed, as to property and the territorial inhabitants, by the President; and in conformity with its former municipal law, together with such regulations as the President may prescribe.

(3) That foreign territory, acquired by conquest or cession, even after it has actually become *territory of the United States of America*, by treaty or by act of Congress, still remains

territory as to the Revenue Laws of the United States, can only be included within them by an explicit *Lex*, passed by Congress for that purpose, in the exercise of its plenary power over the territory.

Those three propositions of constitutional law are laid down by the Supreme Court in the case of *Fleming vs. Page* above cited; and would *seem*, to say the least, to show the fallacy of the constitutional objection raised against the "open door" clause of the treaty. As to its *policy*, the "statesmen," "senators," and clergymen now have the floor; but the treaty will not fail, for it has behind it the common-sense public opinion of a "strong" if not exactly "turbulent" people.

A COLONIAL POLICY.

The last constitutional thesis urged against the ratification of the treaty is that, under our present Constitution, we cannot acquire territory to be held as a colony, to be governed by Congress at its will and pleasure; but only with a view to its subsequent admission into the Union as a State. Here, at last, there is a *dictum* of the Supreme Court directly in point, to be found in the celebrated case of *Dred Scott vs. Sanford*, 19 How. 393; but that *dictum* was purely *obiter*; not necessary to the decision of the case; not in line with the case of the *American Insurance Company vs. Canter*, 1 Pet. 511, previously decided; and flatly contradicted by the case of the *Mormon Church vs. U. S.*, above cited, decided in 1889, years after the *Dred Scott* case had been overruled by "the legislation of war." It would thus appear that the Supreme Court is not with the constitutional objectors.

As to the last objection, the thesis that, by acquiring territory in the Pacific Ocean, which laves our western border and nowhere touches Europe, it seems brash and trivial. Reduced to a few words, the Monroe Doctrine is that we will neither permit further European acquisitions of American soil, nor European oppression of American states; and that we will abstain from intermeddling in the quarrels of *Europe*.

It nowhere commits us, explicitly or implicitly, to remain shivering upon the shores of the Pacific Ocean, or to surrender *Asiatic* trade to Europe. We were the first power to establish the "open door" of trade in Asia; and, "standing with reluctant feet, where the brook and river meet," we will be the last to abandon it. If, for this, we need to keep the Philippines, the Philippines we *will* keep.

HYMNS TO ST. AGNES.

THE praises of the young Roman maiden and martyr, Agnes, have been a theme for the highest classic poetry. The poems printed herewith are taken from the Paris Breviary, and are from the pen of Charles Coffin, who was born near Rheims in the year 1677. He was elected Rector of the University of Paris in 1718 and died in 1749. The Paris Breviary was published in 1736 and many of the new hymns are of his composition.

The beautiful hymns to St. Agnes are now for the first time done into English. St. Agnes, whose feast the church celebrates on the 21st of the current month, has been honored as a type of character which reflects the highest spiritual purity in the midst of the allurements of wealth and noble birth in a degraded social order. She was a grain of gold shining in the midst of pagan corruption.

The translations have been made by a noted Redemptorist missionary. EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD.

AD MATUTINUM.

NON stat firma satis tutaque virtus,
Quæ non est variis acta procellis ;
Dum sævi quatitur turbine venti,
Hinc discit tumidos vincere fluctus.

Infanti teneræ forma fidesque
Diversi generis suscitât hostes ;
Tentat blanditiis ardor amantum ;
Terret suppliciis ira Tyranni.

Hostem fortis amor vincet utrumque,
Alter spondet spes, spondet honores ;
Sponsi sed placuit cui decor Agni,
Hinc terrena placet nulla voluntas.

Alter sacrilegas trudit ad aras,
Intentatque minas, verbera, mortem ;

Sed tormenta tibi quot nova promit,

Tot nectit capiti, Virgo, coronas.

Durat supplicium magus ; honori
(Quid non impietas, iraque suadent ?)
Probrum virgineo turpe paratur,
Quod toto redimat sanguine virgo.

AT MATINS.

No virtue is or safe or strong,
Unless by various storm-blasts tried ;
When fiercely buffeted and long,
It learns o'er swelling waves to ride.

Her features and her faith excite
Against a child of infant years,
Foes many ; tyrants in their might
And suitors strive to rouse her fears.

Her strong love both these foes o'ercame ;
One raised her hopes ; one promised state.
No earthly pleasures can inflame
A heart which Lamb's charms captivate.

On to the sacrilegious shrine
They drive her ; threats, blows, death in
vain

Are tried. Fair maid ! what crowns they
twine

To deck thy brow, by each new pain !

What will not wicked anger dare ?
One punishment is wanting more ;
Dishonor, for her, they prepare.
By blood she'll be its conqueror.

Eheu ! quid faceret ? lumina cœlo
Attollitque manus ; flammea victrix
Frangit tela fides ; seque libido
Calcatam propria frendet in arce.

Sit laus Ingenito summa Parenti ;
Sit par Unigenæ gloria Nato ;
Quo sexus fragilis dante triumphat,
Amborum simili laus sit Amori.

AD PRIMAS VESPERAS.

Humana quid non pectora, si faves
O Christe, possunt ? Auspice te, truces
Imbellis iras, atque dulces
Illecebras superat puella.

Infirma mundi scilicet eligis,

Ut conterantur fortia ; nobilis
Hinc venit Agneti cruentas
Mille neces domitura virtus.

Formæ decorem pulchrior aspicì,
Vincebat oris virgineus pudor ;
Primisque pectus quæ tenellum
Imbuerat pietas ab annis.

Contenta Sponso, quem sibi destinat,
Placere Christo, se latebris tegit ;
Timetque mortales caduca
Ne species oculos moretur.

Prodit latentem fama tamen ; proci
Arsere plures ; multa sibi nurum
Aptavit, et flagrante mater
Quæsiit ambìtiosa voto.

Ast illa, sancti propositi tenax,
Preces amantum respuit ; et Tibi
Se, Christe, totam pererat uni
Perpetuo sociare pacto.

Laus summa Patri, summaque Filio ;
Sit Sancte compar laus Tibi, Spiritus,
Quo flante puras caritatis
Concipiunt pia corda flammas.

September, 1894.

What *can* she ? Eyes and hands as well
She raised, victorious o'er the fire,
By faith ; whilst on its citadel,
Baffled and wild, sat Foul Desire.

Praise to the Unborn Parent High ;
Praise to the One Begotten Son ;
Praise to the Love of each One, by
Whose strength the frail sex crowns
hath won.

AT FIRST VESPER.

What will not human hearts endure
If thou, O Christ, giv'st help ? A maid
Unarmed o'ercomes whate'er can lure,
And cruel anger, by thine aid.

Earth's weakness thou dost choose, in
truth,

To crush the strong. Hence noble power
To Agnes comes, who scorned, in youth,
A thousand threats to make her cower.

Her feature's virgin modesty
And piety which, in her breast,
Had dwelt from tend'rest infancy,
Surpassed her outward fairness best.

Content her chosen Spouse to please
Herself she hid in secret nook,
Lest perishable beauty seize
In bondage eyes that on her look.

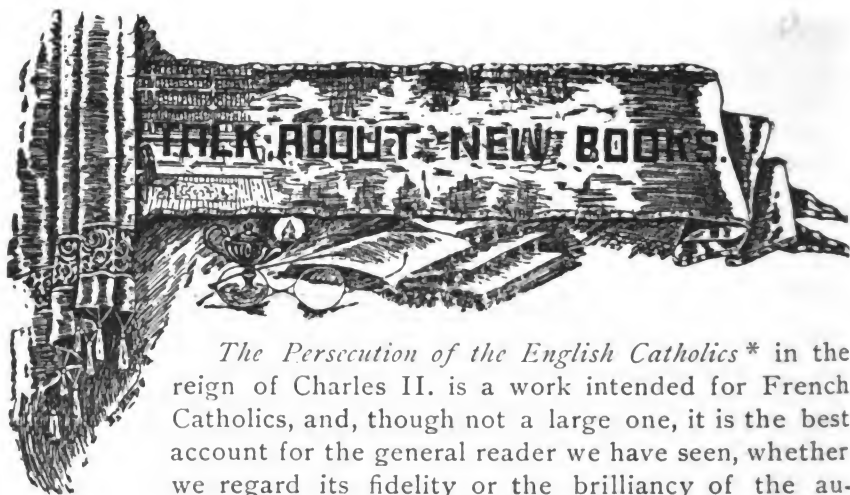
Yet fame the hidden one betrayed
And many wooers ardent glowed ;
Whilst nurse and mother, too, essayed
To hold her back by cares bestowed.

But, firm in holy purpose, she
Rejected lover's pleadings fond ;
Wishing with Christ alone to be
United by perpetual bond.

Praise to the Father and the Son ;
Praise equal to the Holy Ghost,
By whose inspiring breath upon
Men's hearts, love's flames are kindled
most.

T. S., C.SS.R.

NOTE.—Hymni sacri auctore Carolo Coffin Ant. Universitatis Parisiensis Rectore Collegii Dormana-Bellovac. Gymnasiarcha. 1736.



The Persecution of the English Catholics * in the reign of Charles II. is a work intended for French Catholics, and, though not a large one, it is the best account for the general reader we have seen, whether we regard its fidelity or the brilliancy of the author's manner. The sketches of character are bold and striking, but without any sign of being labored. We notice this particularly in the case of Titus Oates. It is seldom we have seen a picture of his moral qualities separated from one of his personal appearance. We shall give the reader what Madame de Courson says of him: "Shaftesbury wanted an instrument to aid his design of destroying the Catholics by involving them in a plot, and this instrument he found in Titus Oates. Oates' father was at one time an Anabaptist minister, at another time a minister in the English Church. His son followed the same path. At the close of his course in Cambridge he took orders in the Established Church, but his misconduct caused his expulsion from one appointment after another. In the long reaches of history men appear whose baseness is without a single redeeming quality. They are the monsters of the moral world whose existence terrifies us. . . . Such an one was Titus Oates, a hypocrite with an imagination fearfully fertile, who brought to the ruin of his victims hatred served by an untiring will."

Very interesting are her little details of the secret places in manor and farm-house where priests lay concealed, and the sacred vessels and vestments were hidden. One or two words and we enter a *cachette* in the thickness of the walls. At Lydiat Hall in Lancashire, in 1863, one was discovered in which were the remains of a meal. In the same house is preserved a pewter chalice lined with silver gilt—a souvenir of those evil days. In a farm-house of the neighborhood there was another hiding-place. In it were a chair and a Book of the Hours. In the

* *La Persécution des Catholiques en Angleterre.* Par la Comtesse de Courson. Paris: Firmin Didot et Cie.

house of the Throckmortons there were several hiding-places, in one of which the discoverers came upon an altar-stone. Under the roof of Sawston Hall, the seat of the Huddlestons, the hiding-place was large enough to contain a chair and table. This was, however, rare, and the hunted priests must have served a hard penance during days, nights, even months, in such refuges. They were seldom visited by their hosts, lest attention should be attracted; no unlikely thing, for the hunting of priests was carried on with as much vigor in the reign of Charles II. as in that of Elizabeth. Twenty livres (one hundred dollars) for a secular priest's arrest, five hundred dollars for that of a Jesuit, were fairly stimulating prizes to the huntsmen. We part with this book with regret. Madame de Courson has placed Catholics under a deep obligation in telling so much of the story of their predecessors, and telling it so well. It is with perfect truth she declares that it is impossible to see more clearly than in the events of which she treats the lengths of cruelty and injustice to which religious fanaticism can urge a people. In these acts the grotesque and the horrible are in rivalry. One would know not where to turn were it not that "above the dark abyss shine examples of heroism to sustain and inspire the soul." We hope soon to see an English translation of this admirable book.

Oxford Conferences, by Joseph Rickaby, S.J.*—There are eight conferences in this little volume, delivered by Father Rickaby at Oxford during the Lent term of 1898. One is on the word "proselytism," a sufficiently learned talk about the use and abuse of the word. There is a suggestive conference on witchcraft which we think will repay the reader; not, however, for instances of witchcraft, for there are none given, but because the matter is treated so as to serve as an example of what he calls "the subjective method of proof." The conferences are all directed to impress upon the hearers the principle of dogmatic religion. Prepared for young men who are to take a leading place in Catholic society, they must be useful to American Catholics in close intercourse with non-Catholics, for they will help to preserve clear and well-defined opinions on those questions about which they might become lax from such intercourse. In the two which are named, respectively, "Four London Professors" (the fourth) and "Three most London Professors" (the fifth), there is a good deal of

* London: Burns & Oates; New York: Bengizer Bros.

humor mingled with the wisdom with which he treats the title to be listened to of those who deny that God has spoken to man. He follows out the subject by the aid of what St. Ignatius calls "a composition of place," and the names of the seven professors of an imaginary university suggest their departments in the branches of rationalistic culture. As he himself says, they remind one of the names of the members of the Barebones Parliament. Ridicule is a legitimate weapon when used within the limits of good breeding, and Father Rickaby never passes them. A good specimen of his manner is the report of his conversation with Mr. No-Suspension-of-Critical-Faculties, whose position, as one might infer, is that the critical faculties are paramount; and that a man's inalienable privilege is to judge for himself in all things. It is a little awkward, undoubtedly, that in actual life people are continually called upon for a suspension of their critical faculties, but for the gentlemen of the Higher Criticism this goes for nothing. We suppose men are wrong in consulting lawyers on matters of law, and doctors about their ailments. We fear the fools will do so to the end, in spite of the inalienable privilege to judge for themselves in all things.

Antigone and other Portraits of Women, by Paul Bourget.*—There are in all six sketches of women whom the writer has met in his travels,—the characteristics of the women supposed to be revealed by the circumstances under which he saw them. They are taken from life, he first implies with the force of suggestion which is barely short of direct statement. As a man without saying a word may act in such a manner as to tell you that A is B, so M. Bourget, in his little preface, asks us to believe that as he looks over manuscript volumes of his travels innumerable human silhouettes take life for him across the pages—the faces of women seen for a week, a day, an hour, the romance of whose lives he divined (or perhaps imagined, he adds) from some sudden incident of travel. Then he tells us positively that these sketches, to which he has given the common title of *Voyageuses*, are portraits of women he had met casually; for once they crossed his path, never again to meet him. Except for the setting, there is nothing to recommend the portraits. A circumstance is well presented, a view of sea or land is before us as the scene stood in his imagination, whether it be the island of Corfu or the coast around as the boat goes

* New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

out from Toulon, or the wastes seen from the window of a railway carriage on the line from Dublin to Galway; but we cannot discover in the women spoken of any life, any reality but that of the writer's words. There are incidents in the first sketch, "Antigone," which are really interesting, and better than these are traits of character leading the imagination to the desired point. This is a revelation of character worked out with consummate skill, but the traits are not in the sketch of the "voyageuse," but in those of the deceived Cypriote, the conscienceless Frenchman. Antigone's belief in the clay-footed idol, her brother, has perhaps a thousand counterparts in real life, but it has no more connection with what, for want of a better term, we call the sub-tragic interest of the piece than if she had not appeared at all. It may be the plausible explanation of the old Cypriote's magnanimity in not exposing her brother, but if the conception of the former's character which the writer had formed was dramatically true, there was no necessity to use it as a determining influence. "Two Married Couples" is clever, but if it be a picture of American civilization there is every reason to dread some terrible calamity. From that sketch it would appear as though American society has become rotten while yet unripe. There is what purports to be an experience in Ireland on which we can hardly congratulate the writer for his perception of the qualities of the people. He could have obtained his estimate of them from the *Times*, as he could have taken his view of a first-class Dublin hotel from Thackeray. He was driven to the park "almost the day after" the murder of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke. This it appears was in the month of July, but in that other kind of romance called exact history the murder took place on the 6th of May. In the sketch called "La Pia" M. Bourget displays all his powers, which are undoubtedly of a high order; but we think it would have been in better taste not to use the term Apocrypha for the deuterocanonical books; and indeed something more than better taste, better knowledge. He does not seem to be as well informed as the High-Church Protestants of the seventeenth century in England, who spoke of those books reverentially as the "holy" Apocrypha—sad compromise between their respect for antiquity and their dread of the thorough-going innovators.

In the San Juan, by Rev. J. J. Gibbons.—This little book contains twelve chapters. It is entitled sketches, and each chapter is a sketch of adventures and experiences of a priest

in Colorado whose parish was as large as a dozen German principalities of the days before Prussian hegemony. The author has an energetic style, he tells his personal adventures with animation, and though his descriptions of the scenery in which he experienced them are somewhat marred by a fondness for epithets, they are by no means without effect. It requires exceptional skill when giving a picture of savage mountains, their defiles and torrents, to produce upon the mind the impression of the sublime. There is always the danger of lapsing into the melodramatic; and when this happens the reader only hears the noise of stage machinery, instead of the thunder of the mountain when snow-slides go down. The work of a missionary priest in such regions demands a courage, devotion, and physical strength of no common kind. At a moment's notice he is summoned to attend a dying man fifty miles away, and to reach him must accomplish a journey attended with as much danger as crossing the Alps in ancient times. A false step, the missing a narrow track obscured by a recent fall of snow, and horse and rider go down a couple of thousand feet. Living amid those scenes, it would seem, has for the most part an elevating effect on character. The miners are bold, fair-minded men with a dash of recklessness, but a sense of religion too. This is notably the case with Catholics, but it is not confined to them. The greatness of the works of God and the littleness of man, his powerlessness in the midst of them, cast upon the spirit a certain solidity and seriousness; and these seem largely to be characteristic of the miner and the fixed dweller in the Colorado mountains. It is true when the miners descend to the towns for a short time they behave very much like soldiers on furlough after a campaign in which there had been much plunder, or sailors with leave of absence and pockets filled with prize-money; but there is the difference between the first and the soldier and sailor that there is between the temporary recklessness of subjective compensation and the folly of improvidence, aimless and characterless, which so often mark the soldier and almost always the sailor.

And these miners and mountain-men are frequently so pervaded by the sense of religion, they like to serve the altar, to take care of the vestments, to make things ready for the coming of the priest to celebrate the Holy Mass, to hear confessions, to administer the Holy Sacrament. When he comes they throng to be present, and with them strong, earnest men not of the household, but possibly sooner or later to be.

Some very narrow escapes of himself and others, when passing from place to place, are cleverly described by Father Gibbons; he has to tell of fatal accidents, and he startles you; he gives one or two examples of the kind flippantly called shocking, and you fear there is a too Pelion-on-Ossa-like piling on of the agony. The book is, for all we have said, an interesting and instructive one.

It is good to know that a people's *vade mecum*, as Father Klauder's *Catholic Practice** might well be called, has met with so hearty a reception by the book-buying public. After all, priests and people are keen to recognize a good thing when they see it. There is a kind of medicine which has undoubtedly some curative properties, and is being very extensively advertised nowadays because it is owned by an advertising agency. It combines eight or ten of the staple specifics, and it is a rare malady that some of these will not strike. One might call this "shot-gun doctoring." Aim it anywhere near a disease, it is sure to hit. But the point we want to make is, it is good to have a handy little manual which will contain instructions for one in all his religious duties. We have looked through Father Klauder's book, and find it accurate and ample in detail as well as practical and simple in statement. It is a fault of book-making not to state where a book sells. This book is printed at the Angel Guardian Press, Boston; but who publishes it? We are quite sure that many priests would be glad to use the book in quantities, but it is not evident where it can be obtained. This is one difficulty in attempting to do away with the regular publishers.

In his academic retreat at the Catholic University of Washington Mr. Egan still finds opportunity to gratify old friends by an occasional publication. How thankful we are that his ambitions are not centred exclusively on comparative philology, history of authors, philosophy of style, and kindred topics magnificent enough for the curriculum of a great university.

At present we welcome these two new books† as especially suitable for the new generation that is being drilled in the study of distinctively Catholic literature. The first work mentioned above will afford our lively boys all the excitement and

* *Catholic Practice at Church and at Home*. The Parishioner's Little Rule Book: A guide for Catholics in the external practice of their religion. By Alexander L. A. Klauder.

† *In a Brazilian Forest, and Three Brave Boys*. *The Leopard of Lancianus, and other Stories*. By Maurice Francis Egan. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

adventure they could ask for. We can smile at their enthusiastic study of camps, and brigands, and rifle-wounds, secure in the consciousness that they will finish their reading uncontaminated by vulgarity or sensational silliness.

The second volume—made up of short stories—likewise is sure to afford safe and instructive recreation for our young readers. We note with joy that reports from Washington tell of efforts on Mr. Egan's part—successful ones, too—toward stirring up love of composition and literary ambition in his disciples. The books before us will give an idea of what is needed, and many a youth's magazine will supply an outlet for aspiring genius.

Mrs. Markham's Nieces is a story particularly suited for converts,* and most particularly for converts—or eligibles—of English birth and sympathies. It is quiet, unexaggerated, not grave enough to be heavy, not light enough to be frivolous. What is good about it is, that it views Calvinism through eyes accustomed to viewing that subject. Shall we be forgiven by the lady if we say there is a little excess in the use of foreign phrases?—the slight attempt at French accent might be omitted without doing any harm. On page 101, line 4, there is a misprint.

The name of the author of *Winchester* † will doubtless attract many a reader who has been charmed by other work of his in magazine and lecture hall. They will find the story a simple tale of thrilling interest, well written, of course, in the quaint old English of the time, but with rather too gruesome an ending. A pleasant story for the reading of old and young, the book would nevertheless have had greater hold upon New-Yorkers had the writer worked more carefully upon topography and local coloring. Like so many of our books, too, this would be more acceptable at a lower price.

It is a pity that the author of *A Corner of Spain* ‡ was not in good health when her book of travel was written. It abounds in the appreciation so necessary to extract from a journey in strange lands the flavor of its people, its scenery, and its enjoyments.

* *Mrs. Markham's Nieces*. By Francis I. Kershaw. New York : Benziger Brothers.

† *Westchester : A Tale of the Revolution*. By Henry Austin Adams, M.A. St. Louis : B. Herder.

‡ *A Corner of Spain*. By Miriam Coles Harris. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

There is cast over the book, in spite of the bits of humor which the author occasionally displays, a sombreness of impression that without doubt is due to the partially invalid state of the traveller. If these same scenes could have been viewed in a condition of bounding health the descriptions would dance from cover to cover. As it is, there is so much to enjoy, so much to learn, and so much to desire outlined in these pages, that whatever its drawbacks they are small compared to the many charms presented. It is a book especially appropriate to the aftermath period of the war with Spain just concluded, inasmuch as it portrays many aspects of Spanish character highly admirable and not at all credited in the United States at present. It is a book to be loaned to your doubting friend who thinks the Spanish a partly barbarous and wholly unlovable people. In this regard it is a pity that the author falls into the prevailing Anglo-Saxon habit of patronizing and pitying the frugal-living races of whatever creed—which habit of condescending comment partly spoils the general tone of praise which she expresses in nearly every page of the book. Despite this, the sterling virtue and hospitality of the Spaniard shine out finely, and the Catholic Church, wherever the author regards it, has more beauty and love than she can find expressions to convey. This is a good book to circulate, to increase especially the respect which Americans should have, but have not, for the Catholic religion in old Andalusia.

The thread of the story carries the reader through a disagreeable and stormy voyage from New York to Gibraltar; thence into the soft airs of Malaga, where, as the author shows, the famous Malaga grapes are *not* grown—though the destruction of this household tradition is more than compensated for by the knowledge of Malaga's balmy climate, which only varies five degrees in eight months of the year. The writer, who was an Anglican when the volume was written—though since has become a Catholic—gives so sympathetic a description of Spanish convent life in chapter v. that her Catholic tendencies seem already full blown. A coach ride and short sojourn in the Malaga mountains is one of the strongest dramatic touches of the book, and reminds one of frontier sketches in the early days of our own country. In this chapter she describes the rough mountaineers in the following words, which deserve wide circulation in America: "I shall always think our prejudice against the Spanish is based on their physical differences from us. We dislike them for their complexion, which is swarthy,

and for their features, which are forbidding. They are the *kindest* people in the world; and as honest as, *nous autres*. I have never been cheated by a tradesman in Spain, I have never been uncivilly treated by one."

I.—A JESUIT POET.*

Father Barraud possesses a good deal of the poet's art and something of the poet's spirit. The first lay of the book is "Joubert's Banquet," and it opens the ball so well that we gave ourselves up to the anticipation of an hour's revelry in fairy-land. To some extent we were disappointed. The six lays of the Knights are upon the whole good; they are succeeded by four "Lays of Greece." These too are good; and next we have sonnets. There is a temptation to try this species of verse. The restriction of the rules governing the sonnet are favorable to condensation; but, on the other hand, when we see one we look for excellence. We do not get this always in Father Barraud's sonnets; we see how much they are wanting in the sweetness, harmony, and strength of Shakspeare's and Coleridge's. Byron, with a power expressly adapted to this species of composition, seems, from what we have heard, to have avoided it from an experience of the difficulty of satisfying critical demands. His sonnet of Chillon is very fine; but though we cannot call it an accidental hit, its existence is suggestive of the trial expressed by "sufficient for the day."

"Joubert's Banquet," though we admire it, is marred by the length to which actions and incidents are drawn out that ought to be disposed of in a line or so. Take "Chevy Chase" as the model of the ballad, and we see the difference. In the admirable "Lays of Ancient Rome," by Macaulay, there is something of the defect we have pointed out in "Joubert's Banquet," and the other ballads in the book before us. It would seem as if Macaulay and Father Barraud found themselves hard pressed for a rhyme, and to find it they led us into a jungle of words. This was the fault attributed, rather unjustly, to poor Keats by "the savage and tartarly" † that killed him.

We have the attack upon the fortress in which Joubert was

* *Lays of the Knights*. By Clement William Barraud, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† Who killed John Keats?
 "I," said the "Quarterly,"
 Savage and tartarly—
 "I killed John Keats!"

dying of his wounds, the assault on one day similar to that upon another during a fortnight. We are told with propriety that for

“Two long weeks they held the fortress
As a lion holds his lair”;

but the effect is spoiled by the next couplet, which is surplusage when a new incident is not introduced to give vivid perception. It is as follows:

“Sallied thrice on their assailants,
Daring all that men could dare.”

We were already aware they had been “daring all that men could dare,” and the three sallies might be in keeping if it were an historical narrative; but coming in a ballad at a point where the imagination is waiting for a stroke that finishes the matter there and then, or sets it ablaze with some unlooked-for deed of heroism, it seems very weak. The fight goes on, however.

“But the odds were all against them,
And those gaping, tottering walls
Rocked and swayed as if to crush them
’Neath the shock of ponderous balls.”

What are we to say to this last line? What to the second? Suppose we say, that once upon a time a poet submitted his blank verse for the opinion of a friend. “Can you not turn it into rhyme?” the friend asked. “Certainly,” was the reply; and having done so, showed the rhymed version. “Ha! now,” said the critic, “this is something: it is now rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason.” The defenders were to be crushed by the walls, not “as if,” but really; and the last line is obviously written for the rhyme. “Rocked and swayed ’neath the shock of ponderous balls” is the uninterrupted thought. Why should not the result have been left to the reader’s fancy? “Germans are honest men,” said mine host of the Garter, but he was mistaken. Does Father Barraud distrust the intelligence of his readers?

Among the miscellaneous poems are some which will entitle the writer to a good place among “the minor poets.” This is no slight praise when we understand that so few are reckoned great poets. “Coventry Bells” has a touch of the grace of Tennyson’s shorter poems, and he handles hexameters successfully in verses dedicated to the memory of Pius IX. There is

a clever turn of humor and a rhythmical readiness of expression in "The Building of Stonyhurst" which reminds us of Mortimer Collins, but we shall not say what the quatrain called "Napoleon" recalls to us. It is forcible, however. "Never" and "Onward," though possessing merit, ought not to have been written until "Break! break! break!" ceases to be sighed over by tame cats of the Protestant divinity species and the girl graduates that affect them—we use "affect" in Shakspeare's sense. We, for all that, recognize in Father Barraud an accomplished scholar, and, if not a dweller in the sacred grove, a hearer of its mysteries.

2.—LEGAL FORMULARIES.*

In our opinion the principal title of the book before us should have been secondary, for the "legal formulary" is the smaller and relatively the least important part of the work.

From what has just been said we do not wish to be understood as underrating the value of precise legal forms, the correct use of which is most pertinent for an exact understanding of the canonical relations of the subject with the superior, and for a clear apprehension of the extent and limitations of canonical jurisdiction and power.

There can be no doubt that much misunderstanding, and consequently the possibility of much litigation, will be removed by a knowledge and use of the "legal formulary."

But Father Baart's work is something more than a compilation of legal forms. It is, in fact, a series of concise treatises on points of canon law. And it is in this—the unannounced and hence the unexpected—that the book pleases us most. It is an addition—and additions in this matter are desirable—to the literature of the subject in its particular application to existing conditions in this country.

The work is divided into three parts, treating respectively of the diocese and of the rights and duties of the officials thereof; of the parish and its administration in things spiritual and temporal; and of justice in the exercise of discipline according to canonical procedure.

It is not our purpose to do more than direct our readers'

* *Legal Formulary; or, A Collection of Forms to be used in the Exercise of Voluntary and Contentious Jurisdiction.* To which is added an epitome of the Laws, Decisions, and Instructions pertaining thereto. By the Rev. Peter A. Baart, A.M., S.T.L., etc. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

attention to the general topics discussed by Father Baart, as we believe that there is enough of importance and of interest in the subject matter existing to make the book well worth reading and studying, particularly in the second part, where the status of the parish in this country is considered.

Father Baart will hardly find a single bishop, however, in agreement with him in his contention that all requisite conditions, save the perpetuity of the cure of souls, are present for the erection of canonical parishes amongst us, and hence, if we understand him correctly, that they exist as a fact.

Even where the legislation of provincial synods seems to confirm his theory—for example, in San Francisco—as a fact the parishes are not there regarded as canonically erected either by the ordinary or by the rectors themselves, who neither assume the duties of parish priests—using the words in a strict sense—nor enjoy the jurisdiction of such. Although the “*tametsi*” has been published there, the presence of any priest of the diocese suffices for the validity of marriage, the bishop being in this respect a parish priest, and his clergy—rectors and assistants—his curates.

Again, with regard to the paschal Communion, the fact is that while a custom prevails, and is insisted upon in virtue of a synodal regulation, that the parish church is the proper church in which the Easter Communion should be received, still this is but a custom and is only a matter of regulation and good order, and nothing more.

We have said enough, we think, to show how interesting a book Father Baart has contributed to the department of canon law in this latest work of his.

3.—A PASSIONIST POET.*

This beautiful azure-and-gold-bound volume, the heart-wreath of a true Knight of Our Lady, is filled with devotional poems that are more easily read than described. Their perfect and polished versification appeals to the intellect. Their heart-chorus of love set the human part of one's nature vibrating, and their pure, heavenly, daring aspirations lift the soul to a nearness to heaven, where the Queen of his song dwells. Father

* *Marie Corolla: A Wreath for Our Lady.* By Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C.P. New York: Benziger Bros.

Edmund has told *his* story, too, in the pages of his *Maria Corolla*. They are the poems of his early days of conversion and fervor, of his young priesthood and earlier mission-life, and the warmth and glow of youth and chivalrous thought are impressed on every page.

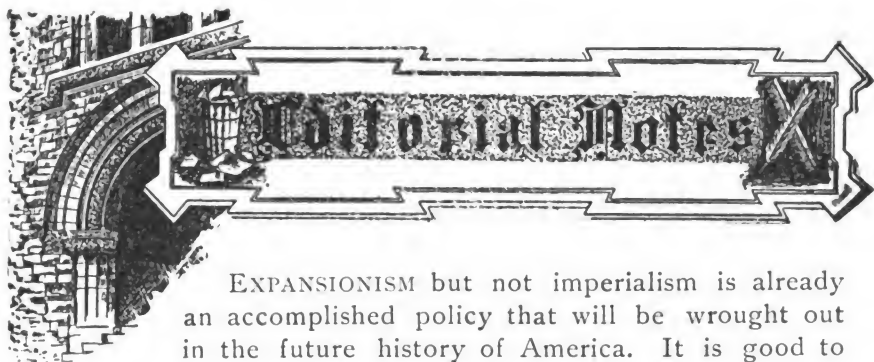
Some of the verses are the cry of the lover to his first love, and when we realize who this radiant Being is, we are stirred in our coldness and drift into the writer's fervor. What could be more beautiful than the lines in "*Super omnes Speciosa*":

"To set the music of thy face
To earthly measure, were to give
Th' informing soul—and make it live
As there—*God's uttermost of grace.*"

Another poem to Our Lady, "To be Forgiven," is another and beautiful apostrophe. The same may be said of "Ideal—Real" and "A Lesson." The word-pictures as well as the melodious songs in "The Espousals of Our Lady" have a dramatic ring that is delightful. The latter part of the book is for the most part composed of longer poems which, while finely chiselled and rounded, do not go to the heart as do those contained in the first eighty-four pages. All through, however, there is the one golden thread visible, through the meshes of varied metres—the deep, tender, yet manly heart full of chivalrous, sacred love for the beautiful Mother of God's only Son! We can close our review no better than by quoting Father Edmund's words on page 93, which describe his own thoughts better than could any reader:

"I sing not for the many. Some there are
With ears to hear, and hearts to love the more.
But my ambition's height is, so to sing
That I may one day meet my Lady's smile
And wear a laurel from her own dear hands."

Among the pure of heart, the devout, the gentle, and the lovers of Mary, Father Edmund's new book will be a choice friend.



EXPANSIONISM but not imperialism is already an accomplished policy that will be wrought out in the future history of America. It is good to hear all that the anti-imperialists have to say, for the danger is that "the powers that be," after being glutted by success, "may bite off more than they can chew."

There is now a bright future before the church in the Antilles and in the Philippines. The millstone of Spanish domination has been cut away from the neck of the church. She can breathe the free air now, and we may look for a stalwart Catholicity. Given a fair field and no favor, the church will always prosper.

"The baby that has been left on our doorstep" has now been adopted into the family. The papers have been signed and Spanish rights over the Philippines are at an end. The islands need a paternal government until the people are taught self-reliance and self-government. It may take some generations to do so, but as an end to be attained this purpose must be kept steadily in view.

The "open door" is good, but we want a closed door to the marauder, the carpet-bagger, the unscrupulous adventurer, as well as the whisky-seller.

Many of the troubles of France to-day are an inheritance of the days of Gambetta. In spite of his Italian name, Gambetta was partly of Jewish extraction and, as was afterwards demonstrated, he was wholly of Jewish persuasion. Before his death, at a banquet given by the Rothschilds, when heated by wine, it is reported that he said that "The priest is the past, the Jew is the future." At his death it was found that the prefectures of forty-seven out of eighty departments were in the hands of the Jews. Since his death it is impossible to tell how far the army and other branches of the government are dominated by this influence. It does not take a very acute observer to see the long fingers of the money-changers tightening about the throat of the body politic.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

SENIOR LIEUTENANT JOHN F. LUBY, U.S.N.

Lieutenant John F. Luby comes of a family of fighters. He is the second son of Thomas Clarke Luby, of Jersey City, N. J., one of the Fenian exiles and a writer of note on Irish history. Mr. Luby was born in Ireland on July 23, 1859, and came to this country with his parents in 1871. The family resided in New York City for a number of years, and the sons, James and John, entered the College of the City of New York. In 1875 Abram S. Hewitt, then congressman from the Tenth New York District, was given the privilege of filling a vacancy at the Annapolis Naval Academy, and he concluded to have a public competition for the place. The examination was conducted by General Alexander S. Webb, President of the New York College, and Professor Fitzgerald Tisdall. John F. Luby entered into the competition and carried off the prize with high honors. He graduated from the Naval Academy in 1880, and during the following two years he made a cruise with the Asiatic Squadron on board the *Alert*. He was on that vessel when, while off Kobe, she was run into by the Japanese emperor's yacht. Mr. Luby was in his bunk at the time of the collision, and with the rest of the crew instantly ran to his station, not knowing what was the trouble. He found his men already casting loose the guns and shifting them to the sound side of the ship, to "list" her so as to raise the injured side above the water-line. The lieutenant afterwards spoke in the highest terms of commendation of the bravery and promptness with which the American sailors covered their respective posts during the exciting incident, even before their officers could issue the necessary orders. At the end of the Asiatic cruise Mr. Luby was commissioned as ensign and assigned at different times to the European and training squadrons. He was later detailed to hydrographic work and the Coast Survey, and worked for several seasons on the survey of the Gulf coast near New Orleans and in the neighborhood of Newport. He became senior lieutenant



SENIOR LIEUTENANT JOHN F. LUBY, U.S.N.

in 1896. One of his recent assignments to duty was on the battle-ship *Iowa*, then commanded by Captain, now Admiral Sampson. Mr. Luby was one of the original corps of officers of the great ship, assisted in her trial trips, the drilling of her crew, and was in charge of the after turret. He was officer of the deck on the night when her electric steering gear broke down, as told in the newspapers at the time, and it was largely due to his presence of mind that a collision with one of the other ships of the squadron was averted. After he

had been some months on the *Iowa*, Lieutenant Luby was selected to accompany the Nicaragua Canal Commission on its recent visit of exploration. He was chosen for this important duty on account of his hydrographic training and experience in this line of work. The hydrographic party had completed about two-thirds of its work and had nearly completed the delineation of Nicaragua Lake when news was received of the war with Spain. The officers and men of the party at once cabled their request to be recalled for active service. In accord with their request they were ordered home. Upon his arrival, Lieutenant Luby was sent to Norfolk to assist in fitting out the *Yankton*, a steam yacht which is classed as a torpedo-boat destroyer. He was shortly appointed executive officer. The *Yankton* was utilized in maintaining the blockade on the Cuban coast. He has performed the maximum sea duty for a man of his grade, about thirteen years.

At the close of the war Mr. Luby was detached from the *Yankton* and ordered to shore duty in connection with the Training Station at Newport, where he is at present located.

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following correspondence is so important that we cheerfully give it place here. It is, moreover, sufficiently interesting to command the attention of educationists throughout the country.

EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE.

Editor Catholic World, New York City.

DEAR SIR: We have read with much interest "College Work for Catholic Girls," which appears in the November issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD; and for the further information of the author, Professor O'Malley, we have the pleasure of sending you a copy of our annual catalogue, which we request you to forward to him. If Professor O'Malley will examine our Course of Study, etc., he will find that we have already in successful *working* order many of the improvements he *suggests*. In September, 1895, a class of students entered upon the studies of a regular college course of four years; in June, 1899 (D. V.), four will receive the degree of B. A., and two the degree of B. L. Last year ninety-five students registered in the Preparatory School, and sixty in the College Department; this year the condition of the school is even more satisfactory.

Our friends and patrons who are readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have urged us to request you to correct, in your next issue, the omission of Notre Dame of Maryland from the list of colleges. This we leave to your sense of justice, convinced that you will not hesitate "to render honor to whom honor is due."

As the article bears the *imprimatur* of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the most important Catholic *literary* authority in America, and the author claims to have made a *study of existing realities*, henceforward the article will be quoted as truthful in its statements and justified in its omissions.

Notre Dame of Maryland represents an outlay approximating \$500,000, for land, buildings, and equipments; and, with the exception of a small amount, this was all contributed exclusively by the members of the order for the establishment and maintenance of a school of the highest rank.

We are sure you will agree with us that this magnificent contribution to the cause of the Catholic education of girls and women in America deserves, at least, a *passing* notice. Very sincerely,

SCHOOL SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME, Baltimore, Md.

The Editor of The Catholic World:

SIR: I learned from an advertisement in a magazine, after my article on "College Work for Catholic Girls" was published, that the Convent of Notre Dame of Maryland, Charles St. Avenue, Baltimore, has power to give degrees, and that it has college courses. I have also heard that St. Mary's of the Woods, Terre Haute, Indiana, has permission to grant degrees. In my article I did not say that the two convents named therein are the only Catholic institutions for girls that confer degrees; my words were: "I do not know whether or not there are other convent schools having faculty to give degrees." There is no way to get at reliable information concerning our educational work. If I write to a non-Catholic college for information, I always receive a prompt and full reply; if I write to our own colleges, I receive answers in about forty per centum of the cases. I was obliged recently to travel 172 miles and lose three days time to get information that a librarian in a certain Catholic college could have given me after fifteen minutes work, but he would not. The information was a mere quotation from a book. Our convents and colleges will not send information to the United States Commissioner of Education, they will not send a catalogue except in rare cases, and when one does get a catalogue it is a prospectus that means nothing.

I should be delighted to receive many corrections like that sent from Notre Dame of Baltimore. I have known of that convent for years as an excellent school, but I had no means of learning that it is doing college work except from a chance advertisement in a magazine after the article was published. The leading colleges in the country exchange catalogues yearly; if our Catholic institutions do so there will be no excuse for neglect. AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Christian Literature Company of New York City has published a series of denominational histories prepared under the auspices of the American Society of Church History. As factors in promoting the welfare of the United States the churches deserve attentive study. Social and religious forces are often found in combination, and are strengthened by the alliance of Church organizations. Hence there should be no hesitation in allowing a place for these representative works on the church history of our country in every public library and in the institutions devoted to higher education which claim to be free from sectarian animosities. The members of Reading Circles can do a useful service by taking up this matter, not for a day only, but for the whole new year of 1899. They can inquire at the local public libraries whether any of these books have as yet been introduced for general circulation. Catholics will naturally be on the alert to secure equal rights for the ninth volume of the series, entitled *A History of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States*, which was written by the Right Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, D.D. It contains a valuable bibliography giving works of reference relating to the Norse hierarchy in America and subsequent developments down to the present time. The mission epoch may be considered as beginning with the arrival of the first Catholic missionary, and extending to the appointment of Bishop Carroll in 1789. From that date the church has had an organized growth, and a remarkable increase of membership from the immigration of thousands born in the Catholic countries of Europe as well as from the conversions of non-Catholics.

In conjunction with the book written by Bishop O'Gorman the following works of reference may also be used to advantage by Reading Circles, or individual students :

Rt. Rev. Thomas O'Gorman.—*Catholic Church in the United States.*

John Gilmary Shea.—*The Catholic Church in the United States; Missions among the Indians in the United States, 1524-1854; The Catholic Church in Colonial Days; Life of Father Isaac Jogues, S.J.; Life of Archbishop Carroll of Baltimore.*

John O'Kane Murray.—*A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States; Catholic Pioneers in America.*

Rev. P. J. De Smet.—*Indian Sketches.*

Right Rev. J. L. Spalding.—*Life of Archbishop Spalding; Catholic Colonization in America.*

Lawrence Kehoe.—*Works of the Most Rev. John Hughes.*

Most Rev. J. R. Bayley.—*Memoirs of Rev. Simon William Gabriel Bruté; Early History of the Catholic Church on the Island of New York.*

Henry J. Brownson.—*Complete Works of Orestes A. Brownson.* (In twenty volumes.)

Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy. (In three volumes.)

Rev. A. A. Lambing.—*History of the Church in Pittsburgh and Alleghany.*

Rev. Charles T. White.—*Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton.*

Richard A. Clarke.—*Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States.*

Right Rev. C. Maes.—*Life of Rev. Charles Nerinckx.*

Rev. Eugene Grimm.—Life of Right Rev. John N. Neumann, D.D., Fourth Bishop of Philadelphia.

Very Rev. Joachim Adam.—Life of Venerable Padre Junipero Serra.

Rev. James J. McGovern.—Life and Writings of the Right Rev. John McMullen, D.D., First Bishop of Davenport, Iowa.

Very Rev. I. T. Hecker.—The Church and the Age.

Very Rev. A. F. Hewit.—Life of the Rev. Francis A. Baker; The King's Highway.

Rev. Walter Elliott.—Life of Father Hecker.

Rev. James Kent Stone.—The Invitation Heeded.

Cardinal Gibbons.—The Faith of Our Fathers; Our Christian Heritage.

Eleanor C. Donnelly.—Life of Father Barbelin, S.J.

Ellen H. Walworth.—Life and Times of Kateri Tegakwitha, 1656–1680.

Some of the biographical works mentioned in this list throw a strong light on the history of certain places; others, of a doctrinal character, contain refutations of historical misrepresentations. Any suggestions concerning books not mentioned may be sent to the Columbian Reading Union, 415 West 59th Street, New York City. It is desirable to include every book worthy of notice.

It is to be regretted that the following books, entitled to a place on this list, are now out of print: Oregon Missions and Travels over the Rocky Mountains, by Rev. P. J. De Smet, S.J.; The Catholic Church in the United States, by Henry De Courcy; Life and Times of Rt. Rev. J. Timon, D.D., by Charles G. Daithes; Memoir and Letters of Mrs. E. A. Seton (in two volumes), by Rt. Rev. R. Seton, D.D.; Life of Rev. D. A. Galitzin, by Sarah M. Brownson; Memoir of Rev. I. Jogues, S.J. (in three volumes), by Very Rev. Thomas Hayden; Life of Mother Julia, Foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame; History of Maryland, by J. T. Scharf; History of Irish Settlers in the United States, by T. Darcy McGee; Memoir of Commodore John Barry; Memoir of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

For historical accuracy and judicious treatment some books by non-Catholic writers deserve notice, among which may be mentioned: Early Jesuit Missions in North America, by W. T. Kipp; Memoir of Roger B. Taney, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, by S. Tyler, LL.D.; Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century, by Parkman. The evidence in favor of Catholic affairs gathered by these writers has a unique value, because the charge of undue partiality cannot be made against them.

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We are informed that under the able direction of Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago, the Duchesne Catholic Reading Circle, composed of alumnae of the Sacred Heart Institute, has adopted for the season of 1898–9 a comprehensive course of study on the genesis of the American commonwealth. The outline of topics is as follows:

Voyages before Columbus. Myths of a new world. Prevalent ideas of the physical characteristics of the globe. Navigation and ship-building at the end of the fifteenth century.

Columbus: youth, education, dreams, achievements. Humiliation, death, triumph.

The successors of Columbus. Disposal of their respective claims. Drift of the new settlements into an American commonwealth. Racial traits of the new ethnical type. The English strain. The strain from Ireland. The Dutch strain. Later increments. How the nation is now composed.

Economic discontent primary cause of the American Revolution, as shown by debates in Parliament and British and Irish literature. Foreign forces, moral and material, on the opposing sides. Frederick the Great. Catherine of Russia. American agents seeking aid abroad.

Washington, central figure among the soldiers and statesmen of the Revolution. His chief native and foreign counsellors and lieutenants. Domestic and foreign calumny of Washington. His forecast of a foreign policy for the new nation.

Historic democracy in Greece and Italy, and struggles for liberty among the German people, in France and in Ireland, potential in shaping the mould of the American commonwealth.

Colonial forms of government modified by climate and natural resources. Debates in the constitutional convention indicating diversity of prejudice and conviction concerning race, color, social lines, and perpetuity of the national Union. Fundamental traits of the Constitution, causes and effects of amendments.

Experiments toward a national method of revenue-raising. Disposal of the public lands. Effects of the Homestead Law. Comparison of the numbers and resources on opposing sides of the Revolutionary War with the numbers and resources on opposing sides of the Civil War, to illustrate the growth of the commonwealth.

Public and private education. Moral traits of the nation as disclosed in modification of traditional laws relating to childhood, woman, labor, and the dependent groups. Religious liberty. Spirituality of the nation.

Money history. Expansion by conquest, purchase, and accretion. Literature, music, and art.

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The Ozanam Reading Circle of New York City arranged for the opening lecture, season of 1898-9, a study of Coventry Patmore by the Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe, C.S.P. The fund realized by charging an admission fee was devoted to the purchase of books for the Paulist Parish Library.

Coventry Patmore died December 1, 1896, and was buried from the little Catholic Church at Lymington, England. He was born at Woodford in Essex, July 3, 1823. His father, Peter Patmore, was a friend of Hazlitt and Lamb. Because of his father's connection with the Scott duel of 1821 Thackeray refused to meet the young poet, although he bore a letter of introduction from Robert Browning.

When about fourteen years old he was sent to Paris. He remained there one year attending lectures at the Collège de France. At sixteen he published "The Woodman's Daughter" and "The River." In 1844 he published his first book of poems. It was attacked on all sides, *Blackwood's Magazine* being the most violent in its criticism. Then adverse circumstances drove him to severe poverty. Browning and Bryan Waller Procter helped him. Mrs. Procter prevailed upon Lord Houghton to give him a place in the library of the British Museum. In 1846 he became the friend of Lord Tennyson and Leigh Hunt. In 1847 he met Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Millais. At the invitation of Rossetti he contributed a lyric called "The Seasons" to the Pre-Raphaelite magazine entitled *The Germ*. In 1849 he brought Tennyson and Rossetti together. Subsequently he became a Catholic. His published prose works are "Rod, Root, and Flower," "Religio Poetæ," and "Principle in Art." His poetical works are all published in two volumes, by George Bell & Son, York Street, London.

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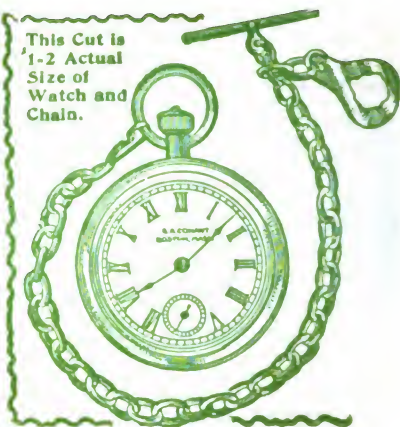
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VOL. LXVIII.

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No. 407.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY REV. W. A. JONES (AUGUSTINIAN).



WITH the treaty just concluded at Paris Spain has forfeited the last remnant of that vast colonial empire which for four centuries had extended into two hemispheres. By the irony of fate her disasters have culminated in the loss of the Philippine archipelago, whose conquest was the nation's crowning achievement in the golden era of her renown. When Magellan had roamed over two seas, to plant the banner of Castile and Leon upon these distant shores, the imperialism of Charles V. was at the zenith of its might. His son, Philip II., had effected a permanent settlement in these most remote possessions of the crown twenty-three years before his "Invincible Armada" was shattered by the fury of the English guns and of the Atlantic tides.

It is not too much to say that Spain has in this eastern archipelago accomplished better results than have attended her flag in other colonies. During the three and a half centuries of her sovereignty the native barbarian hordes have been transformed into the most civilized people of the Orient. The great factor in achieving this marvellous transformation has been the Religious Orders, whose labors have of late been so bitterly reviled in the columns of the public press. In the bitterness of the present strife their fair name seems to be the shining mark against which are hurled the shafts of ignorance and prejudice.

The general opprobrium attached to Spain's usual method

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VOL. LXVIII.—37



SOCIAL LIFE IN THE LARGER CITIES.

of rule over her colonies prevents men from doing justice to the self-sacrificing labors of these truly apostolic men in civilizing and Christianizing the Filipinos. In the name of justice, we but ask that the services of the Religious Orders in the Philippines be considered apart from whatever verdict may be passed upon Spanish rule in that archipelago.

THE COLONIZATION OF THE PHILIPPINES.

The conquest of the Philippine Islands was pre-eminently a work of the Religious Orders of the Catholic Church. The fatality which attended the two armed expeditions sent thither by the Emperor Charles V. disheartened the Spanish hopes of ever acquiring a permanent hold upon these distant possessions. Besides, the unexplored regions of America, so recently discovered by Columbus, afforded the more suitable territory for Spain to spread her empire. Here, too, the adventurer, in his lust of rule or greed for gold, was lured by the stories of fabulous wealth to be had in the New World.

But while Spain was intent upon pouring her armies over the plains of Mexico and Peru, holy missionaries of that chivalrous country were yearning for an opportunity to carry the Gospel of Christ to the savage tribes inhabiting the Philippines. In their zeal for souls they were not daunted by the perils of

the two seas which separated these benighted people from the shores of Europe. The object appealed powerfully to the religious enthusiasm of the ruling monarch, Philip II., who had ever shown himself an adept in making religion subserve the interests of Spain. He accordingly entered heartily into the plan to provide suitable transport for those who should embark in the enterprise.

Father Andrew de Urdaneta, O.S.A., seemed the providential medium through which to execute this holy undertaking. Before receiving the religious habit he had won distinction in the Sicilian and Italian wars in behalf of his native country, Spain. He was also a cosmographer of national repute, and had accompanied an early expedition to the Molucca Islands during the reign of Charles V. He was at this time in Mexico, laboring with the little band of missionaries sent thither (1533) by St. Thomas of Villanova to evangelize the Red Men. Instinctively the king turned to him as the guiding spirit of this hazardous enterprise. Father Urdaneta was chosen superior of the five



SPAIN ACCOMPLISHED BETTER RESULTS IN THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.

Augustinians destined for this mission. By royal decree he was also vested with the title of "Protector of the Indians," which accorded him a position in the Philippines similar to that of the venerable Dominican Las Casas in the West Indies.

On the fleet, numbering four vessels and a tender, under the command of the celebrated Legazpe, these intrepid soldiers of the cross sailed (1564) from the port of Natividad, Mexico. Having passed through the Barbadoes and Ladrone Islands, the Philippines were first sighted February 13, 1565. The Spaniards succeeded at length in communicating with the natives of Cebu Island, and finally induced them, April 25, 1565, to open the city of that name to their entrance.

THE CONDITION OF THE PHILIPPINES IN 1564.

When Father Urdaneta, O.S.A., and his four colaborers first planted the cross on these islands the inhabitants were steeped in the worst species of idolatry. The stars, the animals, and various plants were the objects of their adoration. A bird called *tigmamanuquin* was one of their principal divinities. The crow they revered as lord of the earth, and the alligator, the lord of the seas. They believed that the human race sprang from the vegetable kingdom, and that the soul is material. Such delusions, together with a belief in the sorcerers and various superstitions regarding the hooting of the owl and the appearance of the snake, completed the religious ideas of the Filipinos.

In the political order they were divided into various tribes. Their leading pursuit was to wage war among themselves and to reduce the vanquished to slavery, when not diverted from this method of self-destruction by the encroachments of the Moors or of the pirates from China and Japan. Although the islands were only sparsely inhabited, and the soil most fertile by nature, they failed from ignorance and indolence to husband the necessaries of life. Twenty-five thousand families are said to have perished from starvation in one year in the Island of Panay.

Slavery among the natives was of the most abject nature; the master possessed the power of life and death over his subjects. Yet this cruel condition of durance was the portion of about half the people of the entire archipelago on the arrival of the Spanish missionaries. Marriage was not held in esteem. The practice of polygamy prevailed, and the natives were wholly insensible to the meaning of purity and morality, as well as of any knowledge beyond their immediate surroundings. Brutal instincts seemed to dominate these people. The various dialects in use among the tribes were devoid of any word to express the universal idea. Idleness, a propensity for amuse-



THE NATIVE FILIPINOS ARE NOTED FOR DOMESTIC VIRTUE.

ment and disregard for the truth, were predominant, together with a proneness to sensuality of a most degrading nature. The natives, long accustomed to be a prey to the maraudings of the pirates who infested the eastern seas, were warlike, treacherous, and suspicious of strangers. The chief obstacle encountered by the Spaniards was the extreme mistrust of the inhabitants toward invaders. Yet, in view of this hostile spirit, Spain accomplished the subjugation of the islands without having recourse to those appalling massacres which so often had been the forerunner of her conquests in South America and Mexico.

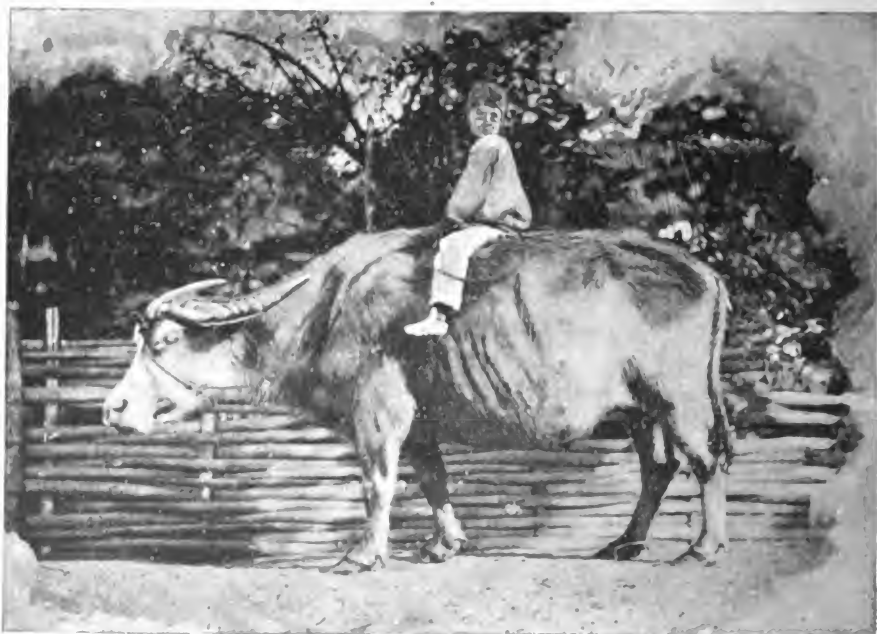
THE CONQUEST OF THE PHILIPPINES DUE TO THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

But the triumph was not one of Spanish arms, but rather the result of the religious influence of the Catholic missionaries, who in the early period of Spanish domination were unhampered by that iniquitous legislation in civil affairs which in

after years retarded the progress of their work. The early volunteers for this most remote possession of Spain were priests armed with the Gospel of Christ to win souls to the standard of the Cross; they were not soldiers armed with rapier and spear to conquer subjects to Spain.

Before the end of the sixteenth century, within a period of thirty years from the first arrival of missionaries among the million and a half barbarians, the Augustinians alone had sent two hundred and nineteen priests of that order to the Philippines.

At first this religious body enjoyed exclusive right in ecclesiastical affairs over the whole archipelago. But it was soon apparent to the fathers of the order that this one institute of the church was unequal to the demand of supplying a sufficient number of laborers for the entire district. Accordingly, on the representation of the Augustinians, the Holy See invited other religious bodies to aid in propagating the faith among the natives. In the year 1577 the Franciscan Fathers sent seven-



RAPID TRANSIT IS NOT THOROUGHLY DEVELOPED.

teen priests of their order to share the arduous undertaking. Four years later two Jesuit fathers entered upon the same mission, followed by the Dominicans in 1587, and by the Discalced Augustinians (1606), who are known in the Philippines



THE RICH TROPICAL VEGETATION.

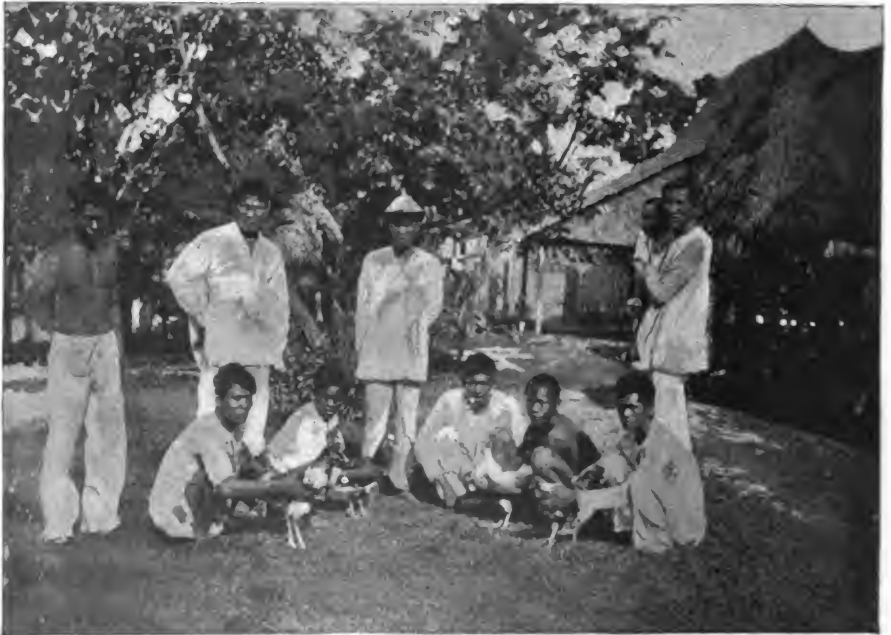
as "Recoletos." These different religious orders were welcomed by the Augustinian pioneers and were made sharers in common of the apostolic faculties. Provinces and islands were assigned to the respective communities, whose numbers were rapidly augmented. And they labored with a holy emulation to advance the kingdom of God among these benighted people. Upon them devolved the giant task of effecting the moral, civil, and religious transformation of degraded savages.

THE RELIGIOUS THE BENEFACTORS OF THE FILIPINOS.

From the first the natives of the Philippines took kindly to the mission of the priests among them. Their fiercer nature seemed tamed by the holy maxims of the Gospel, whose force and influence were accentuated by the zeal and self-sacrifice with which it was preached among them. To the missionary the people turned with confidence and love, as to a father who so often shielded them from the oppression of the mercenaries of the government. From the day that Legazpe entered Cebu, after a slight skirmish with the inhabitants, never, until the present insurrection, were the natives arrayed against their priests. Rather, the influence and example of these apostolic men, who cheerfully forsook European homes of comfort to

labor for the cause of religion and humanity in the Philippines, elicited the unswerving devotion and loyalty of the natives. While Spain sent her armed expeditions roving over Mexico and Peru in search of treasured wealth, leaving in their trail the horrors vividly portrayed by the saintly Las Casas, the friars went fearlessly among the Indians with no protection other than the sacredness of their mission. Yet these ministers of the gospel, whose successors to-day are so grievously maligned because their services have been misunderstood, accomplished results which alone ought to silence their calumniators. Through their agency Spain has done for the Philippines in the work of civilization what England with her boasted school, and France with all her vaunted enlightenment, have failed to do in India under more congenial surroundings.

Jean Réclus, the noted French scholar and living witness, whose avowed liberalism but adds to the testimony he offers in his *Nouvelle Géographie Universelle* on this subject, thus writes :



THEIR SAVAGE INSTINCTS SOMETIMES REASSERT THEMSELVES.

"The Filipinos are the most civilized people of the Orient. The friars have civilized them. If in matters of industry, commerce, and enlightenment they be inferior to the Japanese, they nevertheless occupy in another respect a superior plane.



FILIPINOS TOOK KINDLY TO THE MISSION OF THE PRIESTS.

They are not a mere mass of islanders held by lords in a state of hopeless dependence. While the oriental subjects of Holland regarded their conquerors as men of a different order of being, the Spaniard, in the person of the friars, has identified himself with the Filipinos, and thus elevated their moral standard. Gradually have they become imbued with European culture, without suffering through the process those miseries which so often accompany a too rapid transformation. It is the *cura*—that is, the friar—rather than the soldiers and cannons that secures to Spain the loyal submission of the natives."

THE MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE RELIGIOUS.

The members of the various religious orders laboring in the Philippines, instead of living in large communities, are usually found scattered in small bands throughout the entire archipelago. In each settlement, or *pueblo*, a priest took up his habitation, and cheerfully shared with the natives the hardships consequent on their barbarous mode of life. From the Island of Cebu they have gradually advanced their labors, and have even penetrated districts which never acknowledged Spanish sovereignty. In the year 1892 the aforementioned five bodies of

religious had resident priests located in 652 missions established in the Philippines. The number of Catholics subject to their spiritual care was 5,159,384. For the same year, not including the Jesuit missions, 221,419 had received the sacrament of baptism, 51,025 marriages had been registered, and 191,132 had received Christian burial.

Each of their various missions, to which schools are invariably attached, is a centre of genuine Catholic devotion and enlightenment. At the daily Mass, which is offered in every church, the children attend in a body. Here they join in reciting the Rosary and in singing various hymns of devotion. Afterwards they repair to the school, where they are taught the rudiments of education. Besides, the girls are instructed by an organization of matronly ladies in all that pertains to their sphere of usefulness. Every Saturday is held a special devotion in honor of the Blessed Virgin, on which occasion the goodly attendance of the faithful bespeaks their reverence for the Queen of Heaven. On Sundays the children form in procession at the school, whence they proceed to the church bearing a banner of the Blessed Virgin and chanting devotional hymns and lessons in Christian doctrine arranged in verse. Their appearance in public is the signal for all to assemble at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, during which the congregation join in singing the Gloria and Credo.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN THE WORK OF EDUCATION.

Meantime the religious orders have not failed to embrace every opportunity to elevate the moral and intellectual standard among the Filipinos. They alone have been the organized bodies possessing that influence and means which are so necessary to accomplish the undertaking. Through them have been established and maintained various institutions to administer charity and promote education.

In the year 1595 the Jesuits founded a university and a preparatory school in Manila. They also conduct the normal school (Manila) in which are trained and educated the teachers destined for the schools attached to the various missions throughout the various islands. While the college of San Felipe, under these fathers of the Society of Jesus, is well known, the official university of the Philippines is that of St. Thomas, under the care of the Dominicans. The other orders maintain special institutions for the education of those who enter their ranks, besides superintending numerous orphanages and asylums

for the needy. The members of these religious orders in the Philippine provinces occupy a foremost place in the literary and scientific world. To them, in a particular manner, belongs the credit of having made possible the study of the various dialects



BARBARIAN HORDES TRANSFORMED INTO A MOST CIVILIZED PEOPLE.

spoken among the different tribes. They have been active co-operators in every effort to stimulate the interest which of late years has been manifest in this branch of general knowledge.

THE RELIGIOUS A FACTOR IN THE NATIONAL LIFE OF THE PEOPLE.

The circumstances surrounding the early labors of the missionaries in the Philippines were calculated to arouse both national sentiment and religious enthusiasm. The whole archipelago was in imminent peril of succumbing to the slavery of the Mohammedans, who dwelt in tribes upon the shores and in the low lands of the islands. According to some the disciples of Mohammed in this remote part of the globe were originally immigrants from India, while others claim they were natives of the islands and converted to the Mohammedan belief by traders from the west.

The fact is, the Moorish Malays comprised a fierce and ag-

gressive race. They lived subject to sultans and were expert seamen. They knew no avocation other than war, by means of which they secured captives to man their galleys, and slaves whom they chiefly utilized in diving for coral and pearl in the bed of the sea. The traditional hatred of the Spaniard for the Moor and the memory of the bondage to which Spain had been reduced by the followers of Mohammed inspired the missionaries to wage a crusade against their aggressions. Here in the distant archipelago the Cross and Crescent met in mortal combat, as they met of old on the plains of Granada. The priests went among the different tribes, whom they organized into efficient bands of warriors, under their respective chiefs.

They also advanced to the battle-field with Cross uplifted to inspire the hearts of the natives.

Thus one of the first lessons of practical import taught the Filipinos was the sacredness of dying in defence of their wives and daughters, and of the liberty and independence of the nation. Owing to the well-organized and aggressive crusade thus inaugurated, the Moors were not only stayed in their ravages, but forced to take refuge in the southern portion of the archipelago, where they ceased to be a



THE CHINESE ARE NUMEROUS IN MANILA.

menace to the cause of civilization and Christianity.

In 1574 the pirate Li-wa-Hong attacked Manila with seventy-two ships and a large army. The governor, Don Juan de Salledo, summoned all the Spaniards then in the island, whose

number did not exceed two hundred and fifty, and entrenching themselves in the cathedral, they prepared to dispute possession with the invaders. But meantime the missionaries amassed an army of fifteen hundred Tagals, and by their assistance drove the Chinese beyond the borders, destroying many of the ships. In 1602 the Chinese inhabitants of Manila, being very numerous, formed an insurrection with the avowed purpose of securing possession of the entire Island of Luzon. Again the missionaries, the natural defenders of the islands, aroused the people to the danger. The Chinese, though having made themselves comparative masters of Manila, were powerless to withstand the onslaught of the natives, gathered from the surrounding district, who, led by the missionaries, caused twenty-three thousand of the enemy to fall by the sword. In succeeding ages the missionaries were the leaders in forming the national defence of the inhabitants against the various invaders. The Dutch were repeatedly routed in the seventeenth century; and in 1762, when England stormed and captured Manila, their most relentless opponents were the missionaries, who marshalled the natives with a spirit of bitter determination.



A TYPICAL TAGAL.

THE OPPOSITION TO THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

But the spectacle of the Philippines to-day seems like a cruel travesty upon the foregoing facts. The mad populace, in the throes of revolution, now spare neither the life nor the property of the religious. The plot for their destruction, which

was designed less in hatred of Spain than of the Catholic Church, is being executed by an irresponsible rabble of the archipelago, who are led by vandals and assassins.

There are two elements in the conspiracy against the religious orders which deserve a special notice. The one was the party in the Philippines aspiring for national independence, of which the ill-fated Rizal was the avowed leader. In their yearning for freedom and for deliverance from the yoke of Spanish sovereignty they saw the need to strike down the religious orders, who were the one bulwark of Spain.

Side by side with the national patriot the Masons, the Liberals and anti-Catholics of Spain have worked unceasingly to overthrow the religious orders. It is they who have used the Filipinos' love for liberty to gratify their own malignant greed, even though their country has been sacrificed as a result. The two wings of the organization in Spain have for their respective leaders Senor Alas and Senor Ibañez. The former is uncompromising in his demand for the expulsion of the orders from the Philippines. The latter boldly voices the gibbet as the most natural means of disposing of them. These have adopted systematic methods of vilifying the religious orders. Before the peninsula government the friars are represented as disloyal to the interest of the mother country; while abroad, and particularly among the simple natives of the Philippines, they are calumniated and made answerable for the Spanish rule.

The dominant power which these so-called patriots exert in the government of Spain is too well known by the prelates of the Catholic Church. No later than the 21st of April of the present year the superiors of the five religious bodies laboring in the Philippines addressed a memorial to the crown and to the minister of the colonies, lamenting the cover of protection accorded those employed in the propagandism of falsehood and calumny.

But the downfall of the religious in the Philippines is not the ulterior aim of this body. Thrice within the present century has this spirit of irreligion gained the ascendancy in Spain. And in each of the revolutions which swept the unfortunate peninsula the church has been despoiled. After the upheavals of 1839 there were but three religious communities of men in all Spain. These were exempt from the general ban merely because they were needed to maintain the missionaries in the Philippines.

The same spirit of irreligion seeks to gain favor to-day by discrediting the institutions of the church. The fomenters of this evil spirit and those swayed by its influence have availed themselves of the basest methods to undo the religious orders in the Philippines and to vilify their members.

The withdrawal of the Spanish flag from the Philippines cannot be regarded as a catastrophe to the religious orders. The questionable support received by them from that government was poor requital for the odium and suffering it has entailed. Gladly should this be forfeited for the protection which the United States guarantees to property and individuals. And with this safeguard the religious orders, under more favorable auspices than in the past, may still continue their sacred mission among the Filipinos.



THE ART OF HUSBANDRY IS WELL DEVELOPED.

RICHES UNUSED.

BY REV. GEORGE LEE, C.S.Sp.



ULL is the promised Fount
 Whence wells the saving flood
 That makes the waste to bud :
 Only the Word can count
 How Thou bearest wealth, and bringest
 health,
 O Precious Blood !

Yet are there blighted souls
 Who starve in sorest need,
 From thirst are never freed,
 Near though the great tide rolls ;
 Where is lust of earth, there's ceaseless dearth :
 O drink, indeed !

Many still wander far
 In painèd pleasure's quest,
 In hungry sin's unrest,
 Wide while that door's ajar
 Where a board is spread, with angels' bread,
 O Chalice blest !

Sad that enfranchised men—
 By penance dropped in fear,
 By passion's slavery drear—
 Sadder than thought or ken !
 Should at last be found in hell-toils bound ;
 O Ransom dear !

Saddest our cruel loss,
 The infant crowds unpriced !
 To whom had well sufficed—
 Strongly so pleads the Cross—
 Of Thy laver pure one touch secure,
 O Blood of Christ !

SHEILA'S PRESENTIMENT.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND,

Author of "A Striking Contrast," "Kathleen Mavourneen."

AM afraid it meant waiting still longer, Sheila," said Gerald sadly. "The rise I had hoped for has not come, and now that poor uncle's money is not forthcoming, I have nothing to expect from any outside source. It would be worse than folly to marry on my present salary."

"Indeed it would," I answered quickly. "And you must be brave and patient."

"I try to be; but it's dreary work. And you can't imagine how I long to be with you, sweetheart."

"I think I have a good idea," I said, knowing how keenly I felt our separation myself. "I wish we dared risk marrying on your salary and my thirty-five pounds."

"You could not earn it as a married woman, dearest. You would have enough to do then—too much to allow you to work as a daily governess."

"Perhaps. But your uncle's money may soon be found. Since he made a will leaving thousands to you, there must be some somewhere."

"I think not. The old man fancied he had money; but it can only have been a fancy. Beyond a few pounds, the farm, and a few head of cattle, we can find nothing. Bree Farm he has left to my mother. So, I am thankful to say, she has a home."

"Yes; that's a blessing. But to me the whole thing is a mystery. Your uncle must have had money. Remember how he lived. Poor father used to say Mr. O'Riley was inclined to be miserly. He never spent a penny he could help."

"I'm sure he didn't. And every one for miles round thought he had saved a goodly sum. But you see they were wrong."

"So it would seem. But I must say I am surprised, though I used to wonder how any man with money could wear the shabby old garments he did. He never suggested a person of wealth."

"He did not go in for smart dressing," said Gerald, laughing. "It was not his way to spend money on himself."

"Nor on his nephew, I used to think."

Gerald moved a little closer to me, and laid his hand on mine.

"Let's forget poor old Uncle Pat and his supposed but undiscoverable money-bags, and talk about ourselves, Sheila. How are you getting on? Is Mrs. Easton kind to you? Are you fairly comfortable?"

"Yes; Mrs. Easton is very good and the children are sweet. I take all my meals with them now and only go back to my attic to sleep."

"It's a hard life, darling, and oh, Sheila! what a difference even a little money would have made to us."

"Don't think about it, dear one. You'll get a rise in your salary and then we sha'n't care."

"Some day. And then I'll make it all up to you, my sweet girl. We'll be very happy yet. I know we shall."

I looked at him, my eyes full of love and trust, and pressed his hand warmly within my own.

"I'm sure we shall, dear Gerald. And now, don't trouble about me. Your life, drudging away in your gloomy office, is more trying than mine."

"You are a brave little soul and deserve a better fate. Do you never grumble, Sheila?"

Tears sprang to my eyes, and I gazed up silently at the blue sky, remembering how often I had grumbled and complained when I first learned that my father had speculated so unwisely that when he died he left his children penniless. It had been a hard trial to leave home and face the world as a governess in London, and I had borne it with but a small show of patience. In my first situation I was haughty and disagreeable. An ill-tempered governess no one could tolerate, and I was promptly dismissed. In my next place I would have fared no better had not the knowledge that Gerald O'Riley loved me come suddenly to soften my despairing heart, and given me a courage and strength altogether new to me. That he was poor and could not marry me, perhaps, for years, hardly troubled me. The hope that I should one day be his wife, the thought of his love, filled me with happiness, and the whole world was changed. Things that had been wont to annoy me did so no longer. Seeing how patiently Gerald worked, I resolved to do the same. All my bitterness departed. I grew

cheerful, gentle, and forbearing, and every one became kind and obliging to me. Through the interest of a friend I obtained a situation with the Eastons, and my worst days were over. Mrs. Easton, always kind and considerate, did what she could to make things easy for me. In a short time I loved her and her children very dearly, and found working for and with them a pleasure. Thus, I was able to speak encouraging words to Gerald when we met, and bear our long waiting with a certain degree of equanimity. But when he, who had helped me so much by word and example, praised me for my patience, I remembered the past and felt ashamed.

"One thing we must both think of when inclined to grumble during the next few months, Sheila," he said, wondering, doubtless, why I was still silent; "that is our visit to my mother at Bree. Mrs. Easton will give you a fortnight's holiday at Christmas, I am sure."

"Oh, yes!" I turned to him with a radiant smile. "And won't it be delightful to go back to the dear old place?"

"Most delightful. Something to dream about, Sheila."

"Indeed it will."

And then, as evening closed in, we parted. I to go back to the school-room, where the children awaited me; he to the station to catch the train to Liverpool, where he worked as a salaried clerk in a solicitor's office.

Gerald and I had known each other from our childhood. His father and mine had been old friends and neighbors all their lives. They had both died poor men—John O'Riley when his son was a lad of thirteen; Miles Blake only two years before this story begins. Gerald's father had never been rich; mine had inherited a considerable fortune from an uncle in America, but, led on by a desire to make it more, had lost everything in foolish speculation.

John O'Riley's brother Patrick, a quiet, industrious old farmer, gave his widow a home and sent Gerald first to school and then to the office of a friend of his, in Liverpool.

Pat O'Riley was a strange, rather surly character, but was looked up to and respected by all who knew him. He never breathed a word to any one about his money matters. But he was careful and thrifty, and his neighbors believed him to be possessed of considerable wealth.

"Sure, young Gerald will be able to set up as a gentleman by-and-by," people said when told that he had sought me out in

my dreary loneliness and asked me to be his wife, "for sorra one else has the old man to lave his money to. He'll be a fine match for poor Sheila Blake."

Then very suddenly Pat O'Riley died. Struck down by apoplexy late one afternoon, he expired the next, without recovering speech or consciousness. In his will, clearly and legally executed, he stated that he left six thousand pounds to his beloved nephew Gerald O'Riley. But, though diligent search and inquiries had been made, no trace of any such money could be found.

Gerald's disappointment was great, though he would hardly confess it. He had never believed in his uncle's wealth, but he had hoped that he would have had something to leave him, and these hopes were now completely shattered. The only pleasant thing in the whole business was, that as the little farm was left to his mother, she would have a comfortable home till the end of her days.

During the months that followed my parting from Gerald that afternoon, in Regent's Park, I thought of little but my approaching visit to Ireland. Waking and sleeping the idea was constantly before my mind, and I talked and dreamed of nothing else. At last, to my delight, the desired time came round, and, saying good-by to Mrs. Easton and the children, I started on my journey.

Gerald met me at Holyhead and we went on together to Wexford.

Mrs. O'Riley received us with open arms, and I fairly cried with joy as she led me into her cozy parlor, and, seating me in her own arm-chair, kissed and welcomed me as her daughter.

Bree Farm was a small, lone, white-washed house with narrow windows and thatched roof. It was simple and unpretentious, but homelike and full of sweet memories. And as Gerald and Gerald's mother petted and made much of me, my heart was full of happiness and the little place seemed a paradise.

We sat up talking till far into the night. We had so much to discuss that was interesting, after our long separation, that we could not bring ourselves to say good-night. But although we touched upon many topics, the all-absorbing one, the one to which we recurred, over and over again, was that of Uncle Pat's money.

"Pat didn't believe in banks," Mrs. O'Riley said; "they all smashed up sooner or later, he declared, and Miles Blake's

unfortunate losses determined him never to invest money in anything, I know."

"Had he any to invest?" asked Gerald doubtfully.

"I'm sure he had."

"Then what did he do with it, mother? Bury it in a hole?"

"Maybe, dear," she answered quietly. "Sure, I wouldn't put it past him."

"You've looked well, all over the house, I suppose?"

"Well; I've had up every bit of carpet, opened every mattress, turned out every drawer, ripped the seat off every chair—but not a sight of money, gold or notes, could I find. Unless the old man comes back—"

I started and shivered a little.

"And I don't think he's likely to do that—we'll never know what he did with the money. It's a wonder he rests in his grave—"

"Mother, your frightening the child!" cried Gerald.

I laughed. "Indeed, she's not. I'm not such a goose."

"You've a strong head, I know," he answered fairly; "but you must not try it too far. And now it is quite time you went to bed."

"I think it must be," I said with a yawn, as I rose from my chair. "I am sleepy. To-morrow, Gerald, you and I must have another hunt for your fortune. I have a strong presentiment that I shall find it for you."

"That's right; I have immense confidence in you."

As I bade him good-night and entered my little, low-ceilinged bed-room, I straightway began my search for the missing thousands. I opened all the drawers, shook up the bolster and pillows, turned over the mattress, and, going down on my knees, crept in under the bed. Then it suddenly struck me that I was very silly, and I burst out laughing.

"As if after all Mrs. O'Riley's searching the money would be lying there for me," I cried. "You are a born idiot, Sheila Blake. Or, perhaps, the thoughts of this fortune have turned your brain. You'll not find it here, you may be quite sure. So forget all about it and go to bed."

I took off my dress and, throwing on my dressing-gown, went over to the table and began to brush my hair. The one candle seemed dim to me, accustomed to gas-light, and the weird shadows on floor and ceiling, the uncanny and impenetrable gloom of the distant corners, gave me a sudden feeling of nervous terror. I trembled in every limb.

"I must hurry and get my head under the clothes," I said, "or—" I stopped short, paralyzed with fear. For as I stood before the dressing-table I saw the reflection of a man's figure in the glass. He was old and bent, and very odd-looking, and was seated in a straight-backed chair beside the fire. He wore a dark frieze suit, patched and well worn; was pale and ghostly, and had a pair of spectacles stuck on the bridge of his nose. His head was down, and he leant heavily upon a stout stick that he held in his large, broad hands.

"If Pat O'Riley were not dead, I'd say it was he," I stammered, white to the lips. "What shall I do?" Then, my nerves being strong, I was able, after a moment of terror, to pull myself together and laugh at the absurdity of my fancy and my fears.

"Something has disagreed with me at supper," I said; "there is nothing there." And turning round, I looked across at the chair. It was empty.

"Ah, I thought so; but to make assurance doubly sure I'll sit down." And I walked over and seated myself, half expecting to see the mysterious apparition occupying a place by my side. To my intense relief I was alone in the chair. Delighted that I had proved how completely I had been deceived by my distorted imagination, I jumped up and went back to the dressing-table. But there, to my horror, stood the old man gazing at me, one hand uplifted, the other still grasping his stick. I recoiled, the cold perspiration standing in heavy drops upon my forehead, my eyes fixed upon the strange figure—the figure of Gerald's dead uncle, Pat O'Riley. As I stared at him, fascinated, he beckoned to me and moved slowly towards the door. Terrified, I drew back, clinging to the dressing-table lest I should fall. But, still beckoning, he looked at me imploringly.

"Follow me," he said in a low, sepulchral whisper. "For Gerald's sake come—and come quickly! My time has almost run out."

Drawn on by some unknown power, my knees knocking together so that I felt sure every step must be my last, I staggered after him, out of my room, down the long, narrow passage and short stair, lit only by the rays of a somewhat watery moon, hoping, wishing, praying that Gerald might hear me pass his door, and, wondering what was wrong, come out to my assistance. I tried to call to him, raised my hand to knock as I went slowly by; but no sound came from my trembling lips,

my arm, heavy as lead, hung limp and lifeless by my side. Try as I would, I was powerless to resist the strong, indomitable will of my strange guide, and was obliged, in spite of myself, to follow in his footsteps.

In the hall the old man paused and took a large, rusty key from a nail on the wall above his head. Then, opening a door at the far end of a narrow passage, he passed on into a small room, so filled with lumber of every description that I had considerable difficulty in getting along after him.

Having pushed our way through a quantity of rubbish, boxes, old tools, broken baskets, chairs, and rickety tables, he suddenly stopped short, and, raising his stick, pointed upwards.

"When you find what is hidden there my spirit shall be at peace and walk the earth no more," came from the ghastly lips. "Waste no time, Sheila Blake, but search in the corner. There, well hidden in the thatch, you will discover the treasure you seek."

And the weird figure moved slowly away, then vanished from my sight.

I put my foot upon an old table that stood near, and from it clambered up on to a pile of dilapidated hampers, from whence I felt sure I could touch the low, sloping roof. But, as I stretched forth my hand to grope for the promised treasure, the old baskets toppled over, and with a wild shriek I fell headlong to the ground.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying on my bed, Mrs. O'Riley bathing my forehead and Gerald chafing my hands.

"What is wrong?" I asked, looking from one to the other in surprise. "Have I been ill?"

"No, dear, no," Gerald said. "But—"

"Ah!" I cried, sitting up quickly, "your Uncle Pat came to me, Gerald, and told me where the money was. I know—I know—and I must and will find it."

"Hush, dear!" Gerald looked at me in terror. The dear fellow trembled for my reason, and, hoping to soothe and quiet me, laid a cool hand upon my brow. But I flung it aside.

"You found me in the little lumber-room?" I said.

"Yes. You must have been walking in your sleep, dearest. It is a dangerous habit, Sheila. You must not do it again."

"I was not asleep, but wide awake. And I now know where to find Uncle Pat's money."

"Sheila!"

"Yes; and you'll soon see that I do." And I insisted upon telling him the whole story.

"You were dreaming, dear," he said when I had finished. "Knowing that old chair was Uncle Pat's, you sat down in it to think, and fell asleep.

"I did not know it was his chair, and I did not fall asleep. I was wide awake," I cried, and burst into tears.

"Your nerves are unstrung, dearest. You must get into bed and go to sleep."

"My nerves are all right; and if you don't go this moment and look for that money in the thatched roof of the little lumber room, I'll never speak to you again, Gerald O'Riley."

"Won't to-morrow do?"

"No, no; now!" I was in a fever of excitement. "The old man must be allowed to rest. Quick, Gerald! He charged me to waste no time. Go—oh, do go!"

"Very well; but you must promise not to be disappointed, dearest, if—"

"I sha'n't be disappointed. I'm not afraid."

"Go, dear; if it were only to satisfy her," whispered his mother.

And then, sighing heavily, Gerald opened the door and went out.

I sprang from the bed and paced restlessly up and down the room. My head was burning; my heart throbbed tumultuously.

"What if I did dream it all? What if I really walked in my sleep? What if—"

Gerald appeared upon the threshold, a white packet in his hands.

"Sheila!" he gasped in a voice full of excitement, "it—was—there. It was a strange depository, but the money is quite safe."

I turned and staggered towards him.

"Really? Oh, Gerald!"

"Really, mine own. Our weary waiting is at an end. God bless Uncle Pat; may he rest in peace!"

He drew me into his arms, and with a little sob of rapture I hid my face upon his breast.

MUSIC AS AN EDUCATIONAL FACTOR.

BY MARCELLA REILLY.



ARISTOTLE asks, "Is music a recreation, an occupation for cultured leisure, or a gymnastic for the soul? It is all three," he replies, "and would deserve study for any one of them; but its chief merit lies in its third use."

The Greeks made the study of music fundamental. Its function was ethical. It had a dignity and importance in relation to education and the state, as well as a softening influence on the passions, and was the introduction and foundation to moral, intellectual, and physical education. Although their music was of infinite simplicity compared with ours, they believed it possessed supernatural power; its study was regarded as a corrective of evil tendencies, and a preparation of the soul and body for the acquirement of knowledge.

An important part in the education of every Greek youth was writing the poetry of his native land from dictation. Then he recited and sang it. Through music and poetry he was, from early youth, inspired with sentiments of courage and patriotism, and one may imagine the exquisite sense of poetic beauty, the wealth of language constructions, and fine ear for rhythm which the chanting of Homer and Sappho developed.

That well-nigh perfect bodies were the outward expression of this training seems but a rational sequence. They even held spiritual songs as powerful as medical treatment in restoring the human body to a normal condition, and they disapproved of separating the music from the intellectual element contained in the words, which reduced it, they thought, to a merely sensuous pleasure.

Their motive in music teaching, then, was purely ethical. Its first and chief use being to bring the human soul to that state of harmony and perfect balance which, with a sound body, would enable man to sustain all human relations in a most harmonious manner, and to be effective for the accomplishment of this end, it must, to a certain extent, be studied.

The ideas of the great modern educator and teacher, Froebel, seem to follow closely those of Aristotle, for he would place before the little child short poetical selections representing nature and life. He knew that from the first dawn of

creation music has stood closely to the contemplation of nature, and to the earliest thoughts and feelings of the human race, and he believed all phases of child-life, the homely as well as the most beautiful, should have their fitting expression in song. His disciples, recognizing this, have given rhythms and songs a foremost place in the kindergarten, and make their execution an important part of its training.

From the earliest times music has been the expression of grief as well as joy. In none of the arts do we find such capability for the expression of the accents of sorrow, and in this very utterance enabling the grief-stricken one to find consolation and hope.

The most wonderful increase in the means of music-expression came with the advent of the Christian religion. As it spread through the world, the tonal art became capable of expressing those exquisitely fine emotions of the heart which speak to the mind, like the lightning's flash, of a great and good God, and establish belief in him with an intensity which no other language can convey, nor the subtleties of logic prove.

The early Christian painters beautifully and adequately expressed in their art pictures of the life and feeling of their times, but the choruses of Palestrina and Allegri surpassed them by far, even as their strains mounted above the golden cross which architecture had enthroned on the topmost pinnacle of the Gothic cathedral, symbolizing the yearnings of the heart for its heavenly home.

Church history has furnished many instances of the great power of music over the soul, but none more remarkable than its efficacy in sustaining the faith of the early Christians in the bitter persecution and oppression which followed them. It was their solace in loneliness, a sustaining and comforting power in their dying struggles. During the reign of Nero, who mercilessly condemned them to be burned at the stake, or cast into the arena to be torn by wild beasts, their ecstatic enthusiasm was upheld and sustained by chanting songs in praise of their new faith. By St. Augustine's own confession, he was converted by the divine power of music.

A recent magazine article on Favorite Hymns relates the following incident: On the day following the battle of Sedan a large company of German soldiers, weary and footsore, were quartered in a French church. Overwrought and nervous from the strain of the preceding day, they found it impossible to sleep, notwithstanding their fatigue. One of their number stole to the organ loft, played that strong old hymn, "Now Thank

we all Our God." As its familiar strains floated through the church officers and men took it up and sang with all their hearts. One hymn succeeded another until, after half an hour of music, sleep, so ardently but fruitlessly sought before, stole sweetly over their weary bodies.

At the present time I believe educators and teachers commonly agree upon the importance of training, during the first years of life, the senses, the imagination, and the feelings. The mental impressions furnished by the senses are one of the essential elements of the human intelligence. They are the origin of most of our knowledge. Through their avenues the mind is enriched with a wonderful wealth of ideas. Deprive the human being of any one of them and his power of life suffers. That they should be kept clean, strong, and normal, and their imperfections corrected as far as possible, is of the utmost importance.

If exercise is the great secret of the development and training of them, by constant practice the musician must hear with a degree of accuracy which an untaught person would never attain. Hearing is surely one of the higher senses, because by it we enter into communication with our fellow-beings. Through the ear we learn to know, appreciate, and sympathize with them. It is also a highly artistic sense, and the study of music realizes its most exquisite possibilities.

"Children live in a land of dreams, the young in imagination." This faculty, which they possess in such a wonderful degree, when rightly trained, is a most valuable instrument in developing originality and the creative power. Music is not only a stimulus to individuality, but as a mode of expression is invaluable in fixing and intensifying ideas. Thoughts and feelings are never wholly our own until they are crystallized in expression of some form.

Then the little child not only knows and understands, but he also feels and loves. The first step in moral training is the guiding of the feelings. The emotions are fundamental in education. They determine character. Emotion once aroused, must find an outlet. The necessity for expression is imperative. No great work in art, music, or good for others was ever done except under the pressure of necessity for expression. We call it inspiration. It is simply feeling and seeing so strongly that it must take form.

I think we all feel and know that music is not only language of the emotions, but it is also capable of arousing them, and through expression these emotions become permanent. It

should be the sacred duty of the parent and teacher to direct them, when once aroused, into safe channels, to let them find expression in love, sympathy, active doing of good for others.

The sympathy and good feeling of a class are never greater than when side-by-side its members are singing high and beautiful sentiments. Here is the most complete state of socialization. Natural antipathies and antagonisms melt away and barriers of caste are forgotten. The children go to the next duty rested in body and spiritually regenerated, with higher, stronger purpose, kindlier hearts, and much more keenly alive to true values.

There are many feelings which are the foundation of the greatest virtues, such as love for one's religion, home, country. All these receive a healthful stimulus through music. "A man of feeling has no less value than the man of intellect," says Compayrè, and although it is generally believed that some are born with cold, unsympathetic natures, there should be a great effort made to give them the environment most favorable for the best development of natural possibilities.

It seems to me that music is here very valuable, inasmuch as there is a possibility of stirring such natures indirectly, giving stories and songs which may touch the heart through the mind.

There is also a value in correlating with other subjects of the curriculum. The changing of seasons, birds, insects, leaves, flowers, the stars, the moon, the sky, morning, evening, patriotic anniversaries, home, friendship, love, everything the child knows and which bears on his life, as well as things he has never seen, may become clearer and even glorified by the images formed in singing.

In the Catholic school the scope of music is broader and still more beautiful, for it may be made the most perfect expression of all the church holds sacred and dear. It is inseparably linked with the celebration of solemn, divine service, and here in these schools are being educated the priests of the future. In order that he may sing understandingly and correctly the melodies of the church ritual, a priest must obtain the foundation of music principles, and a love for the best and truest in early youth. This advantage the Catholic school should afford. Here, too, among the girls are the future nuns and mothers. Bishop Spalding says, in his latest book: "It seems doubtful whether a woman who cannot sing and who does not love poetry has the right to marry. If she has no music in herself, how shall she learn to be a mother? How shall she touch the hidden springs of harmony which lie within the souls of children? She should sing to them old songs, full

of aspiration and yearning, of faith in what is high and true, and she will read short poems to them, but only the best. Let her, then, be a good reader as well as a sweet singer."

Commemorating in song and story the recurring feasts of the saints, the Holy Mother, and the life of our Lord Himself, the school year affords a constant opportunity to give children a wealth of valuable religious inspiration and feeling through music,—beginning with September, when, amidst the gorgeous change of the leaves, occurs the birthday of the Blessed Virgin; October for songs of the angels; November for a beautiful setting of the *De Profundis* or *Miserere* of some old master; December, the Nativity; Lent for the study of a *Stabat Mater*, and so on down through the year until we come to May, the queen of the months, dedicated to the honor of Heaven's Queen—which always reminds me of happy years spent in a Western convent, where each May evening the white-veiled girls and gentle nuns met in a little chapel radiant with lights and fragrant with sweet-scented flowers. There, in the soft spring twilight, mingled fresh young voices in litany and hymn, honoring the virtues of the most perfect of women. Is not the memory of such scenes of great value amid the strife and temptation of after-life?

There is an admirable opportunity for culture in the revival of true and pure forms of Catholic hymns and masses. A perfect treasure-house of such music must be lying unused on the book-shelves of Europe, while all too frequently inferior compositions are tolerated in most of our schools, churches, and cathedrals. How seldom is a bit of Palestrina used, not to speak of other great masters, whose names, even, are not known except to a few lovers of true music.

The remedy for this state of affairs lies in training the taste of children in the right direction. Teach them, by the actual singing of good music, that church music has not for its object the giving of sensuous pleasure, but must be of a character to elevate the heart and mind far above mere earthly enjoyment, leading them by its spirituality and truth to reverent contemplation of the Divine Sacrifice commemorated at the altar.

The value of music in school education is just the value of music to the entire life. It should give to the class-room an uplifting, purifying influence, dispel its inevitable worries and cares, enhance the harmony of community of life, improve and gladden leisure hours; in a word, it should make a more receptive, responsive, sympathetic, religious human being.

ADRIENNE, THE WIFE OF LAFAYETTE.

BY L. W. REILLY.



MAGNIFICENT monument to the memory of the celebrated Marquis de Lafayette is about to be erected in Paris. It is to cost \$250,000 and is to be paid for with funds collected from little offerings made by school children in the United States. It is to be unveiled in 1900 during the great Exposition that is to be inaugurated that year in the chief city of France.

While the historical records of two continents are being ransacked for details of the career and for anecdotes illustrative of the character of that renowned champion of popular rights, a biographical sketch of his far nobler wife will be both timely and of use.

Adrienne de Lafayette was a daughter of the Duke d'Ayen, eldest son of the Duke de Noailles, the proudest family in France next to royalty. She was one of five girls, of whom she was the second. She had two brothers, but they both died in infancy.

BEAUTY OF HER FAMILY LIFE.

The mother of the family, the Duchess d'Ayen, was a *grande dame*, worthy of her rank in society and noted for her clear intellect, strong will, high principles, and enlightened piety. She did not leave to others the training of her children. Although they had nurses and governesses, she was their best teacher. She kissed them good morning, she visited them again on her way to Mass, she dined with them at three o'clock, and then for an hour or two she had them with her in her own room. The apartment was large and well lighted, it was hung with crimson damask brocaded with gold, its furniture was rich. "The duchess sat in a rocking-chair near the mantel-piece, with her snuff-box, her books, her needles close at hand; her five daughters grouped themselves round her—the bigger ones on chairs, the smaller on foot-stools—and disputed gently which should be nearest the rocking-chair." Whilst they sewed or embroidered, they chatted gaily about the persons and events that came within their childish orbit, and the mother took pains

to draw moral lessons from the text of their innocent gossip. She read to them; she listened to their reports of their studies; she taught them beautiful prayers and exquisite poems. They gave her their unclouded confidence and vied with one another to please her. All too quickly for them passed the time spent with her.

As the little girls grew somewhat older the duchess exerted more and more influence over the formation of their character. She would never coerce them if she could possibly convince them. She would lend attentive ear to their protests and would reason with them. Once she complained that they were not so prompt to obey her as other children were to mind their parents.

"Small wonder, mamma," replied Adrienne, "because you always let us argue and object; but you will see that at fifteen we shall be much more docile than other girls."

This was a wise answer, that shows the shrewdness of Adrienne's mind; for if the D'Ayen children grew up with the conviction that their mother's commands were reasonable and for their good, their will would become trained to yield promptly to hers.

The mother took special pains with Adrienne. "She always led my over-strong imagination back to the true and simple," the daughter wrote in after years, "and though I must confess that in childhood she had perhaps let me perceive her pride in me too plainly, yet she knew how to correct my conceit about this by a delineation of my faults so vivid, true, and vigorous that it constantly occurred to me, and every time it pierced my heart like an arrow!"

A friend who knew Adrienne, Pauline, and Rosalie in their maturity made the happy saying: "Their mother must have been a blessed woman to have hatched such a brood of angels beneath her wings!"

Louise married her cousin, the Vicomte de Noailles, and was guillotined in 1794. Adrienne became Madame de Lafayette, and died at Paris in 1807. The third daughter was twice married, and died Madame de Thesan in child-birth in 1788. Pauline married M. de Montagu, and died in 1837. Rosalie became Madame de Grammont, and survived until 1853.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY MARRIAGE.

In a home of the highest refinement, under a fostering mother's care, Adrienne's childhood was passed. When she was

twelve years old she had her first great trouble. She was preparing for her First Communion, having already been confirmed, when spiritual darkness settled on her mind. She could not believe in the Real Presence. She was tortured with doubts and scruples. Long afterwards she declared that never in all the other trials of her life had she suffered so grievously. The ceremony was indefinitely postponed, and not until three years later, after the birth of her first child, did she receive that blessed Sacrament.

Before Adrienne was thirteen a suitor for her hand appeared in the person of the Marquis de Lafayette, then a lad who had lately passed his fourteenth birthday. Her mother did not at first favor the match, nor finally consent to it until the young nobleman had agreed to finish his own education and wait two years for the marriage. The wedding took place in June, 1773.

The next two years Adrienne spent with her mother, sometimes in Paris, sometimes at Versailles. She saw a great deal of society in high life, and for her sake and the sake of Louise, who had been married a few months before her, the duchess went to many balls and gave a number of entertainments. The young bride was, of course, presented at court. Then, in 1775, her husband and she set up house for themselves. They spent their winters in Paris and their summers in Auvergne at Chavaniac, the ancestral home of the Lafayettes.

The young marquis, who had been graduated from the Military Academy at Versailles, now joined the army as an officer of the *Noir Mousquetaires*. He was stationed at Metz. There he heard the heroic details of the struggle for independence of England's American colonies. His impulsive heart was set on fire with a flame of love for popular rights and he forthwith resolved to go help those struggling people to achieve their freedom. Almost all his relatives opposed him in what they considered his quixotic project, and some of them even went to the extremity of trying to have him arrested on a warrant from the king; but his magnanimous wife, who was with one infant in arms and was expecting the birth of another one, put down her own feelings and strongly encouraged him to carry out his chivalric purpose.

When Lafayette returned to France in 1779, 1783, and 1785, Adrienne gave him his most rapturous welcome. The people acclaimed him a hero, but to her he was far more than a war-crowned celebrity. He was the light of her life. When he was

with her she was radiant with happiness; when he left her presence she would nearly faint. "One would have called her sentiment a passion," wrote one of her daughters long afterwards, "if this expression were in harmony with the exquisite delicacy which banished every idea of jealousy or, perhaps I should say, all the evil impulses which usually result from it. Nor was she ever exacting, even for a moment. It was not only that she kept from my father every wish that did not suit him—she really had no bitter thought to conceal."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The terrible French Revolution began in 1789 with the meeting of the Notables that was subsequently named the National Assembly. Lafayette was present as a deputy from Auvergne. His family accompanied him from his estate at Chavaniac to Paris. He had then three children—his first daughter, Henriette, having died—namely, George, called after Washington, born in 1779; Anastasie, born in 1783; and Virginie, born in 1785. He took a leading part in the popular movement for a new constitution. His wife was his most intimate confidante and most trusted adviser. She believed in his Declaration of Rights. She shared his dream of a government of the people, by the people, for the people, somewhat like that of the American Republic, but with the king for its permanent president. When, however, order commenced to yield to anarchy, she had forebodings of the extent of the upheaval. "She saw my father," wrote their daughter later on, "at the head of a revolt of which it was impossible to foresee the end; every disorder was judged by her without the faintest illusion; yet she was always supported by his principles, and convinced of the good he could do and the evil he could avert."

As religion became unpopular, Madame Lafayette took pains to show publicly her attachment to it. Just before the Feast of Pikes, in 1790, she led Anastasie to church for First Communion, and when her pastor refused in his pulpit to take the abhorrent "Constitutional oath," she was present to display her sympathy with him. As the persecution progressed her house became a refuge for persecuted priests. She provided a number of them with the means to leave the country. She went so persistently and to such lengths in the manifestation of her devotedness to her faith that she attracted accusing eyes and jeopardized her husband's popularity.

Notwithstanding her own fervent piety, Adrienne gave all

due respect to Lafayette's convictions, or, rather, lack of convictions, concerning the Christian revelation. She did not obtrude her devotions on him. She entertained all his guests with queenly courtesy, even so-called "Constitutional" ecclesiastics as well as free-thinkers of all degrees. She made only one exception. When the Archbishop of Paris took the un-Christian oath, and later called officially as pastor on the Lafayette family, she would not welcome him, but left the house that day and dined out at a friend's.

VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

After the king swore to uphold the new Constitution on September 21, 1791, Lafayette, thinking his work finished, resigned the office of commander of the National Guard and retired to Chavaniac. His wife was delighted to quit turbulent Paris, and she looked forward to a life of tranquillity far from the turmoil of politics. But her joy was short. In the spring of the next year France was at war with the allied princes and the general was summoned from his plough to command the army protecting the frontier. Adrienne's dream of halcyon days was over. She followed him in spirit to the scene of duty. She heard with apprehension of the battles in which he had engaged. In August her heart was dismayed when she learned that he had been declared a traitor to the government, had fled to escape arrest, had been caught by the Allies, and had been imprisoned by Prussia.

As soon as Madame Lafayette—her husband had before this dropped the aristocratic "de"—received the sad news of her husband's incarceration, she had to endure not only the distress that his misfortune caused her, but also a seizure of spiritual misery, during the continuance of which the light so faded from her soul that she gave up receiving Holy Communion. One letter from the marquis, that had been written just after his capture, reached her in September; she heard from him twice in 1793, and then she got no message from him until the summer of 1795. This dearth of tidings from him was a source of unspeakable anxiety to her.

The social chaos grew more confounded after the king had been guillotined and Robespierre was advancing towards the chief power in the government. During this period Madame Lafayette burned all the papers in her home that might be misconstrued against her husband, sent her only son with his tutor to a place of concealment in the mountains, boldly re-

quested the Jacobin authorities to put their seal of loyalty upon her doors, and, when she visited the neighboring town of Brioude, refused to receive any social attentions from "patriot" ladies, declaring: "I regard as an insult every tribute that I cannot share with my husband, every word that tries to separate my cause from his."

IMPRISONMENT AT CHAVANIAC.

On September 10 the château of Chavaniac was surrounded by soldiers of the National Convention, who produced a warrant for the arrest of Madame Lafayette and her conveyance to Paris. Hurriedly she set off with her rude escort for Puy, the capital of the Department of Auvergne, where a legal examination of her was first to be held. Anastasie, then a child of seven, insisted on accompanying her. As they entered the city stones were thrown at them by a rabble of anti-aristocrats. The little girl showed no fear, but tried to shield her mother. "If your father knew that you were here," said Adrienne to her daughter, "he would be worried, but he would be very proud of you." When she was led before the municipal court madame pleaded her husband's cause and her own so calmly, reasonably, and persuasively—recalling his Declaration of Rights and his zeal for republican institutions—that the on-lookers broke out into applause and the officials were won over to her side. She then entreated the judges not to send her to Paris, but if she must be restrained of her liberty, to let her prison be Chavaniac, where she could care for her children, and whence she promised not to stir without permission. So moved was the court by her convincing argument that her request was provisionally granted. The judge wrote to the ministry in Paris, especially to M. Roland, to point out the difficulties in the way of taking a woman to that city, and asking permission to let her stay at home on parole. To this arrangement the ministry consented.

So madame went back from Puy to Chavaniac. But some soldiers were sent to her residence to keep her under espionage. She objected to their presence. She had given her pledge of honor not to leave her estate without permission, and she thought that that should suffice. Accordingly she addressed the authorities: "I declare, messieurs, that if you put a guard at my door I retract my word. I am not shocked at your not believing me an honest woman, for my husband proved much more effectually that he was a good patriot; but I must beg you to

allow me my faith in my own integrity and not to cumber my word with bayonets."

It took a lion's heart for a woman whose husband was under ban as a traitor, and who was herself virtually a prisoner, to speak to the lawless officials like that. But they took her audacious frankness in good part and she gained her point.

PLANS FOR LIBERATING HER HUSBAND.

Now Adrienne set herself the task of liberating her husband. She wrote to Washington begging him to intercede for his former companion-in-arms, and she pleaded so pathetically that the President broke his rule not to meddle in European affairs. She entreated M. Roland to give her a passport to leave France. She implored the same grace from M. Brissot. She addressed a petition to King Frederick of Prussia. She sought assistance in a hundred other quarters. But all her efforts were in vain and most of her letters were even left unanswered.

In the following spring M. Roland sent word to her that she was no longer in detention. But other troubles beset her. She was notified that Lafayette's possessions were sequestered on the ground that he was an *émigré*—that is, a person who had abandoned his country. In June she heard from him from his Magdeburg prison, receiving two letters that described the indignities and hardships to which he was being subjected. Debts pressed upon her for the very necessities of life. She had no income and could get no loan. Her multiplied miseries brought her back to God and to the practice of religion. Then, when she again went to Holy Communion, the American minister to France, Gouverneur Morris, loaned her a large sum of money and refused any security.

Adrienne had new courage by this, of which she gave repeated proofs, for when many ladies, in order to save themselves from danger of the guillotine and their property from risk of confiscation, sought divorces from their husbands, who had fled to other lands, she signed all her letters and documents "La femme Lafayette."

Chavaniac was put up for sale in September by the authorities, but Lafayette's old aunt and his wife made a protest and obtained a postponement of the spoliation.

INCREASING MISFORTUNES.

At last, on November 13, 1793, after repeated domiciliary visits and examinations, Madame Lafayette was arrested in

accordance with the atrocious Decree of the Suspected that ordered the apprehension of all relatives of *émigrés*. She was taken in a cart to the prison of Brioude. Her fortitude rose to meet the magnitude of her misfortune. At once her strong will, her affectionate disposition, and her active temperament made her the visible guardian angel of the crowded pen. She comforted the sorrowful, gave hope to the downcast, and rallied the faint-hearted. In the fetid conditions of the jail, in which sanitary requirements were disregarded, a fever soon broke out. Then the high-born marquise became nurse of the afflicted prisoners. Moreover, she had tribulations of her own to bear, for now she was unnerved by the sad news that her grandmother, her mother, and her favorite sister, Louise, "la céleste vicomtesse," had been arrested and imprisoned in Paris, and shortly afterwards, on May 8, an order was received for her own removal to that city.

Adrienne reached Paris on May 19. She was stunned by the changes in the town—the disorder, the license of the mob, the deaths of persons known to her of which she then heard for the first time, and the daily execution of two to three score persons after a summary and farcical trial. She was incarcerated in the prison of La Petite Force. After a fortnight's stay there she was taken to Le Plessis, which was formerly a college and in which her husband had at one time been a student. There were already about nineteen hundred persons huddled into its rooms. Among these unfortunates Adrienne found her cousin, Madame de Duras, the sister-in-law of Louise.

To add to Madame Lafayette's miseries, her husband's estate of Chavaniac was now sold by the republic, but the old aunt and the children were allowed to stay there for a while.

HORRORS OF PRISON LIFE.

The prison of Le Plessis was like a hell upon earth. It was overcrowded with a motley multitude of men and women, among whom were some of the most vicious and some of the coarsest from the criminal classes, as well as aristocrats, nuns, and other ladies. The jailers were brutes. They starved, abused, insulted, and struck their prisoners. They liked to torment persons of refinement like Madame Lafayette. They made sport of them with indecent jokes, they put them into cells with lewd and blasphemous harridans, they stole their belongings, they taunted them with their reverses, and they constantly reminded them of their probable fate. They were like fiends incarnate.

Following the example of other property-owners, Adrienne drew up her own will. In it she wrote: "I forgive my enemies—if I have any—with all my heart, and my persecutors, whoever they be—even the persecutors of those I love."

Daily the tumbril rolled away from the prison with its load of victims for the guillotine. The marquise became, as it were, used to its call. Once, after she had calmly listened as the names of the condemned for that day were called out, she was complimented on her nerve. She replied: "The idea that one will soon be of their number makes me strong enough to endure such a sight!" But often her heart failed her, and then only faith kept her from collapse and insanity. After hearing of some fresh horror or witnessing some more than ordinarily atrocious outrage in the jail, she would raise her eyes towards heaven and revive her drooping spirit with the whisper: "I believe in God the Father Almighty." And trusting in him she took new courage to face what lay before her.

Small-pox invaded the filthy prison and gave Adrienne and her cousin opportunities for the practice of heroic charity in the care of the patients, which they were zealous and brave to utilize.

On July 22 the Duchess d'Ayen, her husband's mother, and her daughter Louise de Noailles, who had been imprisoned in the Luxembourg, were guillotined. Adrienne heard the next morning of their execution. She was plunged into grief. For days and days she moaned and brooded and wept. Later she wrote to her children: "Thank God for having preserved my life, my mind, my health; do not regret having been far from me. God kept me from revolting against him, but I should not have been able for a long time to endure even the semblance of human consolation."

It was months before the other D'Ayen sisters heard of their great loss. Then Madame de Grammont wrote to Madame de Montagu: "Your own heart will make you judge of mine, which, nevertheless, is less horror-stricken than you might suppose. For the third time since our sorrows, our Lord has visited me and upheld me in my human agony. But Adrienne! the strength of Adrienne! It must be the same Arm that sustains her in her dungeon, for where else could she get her courage!"

END OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

At last the Reign of Terror wore itself out. The people tired of slaughter and of the pandemonium. The leaders of the

wild tyranny that was called a government were turning their fury against one another. Robespierre, who had sent a multitude to their doom, had his own head cut off on July 28, 1794. Then, slowly, order and justice and peace were restored. The prison doors were opened by commissioners from the Committee of Safety and some of the surviving prisoners of the Revolution were set free. Madame de Duras was liberated on October 19. Mr. James Monroe, who was then American minister to France, accompanied by his wife, visited Madame Lafayette in her prison, and also helped to save her life as well as to secure her freedom. His predecessor, Gouverneur Morris, had successfully intervened in her behalf before, for he had warned the government that if it killed the wife of Lafayette all the enemies of popular institutions would rejoice and the opposition to the Republic would receive fresh reinforcements. The Commissioners Legendre and Bourdon de l'Oise called to examine her on October 18, 1794. The former treated her with contumely. "I have old scores against you," he said; "I detest yourself, your husband, and your name." "I will always defend my husband," was the instant reply, "and a name is not a wrong." With equal spirit she answered all his inquiries. He grew more harsh and threatening. When he intimated that he would not release her, she requested him to show her papers to the Committee of Safety. "Ha!" he snorted, "you did not talk so meekly in the old days; you are an insolent!" He would not take the documents and ordered her to be taken back to her cell.

Finally, however, the intercession of the American minister prevailed. Madame Lafayette was transferred, first to the prison in the Rue des Amandiers and then to Notre Dame des Champs. A little later, on January 22, 1795, she was set at liberty.

Like a ghost arisen from a tomb after a dark period of horrors, Adrienne went to thank Mr. Monroe. Next she fled from the city and took refuge with the De Ségurs, Lafayette's cousins, who lived a few miles from town.

GATHERING THE FAMILY TOGETHER.

Free herself, Madame Lafayette's first thought was for the freedom of her husband. She made up her mind to risk all perils and go to him. She decided to send her only son to the United States to the care of Washington, so as to insure his safety and thus get rid of one great embarrassment in the

prosecution of her marital enterprise. She had him brought to her, embraced him, gave him many loving admonitions, and, with a serene countenance but a troubled heart, she bade him good-by, as he and his tutor, M. Frestel, set out for a port from which to sail for America. Then she went in search of her girls and met them in a mountain village near Clermont. The next day was Sunday, and the three assisted at Mass in a chapel among the hills. A day or two later Virginie made her First Communion. Then the party journeyed towards Chavaniac, where the old aunt survived and held on to the ancestral estate, which she had managed to repurchase. At Brioude, Adrienne's sister Rosalie, who during the Revolution had remained safely hidden, with her husband and three children, in the depths of the country, met her and accompanied her home. While waiting for a passport for herself and her daughters, Madame Lafayette, always courageous and business-like, used her time in an endeavor to recover her husband's confiscated property and to secure for herself the farm of Lagrange, forty miles from Paris, which her mother, the Duchess d'Ayen, had bequeathed to her. To accomplish her purpose she made several journeys on foot to Paris. She took great hazards and overcame every obstacle. What would she not dare—was she not working for the one she loved best in all the world and for his children?

Early in September, 1795, the coveted passport was received. But it was made out to give her permission to go to America. Instantly she determined to use it to get out of France and after that to take her chances. So, on September 5, she, her two daughters, and the five De Grammonts sailed from Dunkerque. As soon as the vessel reached Hamburg, they left it and made their way to Altona on the Baltic, where an aunt of the two ladies, Madame de Tessé, had bought a farm and where the whole Montagu family had already found a refuge.

The three sisters had much to say to one another; but Adrienne could neither talk nor listen with a quiet heart—the vision of her husband in a dungeon was always before her mind, as was also her purpose to go to him. He was then at Olmütz, having been turned over by Prussia to the charge of Austria. Accordingly, taking her two little girls with her, she started for Vienna. She went as Mrs. Motiers, a traveller from Connecticut in the United States. Arrived at the Austrian capital, she visited the grand chamberlain, the old Prince of Rosemberg, who formerly had relations with the De Noailles.

He consented, at her sorrowful entreaty, to smuggle her into the presence of the emperor without the knowledge of the ministers. He did obtain for her the desired audience. The monarch received her with courtesy and listened attentively to her long and impassioned plea. She struggled to keep down her feelings, while her very heart trembled with emotion, in order that she might be the more free to speak. But some tears would come. In conclusion she asked that, if the liberation of her husband could not be accorded her, she might be permitted to share his imprisonment.

"I grant your request," was the imperial answer; "his liberty I cannot give, for my hands are tied; but you may go to him and remain with him."

VISITS LAFAYETTE IN PRISON.

As soon as the official permit was signed, Madame Lafayette, with her little girls, set out for Olmütz. On the evening before her arrival she wrote: "I do not know how people bear what we are going to bear to-morrow!" As they neared the town and the driver of the coach pointed out its spires in the distance, Adrienne shed tears of exaltation—of gratitude to God for bringing her so far safe, and of joy at the prospect of again embracing her best beloved. Then, with quavering voice, she broke out in the Song of Tobias—the song that he sung as his son, with a bride, returned to his home—his home in Babylonian captivity: "Thou art great, O Lord, for ever, and thy kingdom is unto all ages. For thou scourgest, and thou savest; thou leadest down to hell, and bringest up again; and there is none that can escape thy hand. Give glory to the Lord, ye children of Israel, and praise him in sight of the Gentiles."

Unannounced, the wife and the daughters of the captive were thrust into his cell. He was so changed by privations, illness, and anxieties that Adrienne for an instant hardly knew him. The sight of him so altered was a great shock to her. But her momentary set-back was forgotten in the flood of joy when she was again locked in his arms.

Lafayette's own health began to improve in the company of his dear ones, especially as some of the wanton rigors of his incarceration were relaxed shortly after the advent of his wife. But she and the children suffered from the confinement. There was an open sewer below their window, the air of the dungeon was foul, the food served was coarse and meagre.

At last one of the girls fell sick with an infectious fever. No privileges were allowed, and not even a separate bed was provided for the other child. Next, Madame Lafayette broke down with blood-poisoning. After all pleadings with the prison officials had failed, she wrote to the emperor imploring him to allow her to see a physician in Vienna. The heartless reply was that she might make the journey to the capital, but that she would not be permitted to return to Olmütz. Life itself was worthless to her on that condition, so she promptly decided to suffer the disease to take its course and to put an end to her existence if it would; better death than further separation from her husband.

Lafayette bore these new troubles with his characteristic equanimity. "He has lost none of his gentleness," Adrienne wrote to her aunt, "and is pushing to excess what you call the weakness of a great passion. You will not be surprised to hear that he makes his friends swear not to plead for him on any occasion except in a way that is compatible with his principles."

RELEASED BY NAPOLEON.

At length, when Napoleon, who had crossed the Alps with his victorious legions from Italy into Austria, demanded as the first condition of peace that Lafayette should be released, the Father of the French Revolution, his wife and daughters, and his two aids-de-camp, De Maubourg and De Pusy, emerged in September, 1797, from their jail.

The Lafayettes went to Dresden, then to Hamburg, and next to Wittmold, near Altona, where they remained for a year, when they moved to Holland and took up their residence at Vianen, near Utrecht. They could not return to France, for the marquis was still under sentence there as a traitor, and the Directoire refused to remove the ban because he would not thank them as in any way accountable for his liberation. He despised them for their divergence from the Constitution which he had sworn to support and for their lawless tyrannies.

Meanwhile Washington had sent a gift of money to Adrienne, an eccentric Englishwoman had settled five thousand dollars a year on Lafayette, George had returned from America, and Anastasie had been married to young De Maubourg.

To attend to the care of their property in France, Adrienne returned to Paris, and thence made trips to Lagrange and Chavaniac. Her health was feeble, but her spirit was still

high. She quickly set in order her business affairs, and then she went back to the metropolis to watch the course of events, to keep her husband posted on the shifting scenes of the kaleidoscope of politics, and to plan for his return. When Napoleon hurried back from Egypt in October, 1799, she felt that the days of the Directoire were numbered, and shortly after the future emperor had obliterated the *de facto* government and proclaimed himself first consul of the Republic she wrote to Lafayette that his exile might as well be brought to an end. He needed no second invitation, and was soon at her side.

RELATIONS WITH THE FIRST CONSUL.

Napoleon was furious at Lafayette's audacity in coming back without his knowledge or consent. He feared the hero of '89. He threatened to put him out of the way. Talleyrand and others who heard these menaces advised the marquis to return to Holland. Then the latter's wife took it upon herself to visit the consul. She made a masterly statement of her husband's devotion to the welfare of the French people and of his freedom from intrigues against the Bonaparte régime. The tyrant was persuaded by it as well as fascinated with her forceful personality.

"I am charmed," he said, "to make your acquaintance, madame, and you have a great deal of mind; but you do not understand me. General Lafayette, however, will understand; and as he has not been in the midst of affairs, he will feel that I can judge better than he. I therefore conjure him to avoid all publicity; I leave it to his patriotism."

When the consul saw that Lafayette had apparently no intention to thrust himself again into politics or to contend with him for the first place in the government, he put aside his own jealousy, restored him to citizenship, and even sought to win his friendship and his support.

The Lafayettes retired to Lagrange and thenceforward made that château their chosen home. The marquis devoted himself to agriculture and his wife gave her time to domestic cares and to works of charity.

In 1802, when the Peace of Amiens took the British statesman Charles Fox to Paris, he paid a long-promised visit to the Lafayettes. He was charmed with the whole family, but he was most captivated by Adrienne—"the woman," he said, "who flew to Olmütz on the wings of love and duty."

George married a daughter of Tracy, who was formerly a

member of the Constituent Assembly, and Virginie was married to Louis de Lasteyrie, an officer in the French army. The whole family lived at Lagrange in patriarchal simplicity and happiness.

Adrienne and Pauline made a sad pilgrimage to Paris to discover the burial-place of their grandmother, mother, and sister. They found in a garret a poor lace-mender who had followed the cart that had carried her father's and brother's corpses, and the bodies of others guillotined that day, from the square of execution to the pit where dust was dumped to dust. She led them to the spot of interment. It was a wild region outside the *Barrière du Trône*, and belonged to a ruined Augustinian monastery. It was known as the Cemetery of Picpus. They determined to buy it. Then they ascertained that the Princess Hohenzollern, whose brother had been guillotined, had purchased the small piece of ground where the victims had actually been buried. But they resolved to get possession of the rest of the land. They raised a large sum of money from their aristocratic acquaintances, secured the property, and restored the chapel. Next they put up a marble tablet behind the altar with the names of sixteen hundred persons, copied from the lists in the *Conciergerie*, who had been executed in the last six weeks of the Terror, and whose remains had been thrown indiscriminately into immense trenches dug in that graveyard to receive them and then filled up. Most of the dead were, strange to say, men and women of the humbler classes. The sisters gave the chapel to the Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration, and made provision for the celebration every morning of a Mass of Requiem.

LAST DAYS.

Now came the last days of Madame Lafayette. The blood-poisoning that had been contracted at Olmütz was never thoroughly cured. It had made her a semi-invalid for years. In the fall of 1807 it broke out again with redoubled virulence. On October 11 she heard Mass for the last time. A few days later she was moved to Madame de Tessé's country-place at Aulnay, and thence, as the malady increased, to that lady's residence in Paris. Her pain was excruciating, her body was covered with open sores, and the virus strangely affected her mind; but her serenity of soul remained unclouded, and her piety shone even in the eclipse of her intellect and the perturbations of her will.

One day Lafayette complimented her on her patience.

"It is true," she answered, "God made me gentle; but it is not like *your* gentleness—I have no such high pretension. You are as strong as you are gentle; you see things on such a big scale. But it is true that I am gentle and you are very good to me."

"It is you who are good and generous," her husband replied, "above all other women. Do you remember my first departure for America—how all the world was in arms against me and you managed to hide your tears at M. de Ségur's wedding? You did not want to look unhappy for fear that I should be blamed for it."

"You are right," she said, "and it was pretty good for a child. But how nice of you to remember things that happened so long ago!"

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

In a long letter to his old friend De Maubourg, the father of the husband of Anastasie, Lafayette wrote full details of Adrienne's sufferings, her fortitude, her piety, her zeal for his conversion, and her peaceful end. These interesting extracts are taken from it:

"Her confessor came to see her. In the evening she said to me: 'If I go into the other world, you will know that I shall be very busy about you. The sacrifice of my life would be nothing, whatever it cost me to part with you, if it assured your eternal happiness.' The day on which she received the last Sacraments (which she did so that her daughters might not feel troubled at the last moment) she set great store on my being present. After this she fell into a state of chronic wandering that lasted till her death. . . . Yet I never saw her mistaken about *me*, excepting once or twice for a moment when she imagined that I was a fervent Christian. . . .

"Her disordered imagination was never invariably fixed, except in regard to me. It seemed as if this impression was too deep to be affected—stronger than disease, stronger than death itself. For this angelic creature already no longer existed here—everything in her was frozen; and feeling as well as vitality had found their last refuge in the hand that pressed mine. Perhaps she abandoned herself more freely to the expression of her tenderness than if she had had all her reason. . . . She would have felt obliged to distract herself more severely from the sentiment which, as she said, gave life

to every fibre of her body. . . . 'How fervently I ought to thank God,' she exclaimed during her illness, 'that my strongest passion has been also my duty!' And on the day of her death, 'How happy I have been!' she whispered; 'what a destiny to have been your wife!' Then when I spoke to her of my love, 'True,' she answered in the most touching voice; 'yes, it is true. How kind you are! Say it once again—it gives me much pleasure to hear it. If you think I do not love you enough, you must blame God for it. He has not given me more faculty than that. I love you,' she cried, 'I love you, Christianly, mundanely, passionately!' . . .

"In spite of the entanglement of her ideas, she had a presentiment of death. On her last night but one I heard her say to her nurse: 'Do not leave me; tell me when the 'moment for death comes.' I approached her and she grew calm immediately; but when I spoke to her of returning to Lagrange, 'Oh, no,' she exclaimed, 'I shall die! Have you any grudge against me?' 'Why should I, my darling?' I replied; 'you have always been so good and tender.' 'So I have been a pleasant companion to you?' she asked. 'You have indeed.' 'Well then, bless me!' All these last evenings, when I left her or she thought that I was doing so, she begged me to bless her. . . .

"Sometimes she was heard to pray in her bed, . . . and once she improvised a beautiful prayer which lasted an hour. She made her daughters read aloud to her the prayers of the Mass and noticed whatever was left out for fear of fatiguing her. There was something heavenly about the way in which, on one of her last nights, in a strong, emphatic voice she twice repeated the canticle of Tobias, the same that she had chanted to her daughters when she first caught sight of the towers of Olmütz. I went to her. 'It is by Tobias,' she said; 'I sing badly now; that is why I recited it!' Her doctor declared that never in the whole course of his long practice had he seen anything approaching her adorable character and her strange delirium. 'No,' he exclaimed, 'I have never seen anything which could give me an idea that human perfection could go so far! . . ."

"The next day was an anniversary very dear to our hearts—the day on which twenty-eight years before she had given me George. It seemed this time as if she were inebriated with bliss. This day of rejoicing between her and me was that of her death."

It was Christmas eve in the year 1807.

On the following Monday, after the religious rites, her remains were borne with great simplicity, as she had desired, to a place close by the ditch where her grandmother, mother, and sister had been buried, and were there piously interred.

DEVOTION TO HER MEMORY.

"I shall never rise again," continued Lafayette to his bosom friend. "During the thirty-four years of a union in which the love and the high-mindedness, the delicacy and the generosity of her soul, charmed, adorned, and honored my days, I was so much accustomed to all that she was to me that I did not distinguish her from my own existence. Her heart wedded all that interested me. I thought that I loved her, needed her; but it is only in losing her that I can at last clearly see the wreck of me that remains for the rest of my life—a life which was to have been given up to many diversions, but for which neither joy nor care is any longer possible."

Faithful to his wife's memory Lafayette remained during the twenty-seven years that he survived her. He wore her portrait fixed to a chain around his neck. On the gold medallion that contained it were inscribed the words: "So I have been a pleasant companion to you? Well then, bless me!" Every morning, before he left his bed-room, he spent a quarter of an hour looking at her face, kissing it, and recalling all that she had been to him. "On the rare occasions," wrote one of his daughters, "when something prevented him from doing this, he was perturbed for the rest of the day." Her room at Lagrange was kept precisely as she had left it, and the anniversary of her death he spent there alone—with her. He read the religious books that she had recommended to him in the hope of convincing him of the Divinity of Christ; he went to church every morning to be present at the celebration of Mass; he studied the Gospels over and over; and when finally his own death was at hand he so drew near her in faith that the Church could let him be placed by her side in the Picpus Cemetery.

Adrienne d'Ayen Lafayette was a valiant woman and her memory is held in benediction!

THE MUSIC OF THE MART.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

I.



HAVE listened to the music of the waters flowing free
With a merry rhythmic ripple thro' the forest and the lea,
Dancing down the rocky passes to the noble-hearted
valley,

Scolding, leaping, laughing, sleeping—now a pause and
now a rally—

And beside the booming ocean in the stillness of the night
I have hearkened, spirit-humbled, to the harmony of might.
All the golden stars were singing, Sun was calling unto Sun,
And the discord of the planets into harmony was spun;
Still my fancy wandered backward to the throbbing city street,
Ringing, ringing, ringing ever with the rush of many feet,
While I heard an old strain knocking, beating, beating at my
heart,

And I hailed the dear intruder as the music of the mart.

II.

Beside the mighty organ with its marvel, thunder voice,
Calling "Welcome" to the bridegroom and the maiden of his
choice,

I have listened, I have listened and have heard the fickle tones
Leap from merriment and laughter unto grim funereal moans;
In the strident strains of battle, in the braying bugle peal
There are cries of mothers' anguish, there are sounds of clash-
ing steel,

And the victor's song of triumph for a glory all fulfilled.
Bears an echo of the sadness of the voices that are stilled!
Tho' a hundred chords are rising in a grand orchestral tide
Sweeping through the ravished senses in a current broad and
wide,

I may hear a friendlier cadence than the symphony of art
If I hearken to the pulsing of the music of the mart.

III.

There is something dearly human in the ceaseless ebb and flow,
In the hum of greeting voices, in the passing to and fro,
Something in the vast endeavor, in the world-embracing plan,
Telling us we all are brothers in the brotherhood of man;
Flashing from the golden rainbow, speaking from the fruitful
sod,

Of the marvel of all marvels, of the Fatherhood of God!
Darkest eyes may see the vision, dumbest ears may hear the
strain

Ringling thro' the city highway, breathing in the country lane.
If we see not, if we hear not, ours the darkness and the blight—
Bid it so, and lo! the Cosmos swings in harmony and light:
And the strains of spherul music that within the soul upstart
Find an echo in the rolling of the music of the mart!



THE OLD CHURCHES OF ROUEN.

BY EMMA ENDRES.



HERE is something indefinably impressive and fascinating about an old church. Beautiful buildings of all descriptions have a pleasing effect on the mind, but the hoary temple of faith has a charm which is sublime and supreme. It is not altogether the pervading atmosphere of sanctity that so impresses us, for other minds than those of believers are similarly affected.

Can it be that we unwittingly recognize in these cemented stones the physical expression of the one great institution that knows no age, no nationality—that is almost as old as civilization and as broad as the human race itself? Can it be that while dynasties fall and palaces are turned into parliaments, the church alone, among the wreck of human institutions strewing the pages of history, remains true to its original purpose—the temple of God? And can it be that while contemplating an old church—one time-worn and gray, whose beauty is of that pathetic, endearing kind seen only in something that has made a valiant struggle against fate and has succumbed to that gentle decay inevitable in all things earthly—we intuitively realize we are gazing on the beauty-ideals of an age long dead and otherwise unknown? Impressed thus, do the hoary stones assume an expression of something beyond mere material loveliness, as if the builders had been inspired otherwise than toward worldly display? Do we, in fact, seem to look upon the soul of the race when it was young and ardent? It must be so; else, what other interpretation?

Nowhere in the world is the old ecclesiastical architecture seen in all its varied perfections as in the ancient French city of Rouen. Whether we single out the grand cathedral of Notre D  me, with its marvellous fa  ade of elaborate lace-like tracery on a prodigious scale; the chaste and colossal edifice of St. Ouen, or any other of the old and beautiful churches still standing, we have in each the perfection of its kind. And it is strange that we should find this unique cluster of sacred buildings in so battle-torn a city as Rouen. It would seem as

if the stones were only cemented more strongly under assault, and the beauty of their chiselling intensified by the scars of mutilation. Certainly none of the old churches of France have endured more or show it less!

Rouen is one of the most ancient and storied cities in Europe, and its history in so many respects touches upon our subject that it becomes necessary to briefly sketch it. As the capital of the Gallic tribe of Velocasses, it was a flourishing city in the second century, having the name of Rothomagus. The old Roman walls that, in part, still exist

attest its occupation at some remote period by the great conquerors from the south, but its bishops seem to have been its only historians in those early days. St. Mellon, consecrated in 260, was its first prelate and under him appeared the first church dedicated to the Virgin. Under St. Victrix, his successor, numerous churches were erected, the saintly man himself assisting in the laborious manual labor. In the time of St. Godard, who died in 529, Rouen was seized from the Romans by Clovis and made a French town. We find its first great church, the Abbey of St. Peter (now St. Ouen), founded about this time by Clotaire I.



"THE CATHEDRAL, WITH ITS FAÇADE OF ELABORATE LACE-LIKE TRACERY."

The town suffered invasion by the Northmen in 841, and for a period of nearly fifty years remained in a state of anarchy and devastation. With the final enthronement of Rollo as Duke of Normandy, early in the tenth century, peace and order once more prevailed and an era of prosperity set in. The town was made the capital of Normandy and rechristened to its present name. Philip Augustus besieged and took the city in 1204 and annexed it to the French domains. He built the massive old stronghold, the Château de Bonvreuil, of which only the Tour Jeanne d'Arc—where the heroic soldier-maid was put to torture—now remains. In the old market-place, now called the Place de la Pucelle, this devout and intrepid woman was burned alive at the stake in 1431.

Of the wanton depredations that the old town suffered under the Huguenot invasions, and the still more vicious ravages that marked the Revolution—when the church tombs were despoiled of their dead and the bells and the lead of the roofs were melted into bullets—mention is here unnecessary, the outrage not having been forgotten to this day.

Suffice it to say that Christianity was not annihilated, and Rouen lost little if any of the ecclesiastical grandeur that for ages has been its pride and fame. And so long as she retains these grand old edifices she must ever be a city of interest to mankind in general, a Mecca of pilgrimage to those who love the beautiful and inspired in art and feel reverence toward all that is noble and good in the character of the past.

Naturally, our first impulse leads us to the far-famed cathedral of Notre Dame. Coming suddenly upon it from the narrow, irregular street, the effect upon one is that of stupefaction. We stand dazed at the prodigious spectacle looming up loftily out of its own dense shadows and broad beyond the capacity of one single view. We marvel at the vast display of statues and ornamental carvings adorning almost every inch of the western façade, and are enraptured at the rich traceries that divide the three great portals, stretching up into fairy-like pinnacles. Higher up are some sharp gables and screens of open tracery, which might well be called poetry in stone. We somehow seem relieved to know that all this gorgeous magnificence is not the conception of any one mind nor the work of any one generation. Were it so, we should feel that a hopeless retrogradation in human capability had since taken place. The central portal and all the upper part date from as late as the sixteenth century and were the work of Cardinal d'Amboise,

while the two side porches date from the thirteenth century. Over the central door is carved the genealogy of the Blessed Virgin, on the left is the martyrdom of St. John the Baptist, and on the right the Virgin surrounded by saints. Two massive square towers flank the lateral walls and give this front its enormous width of nearly 200 feet. The one on the right is 230 feet high, girt with pinnacled buttresses and surmounted by an octagonal turret. It was begun in 1485 by Robert de Croixmare, Archbishop of Rouen, and finished in 1507. It is called the Butter Tower, from the fact that it was built with the donations of those who received dispensation to eat butter during Lent. This tower formerly contained the famous bell Georges d'Amboise, named after the great cardinal; it weighed thirty-six thousand pounds, and was ten feet high by thirty feet in circumference. On the occasion of the visit of Louis XVI. to Rouen in 1786 the bell was rung so loudly that it cracked. At the Revolution it was melted down into cannon, but a fragment is still to be seen in the Rouen museum of antiquities. The companion tower, called St. Romain, is of lesser height, but is much older, dating from the twelfth century. It is of a severer style than the rest of the building, being of the massive, early pointed order, adorned with arcades, surmounted by a lofty belfry and a steep, cone-shaped roof. At the time of the Revolution the belfry had a grand peal of eleven bells.

The north front, though less elaborate, is equally beautiful, with a deeply recessed portal lined with statues and surmounted by a lofty gable, a traceried arcade, and a superb rose window. There are two magnificent open towers on either side. This entrance, called the *Portail des Librairies*, from the number of booksellers' stalls formerly opposite it, was begun in 1280, but did not reach completion until 1478. The southern front, much on the same plan, has an ornamental bas-relief representing scenes in the life of St. Joseph. From the centre of the edifice rises a lofty modern spire, whose sole claim to distinction is its great height—nearly five hundred feet.

The interior is beautiful and vast, measuring 435 feet in length and almost 180 feet across the transepts, while the nave stretches up in lofty sublimity to a height of 90 feet. It will thus be seen that the plan of the church is cruciform. One is enchanted with the massive clusters of beautifully carved columns that support the heavy, moulded arches of the nave, and words fail to describe the gorgeous effect of light and

shade and color made by the three high rose windows, and the ancient stained glass of the apse and choir aisles. On the right side of the choir is a lovely old thirteenth century window, representing the Passion of our Lord, and the left aisle of the nave also contains a remarkable piece of art in glass, depicting incidents in the life of St. John the Baptist.

The choir is one of the oldest parts of the existing edifice, dating from the thirteenth century. It is partitioned off from the nave by a Grecian screen, and contains eighty-five quaintly carved stalls that are extremely interesting. Small marble tablets in the pavement mark the places where many noted rulers were originally interred; among them we notice the spot where the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion (now in the museum) was deposited. Near by is the monument to this famous warrior with his long-lost effigy. It is a life-size recumbent statue in limestone; the head is crowned and supported by a pillow, the left hand holds a sceptre, and at the feet is a lion couchant. This effigy, which bears evidence of being thirteenth century work, was buried in 1562 to preserve it from the Huguenots, who in that year ravaged Rouen, and was not recovered until 1838. On the opposite side of the choir is the tomb of Henry Plantagenet, son of Henry II., and behind the altar is the tomb of John, Duke of Bedford.

The twenty-five chapels that line the aisles of the cathedral contain a number of most interesting monuments, too numerous, however, to mention in detail. But there is one we would fain pause before, that of the great Duke Rollo, situated in the chapel of St. Romain. The inscription on the marble tablet tells us that he was the first duke, founder and father of Normandy, "of which he was at first the terror and scourge, but afterwards the restorer." He was baptized in 912 by Franco, Archbishop of Rouen, and died in 917. Of his beauty of person, nobility of mind, and greatness of character, and of the inestimable benefit of his life to the cause of civilization, nothing is said; but happily we have history. In the chapel of St. Ann, on the opposite side of the nave, is the tomb of his son, William Longsword, who was assassinated by Arnulf, Count of Flanders.

But the finest monuments are in the beautiful Lady Chapel. Most interesting and at the same time most splendid among them is the tomb of Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, Archbishop of Rouen, and his brother. It is constructed of black and white marble in the Renaissance style, and dates from 1525. The



"THE STately CHURCH OF ST. OUVEN IS ROUVEN'S CHIEF ARCHITECTURAL GLORY" (WEST FRONT).

high base is adorned with exquisitely carved pilasters and six statues representing the virtues Faith, Charity, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance. The two cardinals are kneeling beneath a richly ornamented canopy, their hands joined and their faces expressive of a lofty benignity. Statues of saints surround them on either side, and as a background there is a bas-relief of St. George and the Dragon. In pinnacled niches above are statues of the twelve apostles arranged two by two. The designer of this marvellous work of art was

Roullant Leraux, who also planned the western façade of the cathedral. During the Revolution of 1793 the bodies of the Cardinals d'Amboise were exhumed from their grave and, after being submitted to every indignity, were thrown into the common trench, the lead of the coffins being melted down to make bullets.

Scarcely less imposing in appearance is the elaborately decorated monument of Louis de Brézé, grand seneschal of Normandy, and celebrated in history as the husband of Diana of Poitiers. Four black marble Corinthian columns, with capitals of white alabaster, support a highly ornamented entablature bearing in a recessed arch an equestrian statue of the duke in full armor.

However reluctant, we must leave the grand old cathedral, for there are other sacred buildings equally as important that demand a share of our space. The stately church of St. Ouen, although not as historically interesting as the cathedral, is Rouen's chief architectural glory. Not only larger than its famed rival, it also excels in purity of style and beauty of proportion; for although the work of no one century, it follows the original design throughout. It richly deserves its distinction of being "one of the noblest and most perfect Gothic edifices in the world." St. Ouen, whose name it now bears, was probably the greatest benefactor of the old church, then known as the Abbey of St. Peter. He gave up his patrimony to it, and as chancellor and minister of state to Dagobert he influenced its welfare in other ways. He was still young when he renounced the world and took to preaching the gospel. Rouen selected him for its bishop in 646, succeeding St. Romain, and soon after he became archbishop. He died in 689 and was interred in this church in accordance with his oft-expressed wish.

When the Normans invaded Rouen they almost entirely destroyed the abbey by fire, but the relics were carried off to a place of safety by the monks. When Rollo, who was now a Christian, became the sovereign-duke he rebuilt the monastery and caused its relics to be restored, the new edifice being dedicated to St. Ouen. This in turn was demolished in 1046 and a new structure completed on its site in 1126, Archbishop Geoffrey rededicating it on the 17th of October. Ten years later fire razed it to the ground. It was again rebuilt by the aid of Empress Matilda and Henry II., but in 1248 conflagration once more destroyed it. Finally, on May 25, 1318, the

first stone of the existing edifice was laid by the famous Abbé Jean Roussel. The main portion was built in twenty-one years, but the work of completion was carried on through six generations, the English during their occupancy of the city continuing the construction. It was finished early in the sixteenth century, except the two west towers, which date from comparatively recent times.

As though the old church had not struggled through troubles and reverses enough, it must needs be the subject of a vicious assault by the Huguenots in 1562. They sadly devastated the interior, making bonfires of organ and stalls. And scarcely was this cruel damage repaired when down swept the revolutionists, turning its sacred precincts into a blacksmith's shop, the smoke of the forge rendering the beautiful windows black and opaque. But the grand old temple has lived through it all, has triumphed over every enemy, and is to-day lovely and chaste beyond what it ever was. What an object-lesson these ancient stones hold, if one chooses to pause and reflect!

The plan of the church takes the form of a Latin cross and from the centre rises a magnificent lantern tower, 285 feet high. Nothing more graceful can be conceived than this tower, which is the prominent feature of the exterior church. Massive and gigantic in its entirety, it is of the most delicate lightness in its elaborate details, being composed of open arches and thin screen-work, built square below, with richly carved pinnacles at the angles, and octagonal in the upper story, with delicate traceries and a crown of fleur-de-lis. Clustering about the roof of the lofty choir are the fairy-like pinnacles of the flying buttresses, and nestling in between them are the numerous cone-shaped chapel roofs, looking like tents in a forest of spires. The lower walls are almost entirely taken up with huge ornamental windows. The transepts are faced above the portals with exquisite rose windows and beautifully carved gables with statues, flanked by corner turrets.

The western front is grand beyond description with its three great projecting portals deeply arched and its lofty gables of open traceries. Above the huge rose window is a beautiful arcade of slender columns containing statues, and above this again is the central gable. There are two flanking towers of marvellous beauty on either side of this west front, but time has not mellowed them into conformity with the general appearance of the church. The lower story—pierced by the side portals—is square, above this they are octagonal and finally



"AN OLD CHURCH, TIME-WORN AND GRAY" (ST. OUEN, SIDE VIEW).

sharp, cross-surmounted steeples, girt with numerous open windows.

Once within the ever-open doors, we are charmed by the bright, almost brilliant appearance of the spacious interior. There is a cheerful, inviting aspect about it that literally draws one inside. This effect is partly accounted for in the fact that there are 125 large, upright colored windows in the church, exclusive of the "roses," and that the clusters of slender columns stretch up uninterruptedly to the very roof—a height of over one hundred feet. The few arches are light and airy, and it would be a difficult task to find a dark nook or sombre object in this radiant church.

Near the entrance, on the right, is the large black marble *bénitier*, probably the most remarkable holy-water basin in the world. Looking upon its calm surface we see reflected a perfect image of the church in all its manifold parts and richness of coloring. Not a detail or tint is lost; and seen thus in miniature the gentle, almost ethereal loveliness of the place is so intensified as to become enthralling. The secret of this phenomenon, for such it may be called, has never been satisfactorily explained, nor has it ever been duplicated with the same perfect success. The angle in which the *bénitier* is situated

has, of course, something to do with it, but the cause more probably lies in the effect of conflicting lights and a consequent radiation peculiar only to these conditions.

It is difficult to describe the interior of St. Ouen, for it is notably devoid of the usual embellishments of grand altars and famous monuments. In fact, its charm is in the absence of these; in its chaste simplicity, its superb loftiness and lightness, and in "the breathing music" of its unbroken harmony.

The architect of this wonderful edifice, Alexandre Berneval, is interred in one of the eleven chapels of the church. According to tradition, he killed his apprentice in a fit of envy. The youth executed the beautiful rose window in the north transept, and it so far surpassed the one constructed by his master in the south transept that the latter could not endure the humiliation. He suffered for his crime, and out of gratitude for his many noble works the monks buried him in consecrated ground. Master and pupil lie side by side. Over Berneval's tomb is written:

"Here lies Master Alexandre Berneval, master of the mason works of the king our lord, of the bailliage of Rouen and of this church, who died in the year of grace 1440, the 5th day of January. Pray God for his soul."

An unequalled view of Rouen, with its picturesque old houses, quaint, narrow streets and background of green hills, is had from the roof, and it is from this vantage-point only that the wondrous central tower and the higher adornments of the exterior are seen in all their beauty of detail.

St. Ouen stands partly in a public garden, which was originally the ground of the monastery. Seemingly attached to the east side of the north transept is a round, two-storied tower in the Norman style, said to date from the eleventh century. It is called the "Chambre aux Clercs," and is an interesting relic of one of the earlier edifices. A statue of the great Duke Rollo also adorns this garden.

Third in interest and celebrity among the old churches of Rouen is St. Maclou, which used to be called the eldest daughter of Monseigneur l'Archevêque. This lovely little jewel of a church was built in the fifteenth century and is famous for its curious triple porch, for its elaborate and exquisite sculpture and its ancient stained glass. Pierre Robin, its architect, lavished upon it such a wealth of skilled chiselling that to this day it is an unparalleled wonder. Even the wooden doors are beautifully carved with bas-reliefs of biblical subjects.

The execution of the "Last Judgment" on the tympanum caused so great a critic as Ruskin to write: "And the sculpture of the Inferno is carried out with a degree of power whose fearful grotesqueness I can only describe as a mingling of the minds of Orcagna and Hogarth."

Another church deeply interesting by reason of its antiquity and historic associations is that of St. Gervais. The main edifice is mostly modern, but it reposes on a crypt dating back to the Gallo-Roman period. Reliable authorities maintain it was constructed in the fourth century, and some go so far as to give it the distinction of being the oldest Christian church in France. Certainly it is one of the oldest structures in Rouen. The accepted history is that it was built by St. Victrix, Archbishop of Rouen in the fourth century, who, having received a number of relics of St. Gervais from St. Ambrose of Milan, set to work to build a church to contain the treasures, himself engaging in the labor, even carrying stones on his shoulder. The crypt is weirdly dark and is reached by a flight of steps connected with the upper church by a trap-door. By the dim candle-light we make out a plain, unadorned chamber of rough stone and Roman tiles, with an apse and a rude altar marked with crosses. In arched recesses on either side are the tombs of St. Mellon and St. Avitien, the two first Archbishops of Rouen.

St. Gervais calls to mind the melancholy end of William the Conqueror, and incidentally conveys a powerful sermon on the vanity of worldly glory. Wounded by a fall from his horse at the sacking of Nantes, he repaired to the priory of this church in his distress. Deserted by his own sons, who rushed away in haste to seize on his domains, and plundered of his belongings by his servants, the great warrior who had conquered England lay utterly alone and forsaken in his dying moments, and without so much as a single friend to offer him decent burial. William's last address to his sons is worth repeating:

"By the aid of God, through my ancestors and myself, Normandy is filled with spiritual fortresses, in which mortals learn to combat the demons and the lusts of the flesh. By the inspiration of God, I have been the founder of these fortresses—their protector and their friend. Such have been my cares from my youth upwards. Such the obligations I impose on my successors. Do you, my sons, imitate me in this point, that you may be honored before God and man."

Early on the morning of the 9th of September, 1087, the

old king heard the cathedral bells, and the voices of the monks singing the hymn of Prime in the outer cloisters. He asked what it meant, and on being told it was the hour of Matins at St. Mary's, he lifted his hands to heaven and exclaimed: "I commend myself to the Holy Mary, Mother of God, my sovereign, that by her prayers I may be reconciled with her dearly loved Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ"; and his soul fled to judgment. Truly a fitting end to so great a man, whatever may be said of his life.

Rouen has numerous other grand old churches, which although partially restored and somewhat modernized, still retain sufficient of their original features to make them objects of



"ST. MACLOU IS FAMOUS FOR ITS TRIPLE PORCH."

profound interest. Space will not permit of more than a brief mention of them. The Church of St. Vincent still shows a magnificent Gothic porch, exquisitely sculptured. The remains of a bas-relief after Michael Angelo is to be seen above the main door and the interior contains some fine specimens of painted glass. St. Godard is of interest in that its ancient crypt, now destroyed, originally held the remains of St. Godard and St. Romain. It also held the finest stained glass window in France prior to the Revolution. St. Patrice's has some beautiful sixteenth century windows, several of them being of wide renown. The church of St. Romain was an ancient chapel of the barefooted friars; most of the present edifice, however, dates from the seventeenth century. The ashes of the saint to whom it is dedicated repose under the high altar, and the dome is frescoed with scenes from his life. St. Romain was Archbishop of Rouen early in the seventeenth century, and in many ways was one of the most remarkable men of his age, withal a zealous champion of the faith. The Church of St. Vivien still shows some traces of the original twelfth century edifice, and St. Nicaise is of interest in that it stands on the site of a chapel similarly dedicated, founded by St. Ouen in the seventh century.

Many of the old churches suppressed at the Revolution are now devastated and in ruins, while not a few have been perverted to secular use. Scattered about the city one may see beautifully chiselled walls now serving to enclose some manufacturing plant, and solitary towers looming up grand and alone in the open spaces or wedged in between the modern buildings. Too formidable for the ruthless hands of the frenzied mob—or perhaps spared as treasures of beauty—they stand as mournful monuments to a popular spirit of sacrilege. The tower of St. Laurent mingles proudly in the sky with the fairest of the city's spires, but its church is now used as a warehouse. Another beautiful tower is that of St. André, standing quite alone in a railed enclosure. The fifteenth century tower of the demolished church of St. Pierre-du-Châtel is also in this vicinity.

The suppressed convent of St. Marie now serves as a Museum of Antiquities, and is of profound interest in that it contains numerous relics of the ancient churches—bas-reliefs, statues, mosaics, and monuments. The fifteen windows are filled with the finest of painted glass from the old convents and churches that came under the ban of the Revolution,

and comprise a unique and superb collection. Here also is the splendid shrine of St. Sever, in the shape of a Gothic chapel, done in oak and gilded, and containing silver statues of saints. It dates from the twelfth century and was brought hither from its former place in the cathedral.

Among Rouen's ecclesiastical objects of interest the monument of St. Romain deserves a place. It was built in 1562, and although uninteresting in itself, commemorates the spot where a condemned criminal was released every year on Ascension Day. The custom, called the "*Levée de la Fierté de St. Romain*," originated under King Dagobert, and was continued, with some modifications, down to the time of the Revolution. It was intended to commemorate the fact that the only person who volunteered to aid St. Romain in his perilous task of ridding the neighborhood of Rouen of the menacing presence of a wild beast was a malefactor under sentence of death.



"THE TOWER OF ST. ANDREW STANDS WITHIN
A RAILED ENCLOSURE."

JOHN MITCHEL'S DAUGHTER.

BY MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.



JOHN MITCHEL, patriot, scholar, exile, and above all rebel, is one of the gallant figures of modern times. Like a number of others who heroically fought in that losing cause of Ireland's freedom, he was not of the faith that St. Patrick planted, and that in its ardor and its enthusiasm has merited for this wee island babe of the salt sea brine the title "Isle of Saints."

But when Irish blood is in the veins the ardent Irish faith is liable at any moment to spring forth like seed of the shamrock wafted to alien shore and peeping forth timidly but dauntlessly amidst strange vegetation.

Therefore, in spite of the protest of a few North of Ireland friends, it could have been matter of little astonishment to any one when, in the winter of 1860, the eldest daughter of John Mitchel, Henrietta, announced her intention of becoming a Catholic. The Mitchel family were then living in Paris, although in a loneliness which practically amounted to isolation and was both galling and depressing to Mitchel's energetic soul.

Literal solitary confinement had been borne, but to live in that seething French capital, in a house half of whose inmates were aged women, reminding one of the morgue and the cemeteries; to receive in four months but a single invitation, and that to attend a funeral—this was, as Mitchel himself said, "ghastly." No wonder his wife and daughters found the convent of the *Sacré Cœur* a delightful refreshment in their loneliness.

Henrietta, the eldest girl, had when in Washington become intimate with two young ladies of about her own age who were devout Catholics. She seems even then to have expressed some desire to become of their faith, but her father thought she was too young for her judgment to be trusted in so important a matter. He told her that if, after a few years, she still desired to become a Catholic he would offer no opposition.

The matter therefore was still in abeyance when, in the fall of 1860, Henrietta presented her letters of introduction to the ladies of the Sacred Heart in Paris. She was received with

that charm and courtesy for which the Sacred Heart Order all over the world is famous, and received frequent instructions at the convent in Catholic doctrine.

The family had other Catholic friends, too, whose zealous efforts to bring back these sheep not of the fold were expended not only on the younger but reached out also to the older members of the household, to Mitchel's sister—even, as he shrewdly but laughingly suspected, to himself.

"Ah, lady!" he writes to Mrs. John Dillon in acknowledgment of a Catholic book which she had sent to his sister Mary with the request that he first look into it himself to judge of its fitness for his sister's reading, "I know the wickedness of your thoughts. You wish to save Mary's soul and have no objection to give—*chemin faisant*—a lift to mine also. You want to undermine our great right of private stupor through the seductive philosophy of this Catholic author. The truth is, that there is a kind of hankering in all our family after the 'errors of Romanism.' Well, perhaps I may read the book and mark the objectionable passages for Mary's avoidance."

But the "right of private stupor" was one which he still clung to, not so much because he prized it—the verbiage forbids that—but because he could not bring himself to believe in anything else.

When it became generally known that Mitchel's daughter was contemplating becoming a Catholic, certain friends and relatives began to remonstrate against the proceeding, asking the father to assert his parental authority in order to prevent so obnoxious a step. And, as if the entreaties of the living might not be of sufficient weight, the influence of the dead was also brought to bear upon him to move him to coerce his daughter into obedience. For a young girl to publicly renounce the religion of her forefathers—it was preposterous, they said. But coercion was not a popular word with John Mitchel. It was not a wise argument to use with one before whose eyes ever shone the glorious mirage of freedom. Mitchel did not find it preposterous, and in writing to his mother, probably in answer to some remonstrance of hers, protested warmly against these unfair arguments, which sought to hamper the liberty of conscience of any individual, and especially of his own daughter.

"As to Henrietta's religious proceedings, you are aware that it is no new thing. The matter is put off for the present; but if hereafter she should be bent upon it, I don't know

with what conscience I can interpose parental authority to prevent it. I have never taught my children any religion, nor even spoken to them on the subject. If I had any system of my own to inculcate, I might endeavor to hold them to it; but would really feel that I could not be justified in merely prohibiting their profession of any particular faith which they may be inclined to, without directing them to any better or any other. As to my own position, on that matter you need have no apprehension. There is not the least chance of my being a Catholic, and *so much the worse*. But it is not very kind of you to intimate that respect for my father's memory is in any way concerned in the matter. He vindicated the right of private judgment above all things. If one's private judgment leads him into the Catholic Church, it is private judgment still."

This is just the sort of manly tone one would expect from the patriot and exile. There is not merely the upholding of the rights of others, vindication of freedom of conscience, but there is also that undertone of sadness, of regret, that his own life was still unilluminated by a settled religious faith. This same regret is visible in his Jail Journal, in those six reasons for not committing suicide, especially in that pathetic sixth, where there is more than regret—the glimmering of wistful hope. For Mitchel was too much of a Celt not to have Faith sometimes struggle forth from the ashes of scepticism and doubt.

There is no record, however, that his interest in the Catholic Church was ever of any but the haziest and most general kind. His daughter was baptized in the chapel of the Sacred Heart Convent of Paris on December 31, 1861, and the same day made her First Communion; but in the meagre account given by a French abbé and in the numerous lives of John Mitchel, notably that able and delightful one by Mr. William Dillon, there is not the slightest hint that the father was even present at the ceremony.

Writing about this time to his sister Matilda, he says: "Henrietta has been for two years a devout Catholic. She has become extremely intimate with the ladies of the *Sacré Cœur*—a splendid convent here—and I believe she is to make abjuration of something one of these days, with the accompaniment of a religious service, to all which I offer not the least opposition."

As this letter was dated December 28 and Henrietta was only baptized on the 31st of the same month, Mr. Mitchel prob-

ably meant that she had been a Catholic in belief for two years. Or else—sad hypothesis!—he did not know that baptism was absolutely necessary before one could claim explicit membership in the Church of Christ.

The "abjuration of something" possibly refers to her baptism.

A pity indeed that religion should have become to that splendid soul a mere bundle of meaningless forms and ceremonies!

The after-history of Henrietta Mitchel presents few points even for a cherry-stone biography. Her life had been varied as to clime and country. She had as a child made the journey, with four other children and her mother, from Ireland to Van Diemen's Land. Her girlhood had passed from Washington and other American cities to the capital of the French Republic, and maturity she was not long to enjoy.

When on the outbreak of the American Civil War the family returned to America, where two sons were already enrolled under the Southern flag, Henrietta asked permission to remain at the *Sacré Cœur* and to keep her younger sister with her. She had already been pursuing her studies there for some time, although beyond the usual age of the *pensionnat*.

Mitchel consented to her request. There seems to have been even a flickering notion in her mind of entering the order, but, being advised that she had no vocation, she contented herself with calling the convent her home and living under its roof. From the time of her conversion she was noted for her extreme piety and was much beloved by all the religious in the community. She died in the early spring of 1863, April 18, regarded by many as a saint, so great had been her virtues and holiness.

Mitchel was then in the very vortex of the struggle in America, but while the father fought with tongue and pen, the soul of the daughter had taken flight to that other world of whose existence and whose justice he always strove, at least, to be so indomitably sure. There at last may be answered that pathetic "Because" of the Jail Journal; there the Lord who welcomes the eleventh hour vine-dressers as the first may welcome that dauntless patriot too. For nearly the whole Celtic galaxy would be unhappy, there would be sedition in heaven itself, if the daughter did not win a place for the father, and John Mitchel did not find freedom at last in that other world who fought for it so gallantly in this.

INEXCUSABLE MISTAKES OF A NOVELIST.

BY REV. GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.



SOME time ago we had occasion to notice one or two of the egregious blunders of Mr. Marion Crawford in his otherwise fine novel, *Corleone*. At that time we had not read a story of his called *Taquisara*; also a good story, though hardly equal to the one just named. But the blundering in it is so enormous and monumental; the author wallows and tangles himself up in such a mass of ridiculous and preposterous mistakes as to the law of the Church, that in this respect it is probably unsurpassed by anything hitherto written by Mr. Crawford or any one else, and it is not likely that, even in his happiest vein, he himself can ever excel it. As a curiosity of literature, therefore, it seems worthy of a somewhat detailed description in this respect.

The principal interest of the story is supposed to attach to the Princess Veronica Serra and her love affairs, if we may call them so, though there seems to be no real love on her part except one rapidly developing toward the end of the book for the hero, Taquisara, a most magnificent and magnanimous fellow, by the way, for whom any one, man or woman, might well feel a most enthusiastic admiration and affection. But, as far as the lady is concerned, he keeps very much in the background, being principally occupied in urging the claims of his friend, Gianluca della Spina, to Veronica's hand. Gianluca himself is, all through the story, desperately smitten with her; but though a very nice, lovely, and interesting creature, he is weak in character and will, and still more so in body, being a confirmed and seemingly hopeless invalid with a spinal trouble, which gets constantly worse and worse. Veronica is not at all in love with him; but she has a woman's pity for his infirmities and sufferings, and moreover an appreciation of his mental qualities, particularly as they are displayed in a sort of platonic correspondence which becomes established between the two. Taquisara is indignant with her for thus encouraging the poor fellow, if she does not mean to accept his suit; and he really wants her to accept him, as he himself is not, till toward the end, in love with her.

Gianluca, under the joint influence of his illness and his

unrequited affection, gets, as we have said, constantly worse and worse, and finally Veronica invites him, with his father and mother, to stay with her at her castle of Muro, to which a village is attached, in the hope that the mountain air may help him. But though he improves somewhat, it becomes plain that nothing will much prolong his life unless she returns his love, or pretends to do so. She, being candid and truthful, and also naturally not wanting to be tied for life to a cripple, does not feel like doing the latter, and cannot do the former; at the same time she feels herself to blame for encouraging him, and finally screws up courage to tell him that she cannot precisely return his love. This, as may be expected, nearly kills him, though he does not blame her; and fearing his immediate death, she feels as if she would be guilty of it, and in a fit of remorse does pretend love, and consents to the marriage. The priest of the village, Don Teodoro, is then hurriedly called in, and the fun—from a professional point of view—begins.

In the first place, there are present, for the contemplated ceremony, only the priest, the two parties, Gianluca and Veronica, and their mutual friend Taquisara, who went for the priest and brought him in. Now, it happens that according to the decree of the Council of Trent, which of course is understood to have been applied to the place in question, *two* witnesses, besides the parish priest, are necessary for the validity of a marriage. So from the very start, of course, there is no Catholic marriage at all in the case. Here is the first blunder; we cannot number them all, for there are too many.

This is perhaps a somewhat fine point for the ordinary novelist; but Mr. Crawford is a Catholic, and undoubtedly has some priests among his acquaintance; and any one of them could have posted him on this as well as on the other matters which are to follow. Let us proceed to them.

Neither the decree of the Council of Trent nor any other law of the church requires a *ceremony* of any kind to be performed by the priest, that a marriage may be valid. Of course there should be such a ceremony; it would be a sin not to have it; but it is not needed for *validity*, which is all the point here. The presence of the priest and of the witnesses in such a way as to know what is going on is all that the council requires for this. Now, Mr. Crawford may not be to blame for not reading up the law of the church, and perhaps not for neglecting to consult his clerical friends on the point; but as a novelist, he certainly is to blame if he has not read Manzoni's *I Promessi Sposi*, in which the action turns just on this point.

In that classical work, the two parties rush in, with their witnesses, on the parish priest unexpectedly, and make him aware of the contract of marriage which they enter on at the moment. They resort to this expedient because he does not want them to get married, and cannot be induced willingly to assist. They know their business, you see.

But of course Mr. Crawford, who does not, represents Veronica as frantically begging for the priest to do his part, before Gianluca, who has been just able to say, "I will," breathes his last. Of course, if she had thought he was going to die any way, she would have let things remain as they were; but she still hopes, it would seem, that the priest's blessing may snatch him from the jaws of death. But he does die, apparently, before the somewhat bewildered priest can pronounce the *Ego conjungo vos*.

And now Mr. Crawford gets a new horror. For Taquisara, it seems, in sympathy, and also in no small distress on his own account, since he now loves Veronica, has taken her hand so that the priest seems to be marrying them. Of course Taquisara never expressed anything which could be supposed to mean marriage with anybody; and when Veronica said her words, she held Gianluca's hand, not Taquisara's; and to make the matter still worse, there is not even one witness now, for Gianluca is in a dead faint. So there is no case at all for the marriage with either one or the other.

However, Mr. Crawford thinks there is, and does not know what in the world his people are going to do; for Gianluca comes to life, and there is Veronica, half married to both of the gentlemen. Taquisara, with great generosity, thinks of going to the war in Abyssinia, and getting killed.

But now come more absurdities. Mr. Crawford finds his way out of his supposed scrape by the discovery that Don Teodoro is not a priest at all, but only a deacon. He was on a mission, it seems, in Africa, and the priests there all died; and he thought the people would lose the faith unless he said Mass for them; so he made up his mind to do that. One can conceive of such a sacrilege, great as it was, being committed for charitable motives; but when other priests came to the mission, he went on with it, and even when he got back to Europe he still continued. He said Mass, assisted the dying, etc., and of course married lots of people.

And note here, by the way, that this last he might have had a right to do validly, even though not a priest. For to be a "parochus," that is, to have ecclesiastical or canonical charge of

a parish, it is not necessary to be a priest; a deacon, as Don Teodoro was, can be placed in such an office; and can validly assist at its marriages, according to the law of the Council of Trent. It is true that Don Teodoro, by his false pretence of being a priest, hardly obtained his parish legitimately; but still, he had what is called a *titulus coloratus* (that is, an apparently good title or right), to his charge; and when this is the case, and there is also an *error communis* (or common though mistaken belief that all is right), the principle of the church is to supply the jurisdiction needed. And even if this were not admitted, the defect in the validity of the marriages he had performed could have been removed by a dispensation *in radice*, as it is called.

Of course this is really a fine point, which could hardly be expected to occur to the non-professional; but still it shows the fatality likely to attend a man who in professional matters neglects professional advice.

As to hearing confessions and attending the dying, the faculties for which functions cannot be given by the church to deacons, inasmuch as the Divine law restricts them to the priestly order, this was a much more serious matter; but it does not seem to have worried the good Don Teodoro very much, though it directly and most seriously endangered the salvation of his parishioners; nor did the marriages, till it came to the case of his distinguished friends, now concerned.

But now he was driven to desperation. So he makes up his mind that he must now go to confession, and let his real want of the sacerdotal order be made known to some one who can pronounce authoritatively that the marriage of Veronica is invalid. So he goes to a friend, Don Matteo, who is a priest, and tells him that he has a reserved case to confess, and wants him to see the archbishop about it. And he tells him his sad story.

Don Matteo goes to the archbishop, as Teodoro had requested, and without mentioning names explains the case to him. This is all right, of course; about the only thing that is, in this dreadful jumble. And he tells him what a good and worthy priest Teodoro would have been, if he had only been a priest at all. That was a big "if," of course; still the cardinal archbishop thinks that Teodoro ought to be a priest, as he is so eminently fit for the office, and has such a true vocation. So he says that they must make him a priest as soon as possible.

Now, of course there was no difficulty about this, except that arising from Mr. Crawford's absurd ideas about confession. He seems to think that not even the penitent himself can

divulge anything he has said in confession, or let his identity be known to any one but his confessor. "I would ordain him," says the Cardinal, "if he came to me." "But then," says Matteo, "your Eminence would know him, and the secret of confession would have been betrayed." "That is true," replies the Cardinal. "Let him go to another bishop and tell his story." He could not tell it, forsooth, out of confession, to the cardinal himself, because the cardinal has heard it in the way described. Of course Teodoro could, if he pleased, have allowed or could now allow Matteo to mention his name, which would save time and be the simplest way.

The plan of going to another bishop is dismissed, for fear the other bishop might not see things in the proper light. And now the terrible puzzle comes what to do, which is solved, in a singularly ingenious way, by his eminence. He tells Matteo that he will consecrate him a bishop, without bulls from Rome, or even the observance of the form prescribed in the Pontifical. These, of course, are quite trifling matters. Matteo has to say the "Confiteor"; such is the cardinal's only rubric. "Kneel down," he says; "I take this upon myself."

And why in the world does he make Matteo a bishop? Why, in order that Mr. Crawford's idea of the seal of confession may be maintained. Matteo, you see, is to ordain his friend Teodoro.

But how about the reserved case? Obviously there was nothing to prevent the cardinal from giving the faculties to Matteo to absolve it, or at any rate obtaining them for him if the case was supposed to be a Papal one. But such is not Mr. Crawford's idea. He thinks that the faculty to absolve reserved cases is part of the episcopal order; that what is meant by a reserved case is a case of an unusual degree of guilt, only to be absolved by an absolving power of a specially high grade, which is not given to the mere priest at his ordination.

Poor Matteo, as may be supposed, is not allowed to disport himself as a bishop. For his consolation, however, he wears a pectoral cross under his cassock, hiding it, it is to be presumed, when he goes to bed. Teodoro, of course, is now all right; only he does not seem to bother much about the matters of his past spiritual administration which need to be rectified. He settles the special case by telling the parties that the authority has decided that there has been no marriage at all (as he could have told them before, if Mr. Crawford had known his business), only that Gianluca being supposed to be Veronica's husband, he must really be made so by a solemn ceremony of some

kind ; and as Gianluca is still very ill, this ceremony is apparently deferred till he can get about. In fact, of course, it is just the case in which a revalidation of marriage would be done quietly ; let them bring in the two witnesses and do the thing right this time, as they did it wrong before. But there must needs be a blunder here as everywhere else.

Gianluca, as in duty bound, soon dies, and thus ceases to interfere with the real love affair, which an accident reveals to him. So Taquisara and Veronica are married, we may suppose soon after, and thus everything is satisfactorily arranged.

Now, all the farrago of absurdities which we have incompletely, but perhaps sufficiently, described is confined to the conclusion, not more than about the eighth part of the book. What a pity that a story otherwise so well worked up, particularly in the first part, which we have had no occasion to mention, should be spoiled by such insufferable nonsense ; and that the author of such a splendid work as *Ave Roma Immortalis* and of so many brilliant and powerful works of fiction, showing so much knowledge on other points, should, without the least necessity, disgrace himself by a display of such fatuous ignorance on matters which one hour's reference of his manuscript to any priest could have cleared up for him fully !

The whole business, as it stands, is simply inexcusable. There is absolutely no excuse for any one, even had he not the easy access to reliable sources of information that Mr. Crawford necessarily has, when he attempts to write about professional matters without professional information. His conduct is exactly the same in the case as if he should undertake to write a novel involving nice points of state law without taking the least trouble to consult a lawyer as to what the law of the state concerned actually might be, or a sea-story without asking or in any way finding out the name of a single stick or rope on the vessels he had to describe, or the evolutions of which these vessels were capable. Every Catholic, to say the least, ought to know that the legislation of the church, especially on the subject of marriage, is full of intricacies and accurate distinctions, which cannot be understood in all their details without long and painstaking study, such as lawyers and physicians give to their respective professions ; and if, as may well be presumed, he has not time or taste for such study, he ought to present his case, whether it be one of fact or fiction, to some one who is by such study qualified to know what he is talking about.

THE PROBLEM OF PERSONALITY.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

"La vie normale compte des actes intelligents qui ne proviennent point d'un *moi* nouveau, mais d'une subconscience du *moi* normal. Et ces actes sont nombreux, peut-être les plus nombreux" * (*Abbé C. Piat*, "*La Personne Humaine*," p. 126).

"The subconscious self must not be conceived as any distinct being; it is rather a diffused consciousness of any strength of intensity with a content rich and varied. The subconscious . . . is impersonal. Occasionally, however, it reaches the plane of self-consciousness, but then soon subsides again into its former impersonal obscurity" (*Dr. Boris Sidis*, "*Psychology of Suggestion*," p. 282).



AMONG the questions which to day are being forced to the front is that of human personality. Until recently this question was studied only by metaphysical methods. But since the hypnotic state, through the labors of the late Dr. Charcot, has been recognized by science, the study of personality may be said to have turned over a new leaf. There are psychologists of repute who would have us believe that the traditional view of the unity and identity of the Ego must be given up; they would have us believe that there are two distinct selves, a waking and a subwaking, two streams of consciousness within each human being; while differing widely with this school is the Abbé C. Piat, professor at the *Institut Catholique*, Paris, whose recent work, *La Personne Humaine*, deserves to be widely read. On page 74 of this work the abbé quotes the case of a young woman healthy and well instructed who suddenly fell into a deep sleep. On awaking she had forgotten all she had known. Her memory had retained neither words nor things. It was necessary to teach her everything *de novo*—to read, write, count. Objects were to her as if seen for the first time. But she made rapid progress. After the lapse of several months she suddenly fell again into another deep sleep, and on awaking found herself what she had been before her first sleep. But she had no recollection of what had taken place in the interval. In a word, during the *old state* she knew nothing of the *new state*. This changing about from one state to another lasted more than four years. In her old state

* Normal life embraces intelligent acts which do not proceed from a new Ego, but from a subconsciousness of the normal Ego. And these acts are numerous, perhaps the most numerous.

she writes a beautiful hand; in her new state her handwriting is that of a beginner. Professor William James, in his *Psychology*, vol. i., p. 391, cites another interesting case of alternate Personality: "The Rev. Ansel Bourne, of Greene, R. I., was brought up to the trade of a carpenter. . . . He has been subject to headaches and temporary fits of depression of spirits during most of his life, and has had a few fits of unconsciousness lasting an hour or less. . . . Otherwise his health is good. . . . On January 17, 1887, he drew 551 dollars from a bank in Providence with which to pay for a certain lot of land in Greene, paid certain bills, and got into the Pawtucket horse-car. This is the last incident he remembers. He did not return home that day, and nothing was heard of him for two months. He was published in the papers as missing, and foul play being suspected, the police sought in vain his whereabouts. On the morning of March 14, however, at Norristown, Pa., a man calling himself A. J. Brown, who had rented a small shop six weeks previously, stocked it with stationery, confectionery, fruit, and small articles, and carried on his quiet trade without seeming to any one unnatural or eccentric, woke up in a fright and called to the people of the house to tell him where he was. He said that his name was Ansel Bourne, that he was entirely ignorant of Norristown, that he knew nothing of shop-keeping, and that the last thing he remembered—it seemed only yesterday—was drawing the money from the bank in Providence. He would not believe that two months had elapsed. The people of the house thought him insane; and so, at first, did Dr. Louis H. Read, whom they called in to see him. But on telegraphing to Providence, confirmatory messages came, and presently his nephew, Mr. Andrew Harris, arrived upon the scene, made everything straight, and took him home. He was very weak, having lost apparently over twenty pounds of flesh. . . . The first two weeks of the period remained unaccounted for, as he had no memory, after he had once resumed his normal personality, of any part of the time, and no one who knew him seems to have seen him after he left home. The remarkable part of the change is, of course, the peculiar occupation which the so-called Brown indulged in. Mr. Bourne has never in his life had the slightest contact with trade. 'Brown' was described by his neighbors as taciturn, orderly in his habits, and in no way queer. . . . (He) cooked for himself in the back shop, where he also slept; went regularly to church, and once at a prayer-meeting made what

was considered by the hearers a good address, in the course of which he related an incident which he had witnessed in his natural state of Bourne. This was all that was known of the case up to June, 1890, when I induced Mr. Bourne to submit to hypnotism, so as to see whether in the hypnotic trance his 'Brown' memory would not come back. It did so with surprising readiness; so much so indeed that it proved quite impossible to make him whilst in hypnosis remember any of the facts of his normal life. He had heard of Ansel Bourne, but 'didn't know as he had ever met the man.' . . . On the other hand, he told of his peregrinations during the lost fortnight, and gave all sorts of details about the Norristown episode. The whole thing was prosaic enough; and the Brown personality seems to be nothing but a rather shrunken, dejected, and amnesic extract of Mr. Bourne himself. . . . His eyes are practically normal, and all his sensibilities—save for tardier response—about the same in hypnosis as in waking. I had hoped by suggestion, etc., to run the two personalities into one and to make the memories continuous, but no artifice would avail to accomplish this, and Mr. Bourne's skull to-day still covers two distinct personal selves. The case (whether it contain an epileptic element or not) should apparently be classed as one of spontaneous hypnotic trance persisting for two months. . . .”* In vol. i., pp. 393-399, of the same work, Professor James goes on to say: “Mediumistic possession in all its grades seems to form a perfectly natural special type of alternate personality, and the susceptibility to it in some form is by no means an uncommon gift in persons who have no other obvious nervous anomaly. The phenomena are very intricate, and are only just beginning to be studied in a proper scientific way. The lowest phase of mediumship is automatic writing. . . . Then comes writing unconsciously even whilst engaged in reading or talk.” And while the distinguished Harvard professor advances no theory of his own to explain what he terms perversions of personality, he would conceive the brain condition throughout these various changes of self to be capable of successively changing all its modes of action; “and abandoning the use for the time being of whole sets of well-organized association paths. In no other way can we explain the loss of memory in passing from one alternating condition to another. . . . Each of the selves is due to a

*For an unusually interesting case of triple personality see *Journal of the American Medical Association*, January 7, 1899.

system of cerebral paths acting by itself. . . . Some peculiarities in the lower automatic performances suggest that the systems thrown out of gear with each other are contained one in the right, the other in the left hemisphere."

The existence of a secondary self—a hidden will—is thought by some psychologists to be revealed by the curious fact that if we put a pair of scissors into an hysterical subject's hand which is anæsthetic, viz., a hand deprived of all sensibility, while at the same we carefully blindfold the person or place a screen before his eyes, so that he cannot see what we are doing, the insensible hand will at once take hold of the scissors in the proper way as if to cut. And these psychologists maintain that the adaptive movements of the hand that has lost all feeling must obtain from the subwaking self a recognition of the scissors. Binet, in *Revue Philosophique*, 1884, says: "We put a pen into the insensible hand"—the person of course not seeing what is done—"and make it write a word; left to itself, the hand preserves its attitude, and at the end of a short space of time repeats the word often five or ten times. Having arrived at this fact, we again seize the anæsthetic hand and cause it to write some well-known word—for example, the patient's own name—but in so doing we intentionally commit an error in spelling. In its turn the insensible hand repeats the word, but strange to say, betrays a momentary hesitation when it gets to the letter where the error in orthography was committed. If a superfluous letter happens to have been added, sometimes the hand will hesitatingly rewrite the name along with the supplementary letter in question, and again finally entirely suppress it."

It is in post-hypnotic suggestion* (and 'no competent observer doubts the fact of post-hypnotic suggestion) that Professor James and others find good evidence of a split-off consciousness. If a person is told in the hypnotic trance to perform a certain act at a certain time, the person, who has no recollection of the order after he awakens, will perform the act when the proper time comes. Here what is termed the upper consciousness—which knows nothing of the command—yields when the time arrives to an unaccountable impulse: a split-off, a buried consciousness would seem to rise to the surface, rule the primary self, and carry out the suggestion given during the hypnotic state. And Dr. Boris Sidis believes that in post-hypnotic suggestion we hold the key to impulsive insanity.

* A post-hypnotic suggestion is a command given during hypnosis and carried out after waking from the trance.

In *Psychology of Suggestion*, p. 272, he says that he hypnotized a certain gentleman, and when in a deep hypnosis and his secondary self was laid bare, he suggested that when he awoke and heard a knock he should drive his brother and another person away from a sofa on which they were seated and then place himself there. When Mr. A. F—— awoke and heard the knock he flew to the sofa and pushed his brother and the friend to the opposite side of the room with a good deal of violence, after which he took possession of the sofa. And Dr. Boris Sidis adds: "As in the case of impulsive insanity, the suggested impulse set on suddenly and was enacted with a like emotional automatism." Here let us say that Moll in his well-known work on hypnotism, page 245, believes that the two consciousnesses are not completely separated, and that post-hypnotic suggestions are only seemingly forgotten between waking and carrying them out. The post-hypnotic suggestion is retained by the secondary consciousness; and he maintains that in planchette the intelligence which guides the pencil is the secondary self. It is possible that the singular phenomenon of post-hypnotic suggestion and the common use of the words primary consciousness and secondary consciousness, the waking self and the subwaking self, may lead some persons to believe that there are indeed two distinct, normal personalities in every human being. But this would be a mistake.

Wundt, in *Human and Animal Psychology*, p. 331, tells us: "It is wholly unnecessary to assume the existence of a mysterious mental double, the 'other self' or secondary personality, or to set up any of the fanciful hypotheses so plentiful in this field." And Binet, in an article entitled "The Mechanism of Thought" (*Fortnightly Review*, June, 1894), says: "We should not forget that the human being is a single unit by reason of his physical constitution, and, despite the spectacle of disintegration presented by mental phenomena in certain circumstances, there exists a psychological unity in the individual."

The truth is we are only beginning to scientifically study ourselves. Old-time psychologists—albeit well versed in metaphysics—made no serious attempt to analyze what man is. They did not know that what rises up to the height of consciousness is far from being all that is contained within the organism. They did not know that there are higher and lower levels within the nervous system, and that there is scarcely a doubt that normal consciousness depends upon the integrity of action of the various neural pathways in the highest brain

levels—the cortical areas. But, thanks to experiments in the psychological laboratory in the past few years, we are able at last to throw a glimmering of light on the mysterious regions of the mind.

Nobody would now deny that the organic elements of consciousness may be profoundly modified through pathological conditions; a secondary self may seemingly be established within the normal self; a parasitic personality, so to speak, may appear to obtrude itself within the normal personality. But this is wholly a pathological condition; and it is now believed that all mental diseases have their origin in a disaggregation of the elements which go to make up the physical basis of mind. Nor can we be too grateful to the students of the nervous system for having rescued the subject of mental disorders from the region of mystery and superstition, and for convincing the world that insane persons are neither demoniacs nor witches. We know that crime may be committed in the somnambulistic and epileptic state where the normal consciousness of the individual has been suspended, and it is asked whether strange, untoward acts, attended by loss of memory, may not be performed under conditions other than epileptic. May not physiological and toxic conditions within the brain—instability of the brain cells so characteristic of chronic alcoholic indulgence—obscure the normal consciousness?

Not a few cases recorded in the medical journals would seem to answer this in the affirmative. As we have said, experiments in the psychological laboratory are beginning to throw a little light upon what mind is. The wide gap which was once thought to divide psychical activity from the chemical or physical changes in the brain and nerves is not so wide as it used to be; and hypnotism has been a guide-post in our psychophysiological explorations. Already we are able to bring about artificially a splitting-off of the organic elements of consciousness. In the hypnotic trance what are known as the controlling, inhibitory centres may be disaggregated from the rest of the nervous system; the controlling, waking consciousness becomes partially split off from the inferior reflex consciousness; and it is now held by good authorities that at least half the secret of hypnotism lies in this dissociation of the controlling consciousness from the reflex organic consciousness. In a word, we bring about an abnormal condition of the brain through artificial methods; and Dr. Hack Tuke has described the hypnotic trance as an artificially induced madness.

May we not, then, reasonably hold that outside of hypnotism a splitting-up of the physical elements of consciousness may occur as a result of some physiological disturbance in the higher levels of an unstable brain—a brain rendered unstable through the poison of alcohol or drugs or through nervous shock? The degenerated brain elements form a pathological substratum whereby normal consciousness may be disaggregated; for consciousness surely has a physiological basis in the central nervous system. Now, when this abnormal condition is brought about through disease—the disease may be ancestral—unrestrained, reflex automatic activity may take the place of intelligent thought, and lo! there may appear upon the scene what is termed the subwaking self. This subwaking self is devoid of common sense; the normal judgment of the individual is wanting and he may be viewed as an automaton. He is now in a state characteristic of the hypnotic trance, and one morbid idea through uninhibited auto-suggestion may force itself irresistibly to the front, and the unfortunate person may wander away under another name and become a case of mysterious disappearance. And there are cases on record where the normal self has, after fading away, never returned; the so-called secondary self has remained in control with not only a different name, but with a different character.

We conclude by saying again, that what is known as double personality does not occur in healthy life; it is wholly a pathological condition. The so-called subwaking self does not obtrude itself and assume command of the individual except through morbid conditions—unless he be neurotically predisposed; unless his higher cerebral centres are liable—it may be through heredity—to lose their controlling influence, their inhibitory power. The Abbé C. Piat is in line with all the best authorities when he says:* “Il existe une continuité de conscience . . . dans les dédoublements simultanés. Le *moi* normal y vit dans un commerce incessant bien que paresseux avec le *moi* second; il en suit d'un regard nonchalant les pensées, les émotions, et les entretiens. . . . Il est donc encore cet autre, et le second *moi* ne peut être considéré que comme une distraction grossie par un état pathologique.”

**La Personne Humaine*, p. 384.

A CHEERFUL VIEW OF A HARD PROBLEM.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.



DO not know that charity is ever looked upon as a pleasant pastime. It usually is taken with a large amount of seasoning, such as fairs, sewing-bees, church suppers, and all that sort of thing; and even then the real work is done by persons at the seat of war, so to speak. When the idea is suggested, to people who do not even attend sewing-bees or affairs in aid of the poor, that one should diligently labor for the destitute in the worst condition of disease and want known, the response is usually one of genuine horror. It is said that there is no such condition of things, just as I fancy some of us would be very apt to say there were not certain conditions of sin which a long life sometimes brings to notice.

The subject about which I write, and which I would gladly make interesting to the general public, is one that can hardly be made agreeable; but nevertheless I can testify that such a life as I lead with a few companions in a poor district, among the sick, has many agreeable points. As it is my earnest desire to get women to join me who have a natural talent for nursing, and a natural inclination to nurse those who need it most, I think it might be well for me to present the bright side of the care of the cancerous poor.

I suppose any one thinking of half a dozen women working on the East Side of New York, living in a tenement and working in tenements, would think first of all of the suffocation of bad air, the unpleasant aspect of things generally, to say nothing of the frightful dangers from footpads and drunken creatures. Now, the first thing that strikes me when I emerge from the house, early in the morning, is the fresh air from the East River, rushing towards me over a large park which could not be better regulated as to neatness and good taste in arrangement. Then I become conscious of some beautiful effects of sky and cloud, the charming outlines of Brooklyn across the water, with its lovely tints under the rising sun; and I see the Navy-yard shining with its white cruisers, that frequently boom out their salutes to incoming or outgoing companions. Often



A BIT OF FRESH AIR FROM THE RIVER.

dangerous place where people can live; and though I have spent a life often terrified in imagination at the memory of what our ancestors suffered from the Indians, and what we might suffer from them if we went far enough West, I am beginning to believe that the stories of Indian ferocity would dwindle down to inoffensive fellowship if I threw myself upon Indian

a sail boat, and sometimes a craft as large as a four-masted schooner, trips rapidly over the water at the foot of the square, past the other shipping, making a vigorous and delightful scene. There is absolutely no stifled air or loss of all particularly fine outlooks in going to work for the poor in Water Street. The melancholy notion that in living among the poor one is in constant danger as to life and property, has given place in our minds to considerable doubt as to whether there is any really

mercy. I pass through the streets all about here, some of them with murderous reputa-



THE CITY PARK OFFERS A PLEASING CONTRAST TO CROWDED STREETS.



A STREET WITH A MURDEROUS REPUTATION.

tions, and were I not alone I would laughingly discuss the wonderful neatness and quiet, and sufficiently patrolled condition, of these alarming streets. The house in which I live, a tumble-down tenement, has its front door always ajar, and the windows of our rooms on the first floor were not locked until a nervous patient came to us.

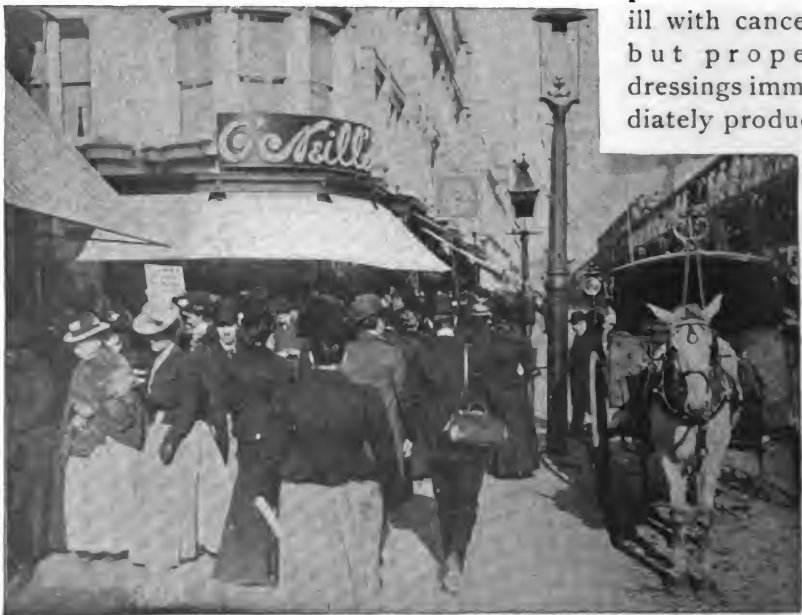
Of course a hospital-home, such as I hope to induce the public to obtain for us, will be pleasant and neat as any structure can be when it is simple and adequate. Women know how

easy it is to produce pretty effects without confusion, overcrowding, or over-expense. I do not think that the free cancer hospital I have in prospect will have many unpleasant features, but I am not surprised to find that persons, calling upon me to investigate our little tenement home for incurables, step in hesitatingly with a shocked expression already adjusted; and if they do venture upstairs—where they see not only the outside patients, who come to have ulcers dressed, but the real cancer cases, mostly in an advanced condition—feel very keenly the sudden revelation of suffering, because there is no way of shutting off this state of things, my home at present being as informal and crowded as a private house into which have been brought the wounded from a skirmish in war-time. It is wonderful, however, to find how soon the nurse loses her horror of a peculiar case, and takes intelligent interest in attending to and amusing a person so much afflicted. I hear a great deal in my visits to cases to which I am called about the outcries and general agony of



THE "WHITE WINGS"
CONTRIBUTES TO THE
GENERAL COMFORT
OF PEDESTRIANS.

persons who are ill with cancer, but proper dressings immediately produce



BUSY BUT CHEERFUL SHOPPERS ON ONE OF THE CITY'S CROWDED AVENUES.



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF GREEN.

some ease, and proper medicines quiet the nerves : so that it is a matter of comment among ourselves from day to day how little the patients seem to suffer who, we would suppose, would be in a state of active torture every hour. There is really very little torture even in this horrible disease when the treatments recommended at the New York Cancer Hospital are adopted. Perhaps several times a day there may be great suffering, but the sick have a great deal of comfort, if any one tries to give it to them.

There is, of course, some difficulty to the nurses in exchanging a style of living which is orderly and comparatively quiet for the turmoil of a pauper district. I rank my sufferings in regard to noises with the other two trials of sleepiness not indulged in and weariness not rested. I really thought at one time that I should not be able to bear the constant uproar of the children and the midnight revels of the drunkards, but



EVEN THE POOR SHARE IN THE DELIGHTS OF SHOPPING SOMETIMES.

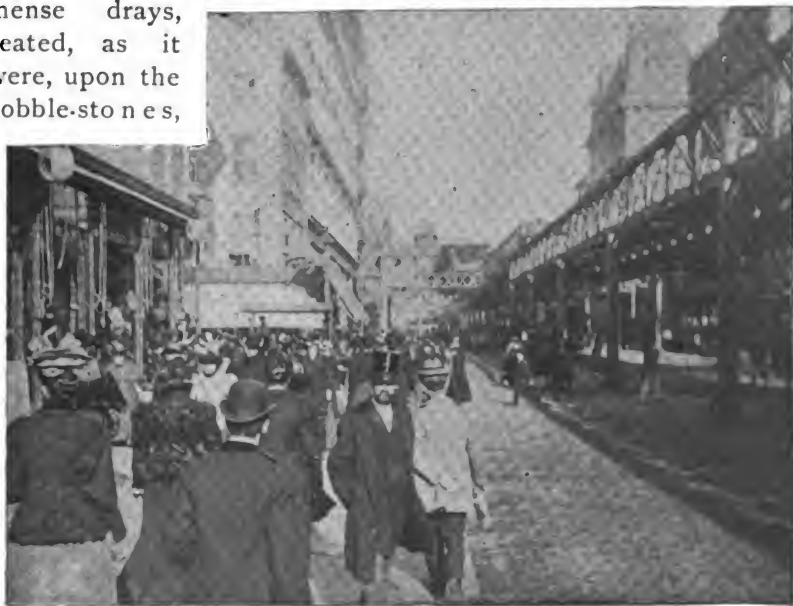


"PILGRIMAGES OVER UNFAMILIAR STREETS."

I must confess that I scarcely perceive now, after four months of what is called the noisiest street in New York, the rollicking or brawling racket always going on. It would seem that the human frame is really a slave whom it is possible to subject at every point, and that the strength of the slave is herculean when once the creature is fully conquered. It is impossible to get entirely away from the amenities of life! Into the turmoil of which I have hinted there constantly come, to people who have had connection with a more fortunate existence, messages and visitors from the old social circle, and these sweeten life very much. Little mementos and ornaments creep in, to win our hearts over again to the joys of existence; and it soon becomes an affectionate warfare with the people we love who remain in the world, in order that the nurses who have given their lives up to hard work may not be kidnapped, to be kept in durance within the confines of luxury at frequent intervals during the year. But somehow the determination to carry the work of charity on with completeness and adequate help to the poor is the dearest aim for any one who has once tasted the nectar of a self-denial which does not limit itself in idea, however weakly human nature cringes at some steps to be taken. I doubt if any district nurse, or

nurse in a hospital in a poor district, who has laid out for herself a plan at all in keeping with the commands of the New Testament, would feel so much at ease in her old surroundings of rest and amusement as under the yoke of charitable labor. Nevertheless, the glimpses of friends which she gets, through their generous pilgrimages over unfamiliar streets in order to see her and cheer her, are like refreshing draughts on a long journey afoot. The postman's budget of letters is beautiful with handwriting that is precious, and the words of encouragement brought by mail or spoken during a rapid call are found simply indispensable to her courage. It must also be noted that the humble appreciation and cordiality of the poor, sometimes awkward, sometimes refined and beautiful because of the naturally gentle natures of many of the poor, are a very sweet daily element in district work.

Often there is a great deal of picturesqueness about the pauper life itself, to say nothing of figures and tints among children and laborers which might be painted with a great satisfaction to the best art-critics. There are the startlingly effective groups of young folks around a huge bonfire, of which there is a brilliant series during the winter-time. One night, as I walked home in the moonlight by the water, I saw a row of four immense drays, seated, as it were, upon the cobblestones,



CITY LIFE HAS A PICTURESQUENESS ALL ITS OWN.



A PEDESTRIAN IN NEW YORK CATCHES PICTURE
AFTER PICTURE DOWN CROSS-STREETS OF
RIVER AND SUNSET VIEWS.

with their shafts drawn up towards the sky. A brilliant ruddy light touched off all the outlines, and close to one of the carts was to be seen the great bonfire some boys had built, the nucleus of the blaze being a barrel and the moving spirit a can of kerosene. It was a bitterly cold night, and the boys had all an air of conscious wisdom as they grouped themselves about this delightful centre. These bonfires may be found at all points roaring and dancing away to the satisfaction of the entire populace. No box or basket or old sofa, or any inflammable material, is quite safe in winter days, and no one seems to think of interrupting the boys in their ecstatic play with fire.

To wait for a car on some of the outlying streets of the city is to give one's self five minutes, very likely, of a brisk Italian scene, where a cheap tenement-house is being run up in short order. Handsome creatures in artistic garb, prettily varied in colors of shirt and scarf, slide down and up the ladders with graceful motions of unburdened steps, or the equally graceful motions of struggling muscles weighted with a heavy load. Everywhere on the East Side one is likely to happen upon the never-wearying effects of the shipping and blue, windy water or misty shores; and here in New York the pedestrian always has a chance, at the right hour, to catch picture after picture of the western heavens down cross-streets, which are all the more soul-stirring from their contrast to the scene which has been looked at all day long, within tenement walls.

In regard to starting a new charity, there is an opinion prevalent that nothing will be met with but discouragement from those who are expected to be charitable. A very rich man has not only his city and country house, perhaps somewhat multiplied also, but he will be sure to tell you that he has two hospitals on his hands. In short, an Egyptian hieroglyphic of one of the Pharaohs is the only thing that could illustrate his hampered condition. You are told that the well-

to-do have spent their pin-money upon the foreign missions, and that in a year's time you will cease to exist as a new charity. The fact is, that a new charity which is as much needed as that dealing with orphans, a charity dealing with women destitute of care and unable to support themselves, yet in the grasp of a terrible disease, is responded to with the depth of cordiality which greets a call to arms if one's country is in danger, supposing the responder to be capable of nobility. The methods of securing aid and manipulating resources in charity are by no means as exquisitely finished and effective as those used in national defence, but let me prophesy that they will be one of these days.

The first thing to do, in my opinion, is for those who can best afford the time to give themselves to the labor of so perfecting the science of charity that it may become adequate, instead of being as it is at present, often ridiculously defective. Who are these members of the race who have the most time to give, and who will least be missed in withdrawing themselves from "the world," so called? They are women who have no indissoluble ties, and who have the good sense to realize that the life of an earnest woman, wherever she is, is



BROADWAY WHERE IT IS NARROW.

one of suffering. They are the women who choose to do with less of the ameliorations of life to this good end of nursing destitute women, which I have stated to be, in my opinion, of equal importance with patriotism.



THE CROWDED QUARTERS AT WATER STREET.

I was informed about a French charity which takes care in a number of hospitals, both in France and England, of incurable cancer cases. I was told that in America these incurable cases, when destitute, are terribly neglected; and, if attended to at all, are dismissed from hospitals after six months, whether death steps in as a relief or years of suffering must ensue. I felt that, as I had time to give to charity, this was the charity I would take up, in the hope of assisting to repeat here the success of the charity in France. Doctors told me there was great need of the work, as a large number of cases existed among the poor and were increasing constantly. Most of my friends begged me not to enter into such a loathsome occupation. I persisted; took a few rooms in the poorest district; immediately found myself appealed to by persons afflicted with the disease; soon had several patients living with me in my little rooms, and was joined by a few women as interested as myself in the scheme. At the end of two years and a half I find myself more strenuously encouraged by the sympathy of others than at the beginning of my work. Once in a while I

fortify my finances by appeals in the daily press for money, clothing, and medicines for the poor sick I care for, and immediately there is a moderate response from charitable persons, sufficient to keep me at my post.

It is the hope of the Servants of Relief, as we call ourselves, that a permanent home, accommodating at least fifteen patients, may be secured by methods for obtaining public interest; and we believe that this house will in itself strike the public, in future, as an argument that carries its point well. Our peculiar trait will be, that we dwell closely among the poor, sharing as much as possible, if the expression can be permitted, their deprivations, and also their cold and heat, their laborious effort to exist, and their old-fashioned harshness of conveniences, in order that these things may be remembered and done away with. We trust that our own laborious effort will help to elucidate the difficult question of how a charity-hospital may be a kindly home.

As soon as a woman is incapacitated for self-support, she should be given a home by those who are capable of giving it to her; and that home should not be a travesty, but worthy of the sacred name.

We have no object in life but to supply this need, in one line of its outreaching growth from the central root of destitution; and as women never turn aside from misery without assisting it, and as we have hundreds of letters from men and women which express entire enthusiasm for our budding endeavor, we believe that both women's work and men's money will enrich this charity for the immediate help of destitute souls.

*Free Home for Incurable Cancer,
668 Water Street, New York.*

CHIQUITA.

BY JOHN J. À BECKET.



OM HAVEN was not a success by virtue of endeavor, and good luck had not been thrust upon him. He had made a college course, been a newspaper man, cow-boy, prospector, a business man whose partner had decamped with all the money in the firm, and now he was a miner. He was also the father of Chiquita. He felt himself that this meant the greatest success of his life. When Haven had hope and strength and youth as his capital, he had married a handsome Mexican girl. Now he was forty, working as a miner in this wild mountain range in California, and Carmen, his wife, stricken by some strange malady, was confined to her bed most of the time, body and heart wasting away alike.

A change, this, from the days when the strong, square-shouldered, easy-going *gringo* had won the dark-eyed girl who danced his heart away with her grace and abandon. Tom's shoulders were rounded a little now under the burden of life, and his blue eyes, which once flashed with a merry twinkle, though steady and clear, would never know again that gay sparkle. Youth, the lamp-lighter of the eyes, had parted from him years ago.

Yet life was not all a failure while he had Chiquita and Tommy. The father and mother seemed to see themselves beginning life again in these two. Chiquita was a miniature edition of her mother. Carmen had taught her little daughter the sprightly steps of the cachuca, fandango, and other graceful measures. It was Chiquita's one accomplishment.

But although she was only twelve she was a womanly little creature and full of resources. When poor Carmen was stricken down, the child forthwith blossomed into grave, foreseeing, protecting ways. She was a ministering angel to her mother, a tireless guardian to her small five-year-old brother, and the light of life to Tom Haven. The sight of the bright child warmed the tired blue eyes into a tender glow. His big heart clung to Chiquita as it did to nothing else on earth. Carmen Haven was more wrapped up in the sturdy boy whose brilliant color-

ing recalled the handsome fellow who had given her life its richest happiness.

The family mansion was the most modest structure in the whole mining camp. It was tucked in against a ledge which reached out in a friendly way over part of the slanting roof. The tiny home with its two rooms and the attic (if that is not too fine a name for the space between the wooden ceiling and the roof) clung to the hard gray rock like a periwinkle. But this absurd little house was full of love, as the chalice of a flower is of perfume. No devotee cherished a protecting saint more than big, serious Tom Haven did his sweet little Chiquita. She, fragrant blossom of humanity, loved them all with a passion of affection—her poor stricken mother, her strong, grave father, and the darling, rosy play-boy Tom. What a wholesome ardor there was in her protecting care of the romping, golden-haired youngster! He was the one merry soul in the household, and played the livelong day as happy as if he were a king's son and lived in a palace. There was no service Chiquita did not think of for this small lord of her heart.

She did everything there was to do about the diminutive home. Her body was so strong, her great heart so willing and eager, and her activity so prudent and sweetly untiring. She rose with the lark, made the fire, got breakfast, and prepared the lunch for her father to take with him to the distant shaft, where he went early in the morning and stayed till sundown. Through the day the little housewife busied herself with a hundred matronly things, lightened the weary hours of her stricken mother and kissed and fondled and played with Tom, her idol.

The camp had no greater personage than Chiquita. The rough miners and their hardy wives cherished her mightily. Once a week Tom Haven took his little girl to the "store." There, in the dusky effulgence of two kerosene lamps, Chiquita, clad in a cheap pink cambric gown and with a rose in her jet-black hair, danced with smiling dignity for the rough men who sat around, their legs crossed and their horny hands clasped over their knees, as they watched her airy grace with solemn intensity. There was never a loose word, a careless oath, not even a rough movement in that hard audience when Chiquita mellowed it to refinement by her untutored, womanly yet child-like dignity. The charm of the pure, dainty little girl chastened them into gentle-folk.

At the end she made a slow curtsy to them, said "Good-

evening, gentlemen," in her soft voice, put her tiny hand, that had clicked the castanets so rhythmically, into her father's stout fingers and walked back to the miserable shanty snuggled in under the frowning ledge, happy and innocent.

One night Tom Haven had to stay at the mine. He kissed Chiquita "good-by" more tenderly than ever because it was to be longer than usual before he would return to her solacing tenderness. He bade her with all seriousness take good care of her mother and her baby brother till he came back, and to think of papa while he was away. Her soft, sweet kiss on his lips was a dagger of memory to pierce his heart with cruel sweetness in the after years. He looked back at the turn of the rough path that wound up the mountain and she waved her brown hand in encouragement. Then after one look out on the wide-stretching world, so bright and wild and lonely, Chiquita joyously went into the small hut.

That night a strong wind came roaring through the gully like a demon. It rushed shrieking at the mining camp and flouted it with buffeting gusts. It made Tom Haven's house under the ledge wail and whistle like a tortured æolian harp. It blew fiercely down the adobe chimney and whipped the great log Chiquita had put on the stone hearth into singing flames.

The healthy, tired children heeded the boisterous clamor of the gale no more than the sea-gull minds the hissing wind that tosses it about. It was a lullaby that drowned the soft breathings of slumber into which it sung them. Poor Carmen Haven was the last of the three to sink into the blessed refreshment of sleep. There was a melancholy undertone in the wildly shrieking wind to which her soul vibrated forlornly. She felt her helpless condition keenly. It was hard on poor Tom Haven to have her such a cripple. At last, with a long, quivering sigh she too sank into slumber.

The wind tore and raved and ramped about them as if the simple house clinging to the protecting rock infuriated its savage mood. But the trio slept on, breathing lightly, like small birds in a nest.

Suddenly Chiquita was roused from her sleep by a stinging bite on her smooth cheek. She awoke at once to full consciousness. Then she sat up with a sudden, soft little cry.

Sparks like a frenzied cloud of red fire-flies were whirling around in the room. Through the cracks in the wooden ceiling spirals of drab smoke were curling like gray snakes roused to a

sluggish activity. Now and then a bright glow flushed them with rose color.

Tom Haven's home was on fire and a friendly spark had awakened its guardian angel.

Instantly Chiquita's thoughts flew to the wooden box in the corner of the room. A shower of sparks was falling on it. In it, after the fashion of miners, the child knew that her father kept a store of giant powder wrapped in a coarse bag.

Like a startled fawn she sprang up, a cry like a swift prayer breaking from her. In her haste to get out her feet became entangled in the bed-clothes and the agile little dancer was thrown violently to the floor. She felt an excruciating pain in her leg. When she strove to stand it hurt her so she could not. With dauntless resolution she crawled to her mother's cot and tugged at the clothes, calling aloud to her. Tommy in fright at the roar and smoke and flying sparks buried his curly, golden head under the bed-clothes.

"Mamma, the house is on fire!" gasped Chiquita. "Get out with Tommy as fast as you can," she screamed in an agony of apprehension lest delay might be fatal. Then, as Carmen wildly raised herself up and, clutching the boy in her arms, fled through the fiery shower to the door, Chiquita dragged herself along toward the box as fast as she could. The pain in her leg made her moan at every motion. Her dark hair streaming down over her back, she at last crawled to the box, hastily dashed off the hot particles that had fallen on top of it, heedless of her hands; then, by a last convulsive effort, raised her body and flung herself out over the perilous case, covering it with her supple young frame from the fiery downfall.

Carmen, when she found herself out of the house with Tommy and saw that Chiquita had not followed her, uttered piercing screams of despair which soon brought some of the miners to the spot.

"Chiquita! In there, O Dio Santo!" she gasped wildly, and sank fainting on the ground.

Two or three of the rough men rushed in and found the child clinging to the box, the sparks falling in a shower on her white night-gown and eating their way through to her little body. But she clung to the box dauntlessly, her frame quivering, and low, pitiful moans escaping from her despite herself. The men grasped the situation at a glance, and gathering the child and the box into their arms bore them swiftly out of the smoke-filled room.

Then they tenderly lifted the child and brushed the sparks

from off her. They bore the small sufferer to a neighboring shanty, and there did all that their simple knowledge suggested with heartfelt earnestness. The brave young spirit tried to suppress any indication of the agony she was put to by her injuries. But the dark, sweet face was drawn into a tortured look. She felt strength failing her. Her round, bright eyes looked forth with indomitable courage, and the dainty lips made a pitiful effort to smile that those around might be reassured. She begged them to bring Tommy to her, after she had learned that her mother and the boy were safe. The rosy youngster, unharmed but ruffled like a downy bird, and with a scared look on his face, was brought to her bedside by one of the miners. Carmen was unable to leave the bed where they had placed her, and in the intervals of semi-consciousness did nothing but moan "Chiquita!" with an accent of terrified anguish.

As the beautiful, troubled boy was held toward her the dark face of Chiquita lit up with the sweetest wistfulness and gratitude. She stretched out her poor burned arms and said joyously: "Kiss me, Tommy; kiss Chiquita. Oh! how happy I am that I saved you and mamma."

Frightened, and with his bright face still troubled, the boy put his plump arms about his sister and clung to her closely. Though his embrace made Chiquita wince, she gave no sign of this as she kissed him with trembling eagerness. But after a moment through sheer exhaustion her arms fell from him and she lay panting while they bore him away, crying tumultuously as if his heart would break.

She had saved them, but the ebbing of her forces told her she had not saved herself for long. With the sense that her life was waning her whole great heart turned to her father.

"Oh! when will papa be here?" she moaned. "I cannot go without seeing him. Oh! do bring him to me."

Some one had gone for Tom Haven as soon as Chiquita's condition was realized. But the shaft was a mile and a quarter higher up the gully. Chiquita, her breath getting fainter and fainter while the pain made a furrow in her smooth forehead, kept glancing toward the door with her dark, glittering eyes. "Papa! O papa! I must see you," she moaned again and again.

There was a quick, crunching step outside. The next moment Tom Haven, white as a sheet, his hair clinging damply to his brow, burst panting into the room.

"O papa!" cried Chiquita, stretching her arms toward him as he sank upon his knees at the side of the bed and gently

enfolded her in his strong arms, "I saved mamma and Tommy. They are not hurt. I love you so dearly. I am so—"

What it was that Chiquita would have told him his heart had to gather, for with the pressure of his lips on hers the last atom of strength deserted her. Her tired little head sank against his shoulder, and the brave young arms fell limply over his. Tom Haven held in his straining embrace the pretty form of Chiquita, but the white soul which had stirred it to dainty dance-steps in Cogan's "store" had gone to God.

After seeing his wife and Tommy and making every provision for their comfort, they could not keep him from the quiet burnt body which had been so full of gracious activity when he left her in the morning, after consigning her mother and brother to her care. She had kept the trust well.

There was one more pang of sorrow in store for Tom Haven, something that pierced his very heart whenever he recalled it in the dreary after years. While the miners' wives were preparing his little girl for her simple burial, one of them, who was moving the still body, suddenly exclaimed with a thoughtless surprise and sympathy: "Why, her leg's broke!"

She was terrified at the storm of sobs which shook the big frame of Tom Haven as he heard her words. A strong man convulsed with weeping is an awesome sight. He fell upon his knees as if he were at some holy shrine, and with trembling lips reverently kissed the shattered body of his child, broken in its labor of love—broken for her dear ones. And they had not even known it until she was dead!

Silently they tiptoed out and left him alone with his little Chiquita, that his stormy grief might spend itself over those hallowed remains.

They buried her in a shady corner of the gully, with a stream singing merrily below, and the solemn pines whispering in tranquil sympathy above her head. Every morning Tom Haven passes the spot on his way to the mine, and he pauses invariably for a brief communion with his slumbering little girl. Many a blade of tender young grass that has sprung up over the small hillock has had its thread of root watered by a warm tear from his worn blue eyes. Every day he grows more gaunt and his eyes seem to be more introspective. The miners rub their rough chins as they see him waste away. But they do not mention Chiquita.

Carmen did not survive the shock of that bitter night many days. The old Tom and the young Tom live alone. Every

Sunday the father and the growing golden boy go to the small grave in the valley, and the father tells the boy anew that his little sister loved him enough to die for him, and that greater love than this no one hath. He does not tell him that he lives for him, but the miners feel that this is true.

Tom is growing daily into strength, and he looks ever more wistfully out over the stretch of wild mountain region with desire to get to the great city far below, where there is larger life. Chiquita is becoming an impersonal memory for him. He chafes for the fiercer, more engrossing work and rewards that lie in the town.

Tom Haven does not blame the boy. He, his father, recalls the adventurous changes of his own boyhood and youth. When the fierce edge of impatient desire and presumptuous hope have been slowly filed away by the hard rebuffs of life, Tom feels that the little, cheery, strong sister, the child-martyr of love, will be revived as a chastening memory in her brother's soul. But he shrinks from what may befall the ardent youth who will have no Chiquita to watch over and assist him in his struggles.

Then there came rumors to the small camp in the mountains. The woes of the oppressed Cubans at our very threshold demanded neighborly interference and nothing short of the heavy hand of war could coerce those who misused them into justice. The government called for volunteers. The slender, wiry stripling heard these stirring reports. He was nearly twenty now. The romance, the glory, the rush and conflict, the journeying, pricked his imagination and stirred his desire.

He told his father he must go. The fever was in his blood. Tom Haven knew that if he refused his consent, his boy would go without it. He had no wish to refuse. Had his own broken strength permitted, he would have gone himself.

It was a glorious Sunday when the boy told his father his wish. He had accompanied Tom on his pilgrimage to the small grave up in the cañon, something he had not done for a long time. There, at the grave of the little sister who had risked her life quite as a soldier might, for the interests entrusted to her, he said he wished to go to the war.

"*She* would want me to go, dad, if she was alive," he said ingenuously.

Tom Haven looked at him with glistening eyes, for he felt that this was true.

"Go, Tom," he replied in a low voice. "And when you have to fight or face danger for your country, remember Chiquita, who had a soldier's soul."

THE END OF THE CENTURY AND THE ITALIAN
REVOLUTION.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.



WE are in the last year of the century of most vaunted progress. Almost in every point of view it differs from preceding ones. It is called the century of science and the century of political advancement. It is the century of new cults and the century of criticism. At other times men revered the past; they do so no longer. Pessimism used to be an amiable sort of weakness. It said, We are not as good as our fathers; we are going down hill. It is now a malignity. Everything is a blunder, and it is well it should be so. Let the blind influences go on, smiting the fool who calls himself lord of the creation—he whose greatest and least act is fixed for him and had been fixed in protoplasmistic times.

Old ideas are dethroned. They ruled men and nations, but they were a superstition. They were in the way of progress. They were monarchical, oligarchical, conservative. Man should be free—free to think and to tell his thought. When the mass was not a slave to one man it was a slave to a few. The latter was as the hundred-fold tyranny of the former, whether it was a Thirty in Athens or a Senate in Rome. All should share in government. Learning was the privilege and vindication of a few. Philosophy, art, religion were expositions of authority. The first had its saws to sustain power, the second its rules to kill humble merit, the third was the practice of imitation to perpetuate a monopoly, and religion the chain flung by priests over intelligence in order that they might eat of the fat and drink of the strong. What is called democratic criticism flies at art, Biblical criticism at priestcraft, the science of the nineteenth century at philosophy, all at government as the instrument of order.

THE EXPLICIT WILL OF THE GOVERNED.

Is order in a state necessary for the enjoyment of social life? It would seem not, if certain theories put forward are carried to their legitimate conclusion. Take the unrestrained

freedom of Rousseau's savage as resting on one wing of the social contract, the theory that government must be the will of the governed explicitly declared as resting on the other. With but these principles it is impossible to calculate the future of existing nations. It is impossible, because no solid principle of right is behind and beneath the political theories in vogue and the experiments made in pursuance of them. Rousseau and Voltaire were both indebted to Locke for any appearance of philosophic thought in their views of government; but Locke's principles were *ex post facto*, opinions framed to vindicate the Revolution. Consequently they are a philosophy of concrete vindication, the speculative conclusions of a theorist on his trial.

The will of the governed explicitly declared is tacitly assumed to be the only foundation of just government. This habit of thought has no reality as a vital force. In France and Italy what stands for it is the transplantation of the doctrine to an uncongenial soil. It may be that the Latin mind is too logical to assimilate a principle standing without antecedents—a plausible and resounding period isolated in the realm of political philosophy—while at the same time these representatives of Latin government and progress are externally subdued by the remarkable history of England and America in the career of civilization and law. A glamour may be flung over the mind by the achievements of a nation as well as of an individual; and so rebellious Italy of several small states might be fired by the example of England proceeding in a course of political advancement and material prosperity at a rate which distanced all the other nations, and this from the time when she declared that loyalty was conditional and the authority of the state had no sanction but the will of the people expressed by their representatives.

THE ITALIAN REVOLUTIONIST ADOPTS THE THEORY.

The Italian revolutionist adopted the doctrine that the declared assent of the governed was the authority for good government, just as if it were not possible that there should be any other kind of assent. Now, the assent in question might in fact be tacit, could be as well evinced by the affectionate loyalty of a whole people as by the pronouncement of a self-constituted convention declaring the throne vacant for a foreigner to replace the king. We do not say the body of the English people felt anything like affectionate loyalty to James II. in 1688, but it is conceivable that there could be loyalty to a king without ex-

pressing it in state papers; attachment to his person without recording it in the minutes of corporations or declaring it in the speeches of statesmen, proposing or supporting addresses to the crown. This is not merely conceivable—it has happened over and over again—but what is more to the purpose we maintain a government may justify itself as a good one without a declared commission from the mass of the people. Such we hold to have been the governments in Italy before 1848 and such the government of England until 1688. Their formal title was of course prescription, but their substantial one was the maintenance of law and order. We say, with a certain hesitation, that an usurped authority, having gained prescriptive rights, may legitimate itself by satisfying aspirations and preserving peace. The satisfying of aspirations, though a somewhat indefinite phrase, includes within it the reflection of a people's will—that is, the expressing of the will of the whole people and not that of an official class. This is incompatible with general discontent, even though this goes no further than the press and platform; but when discontent expresses itself everywhere in insurrection, the government is condemned. It may put down insurrection by superior force, but a tyrant or anybody can govern in a state of siege. In the May of 1898 this is what the revolutionary government of Italy exhibited as its title to replace the immemorial prescription of the popes, the prescriptive titles venerable enough in antiquity of the other princes.

BEGINNINGS OF UNITED ITALY.

The rise of the house of Savoy is an interesting subject to the student of politics. Manifold influences curiously conflicting in their ordinary tendency co-operated in producing it. Without a drop of Latin blood, Charles Albert represented the Latin ideas of Alfieri and all the dreamers who paved the way for the royal revolution consummated in 1859. The history of Italian states presents a phantasmagoria of ideas begot of imagination acting under the direction of profound craft and unbounded ambition. From a few robbers and fishermen in the lagoons of Venice began the patricians who believed they were the descendants of the Conscript Fathers of old Rome. The prince-merchants of Genoa rivalled them in pride and pretension. Throughout the mediæval republics there was a like claim to the traditions of the antique past combined with astonishing enterprise and statesmanship. When most of the latter fell under the control of particular families they preserved the

forms of freedom like Rome under the emperors. There was the further resemblance that as in Rome so in these states the rulers retained power by policy and force. In their institutions and discontent their citizens kept alive the memory of an idealized Roman liberty and strength, as if they came in the right line of descent from the Romans. The illusion was rendered complete by the Renaissance, which learned something of the glories of Greece and Rome, nothing of the storms which had blotted out from the greater part of Italy every man, woman, and child of Roman blood.

INSURRECTION IN LOMBARDY.

In 1848 Charles Albert crossed the Ticino from Piedmont to aid the insurrection in Lombardy. The very name of the Lombard tells his barbarian origin. What had he to do with memories of ancient Rome? What connection had Charles Albert with the principles which made tyrannicide a cult? "I come," he declared in his proclamation—"I come as brother to brother, as friend to friend"; and in token of fidelity to revolutionary ideas he blended his ancient shield with the Italian tricolor. On the surface the cause of Lombardy was a just one. The reader who delights in history as an old almanac will only see Austrian oppression on the one part, the patriotism of the King of Piedmont on the other. But Charles Albert, though he moved under the enthusiasm of ideas of liberty and the restoration of Italian unity, in reality intended to annex the Lombardo-Venetian possessions to his own if the Austrians should be expelled. The rule in Venice has been described as a cold and remorseless tyranny. It was said to be more. It was said to be a plague which so corrupted society that the imprecations of every man who had suffered during the centuries under the lawless law of the Ten must have borne fruit in a retribution by which the tyrants of the great republic who had shed innocent blood like water, and killed by suborned tongues the fearless and the just who from time to time had stood against them, were punished in the fate of their descendants—in the shame which made their daughters a hissing to the foreign soldier and branded the name of coward on the forehead of their sons. But for this the King of Piedmont had no more real regard than would be had by his son Victor Emmanuel. Caught in the enthusiasm from the past which blinded all the people at the time, he believed he could turn it to his own purposes. There was in him, as in the princes of his house,

great personal bravery and a share of military talents. He relied upon the sympathy of England and the aid of France.* These supports to his own army, and the Lombards intoxicated with visions of the old-time grandeur of the Italian name, caused him to look with confidence for success.

He burst into Lombardy like a robber. A few slight advantages followed the audacious enterprise, to be soon effaced by the victory of the Austrians at Custozza. Then France began to sneer, and England, after her manner on such occasions, proceeded to deliver homilies on the violation of international law to the defeated invader. Milan was invested by the Austrians. Charles Albert signed the surrender, but the revolutionists proclaimed war to the last. They rose with cries of death to the King of Piedmont, attacked the Greppi palace, smashed his equipages, howled curses on the deliverer of yesterday. The picture of Charles Albert is pitiable. He stood on the balcony pale as a ghost from sickness and anxiety, his eyes haggard, a paper in his hands. Below him the mob shrieked for his death, while the work of destruction in the out-offices and grounds was giving earnest of what awaited him. He obtains a hearing. The paper is his own copy of the capitulation to Marshal Radetzky. He promises to continue the war to the last drop of his blood, and tears the paper before their eyes.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE AMIDST STARVATION.

This was the beginning of Italian unity in the sphere of practical politics, the crystallization of dreams airy as the beliefs of madness, the conventional conversion of the assassin's oath into a policy which put a revolution of robbery and license, of lust and atheism, into line with the nations forming the commonwealth of Europe. Every year since Italian unity became almost an accomplished fact with its capital at Turin, and entirely that with its capital at Rome, it has presented to the unseeing world those appalling features. Unlimited spoliation has not enriched it. Ingratitude to the unhappy nation which opened a way for its success has only given it the semblance of strength. England and the friends of revolution over Europe point to it as the triumph of liberty and reason over tyranny

* It is very likely that Mazzini had reason to expect aid from France, as he says in his *Cenni intorno l'insurrezione Lombarda*. The probabilities favor the expectation; the only doubt one might have arises from the man's character. He would be capable of making the charge as an offset to the restoration of the Pope by the French; but in this France and not its revolution expressed itself. It is a puzzle.

and superstition. It is one of the triple alliance of military despots against civilization and the rights of labor. The offspring of discordant ideas, the child of false enthusiasm wedded to narrow selfishness, it is a portent even in the nineteenth century.

What do we see? The Revolution celebrates its golden jubilee amid a starving population. Maddened by hunger, the workmen rise through the length and breadth of Italy. Towns and villages are sacked; government officials fly for their lives; mills are destroyed; the military are called out. How can barricades be defended against cannon when behind them there are no better arms than stones torn from the streets? The sight is horrible, revolting. Wild-eyed, thin-faced men sink under the fusilades with curses on their lips; dishevelled women with babes in their arms oppose foul obscenities to the fire of the soldiers. The barricades are down, the pavements run with blood. Once more liberty and reason triumph in Italian unity!

WHAT ITALIAN UNITY HAS DONE FOR SOUTHERN ITALY.

Take as a specimen of the law and order maintained in what was the kingdom of the Bourbons. Under them the south of Italy was a land of plenty and rejoicing.* There are no longer holidays; the country has been dedicated to the genius of famine. Last January in the Sicilian province of Girgenti the workmen, with demands for food and labor, set fire to the residence of the mayor. Three thousand men in Canicatti, in the same province, rose against the taxes and demanded work. They broke into the syndic's residence, took possession of the bureaus and wrecked them amid a scene of indescribable confusion. In Cinisi, in the province of Palermo, the same story is told. In the Marches of Ancona the insurrection took a character of inconceivable violence under the guidance of the Socialists, availing themselves of the universal discontent at the price of food. We wonder whether the wretched people thought of the paternal rule of Pius IX., when no house was empty, when childhood lived its happy time, when young women were modest and mothers honored in the home. Now children look with the vicious lines of crafty age, maid and matron are furies, ragged bacchantes, like the hideous slovens whose words and gestures to the soldiery during the tumults could only be compared to those of a camp trull. Comparing

* "Etait appelée le pays du blé et des fêtes," says one who knows.

the old king's benign rule with the sway of the revolution monarch, even a Garibaldian Englishman might think of La Fontaine's lines :

"Jamais le Ciel ne fut aux humains si facile
Que quand Jupiter même était de simple bois,
Depuis qu'on l'a fait d'or, il est sourd à nos voix."

PEOPLE CLAMORING FOR BREAD.

After great damage to property the insurrection was put down, to break out in other parts of the Marches. In Macerata and Sinigaglia the tumults were directed against the taxes. In the last year of the century of science and political liberty we have the motive of Wat Tyler's rebellion in England and its characteristic features, robbery, destruction, and the madness of despair. In Sinigaglia the buildings where grain was stored were sacked and pillaged. Prince Ruspoli, the mayor of Rome, was the proprietor of several of those granaries. Surely they ought to have been safe. An aristocrat gracing revolution by holding the highest office in the transformed city of the popes was an object worthy the respect of the sons of toil. The corn he had accumulated against the lean years ought to have been sacred. Was he not the disciple of Mazzini, the prophet of the knife? If he charged famine prices for his corn to starving men, he was still the friend of humanity; such a friend, it may be, as Madame Roland found the liberty of 1793 was to justice.

Similar scenes were enacted in Chiaravalle, Jesi, Osimo, and very many towns and villages besides. Sinigaglia had given up its great market under the popes to help the cause of Italian unity. Perhaps she did not reckon that famine would be the handmaid of the queenly guest. So with Ancona, so with all other places in the province. The only deliverance accomplished by the friends of liberty was freedom from comfort and content. We have been for a long time expecting a rebellion in the Marches and elsewhere. Love of insurrection is an Italian disease. Ancona rose against the popes; it will rise against the house of Savoy, which has done nothing to confer that title of justification which some political thinkers concede to good government by an usurper.

In Trevi (Perouse), Gallipoli (Lecce), Voltri (Genova),* there were tumults of like description. The peace in Rome was only

* The names in parentheses are the provinces.

preserved by an overwhelming military demonstration. A public meeting in imitation of the Roman Comitia had been announced to be held in the Arena Garibaldi; it was prohibited and the public safety secured by patrols of cavalry and the massing of forces at strategic points. We should like to know who satirized the freedom won by Italian unity in the couplet

“Godetevi, O Quiriti. La splendide giorata :
Che la rivoluzione—Per oggi è rimandata.”*

ORDER BY MEANS OF CAVALRY CHARGES.

While we admit, nay insist upon the duty of maintaining order as the primary obligation of government, we may be permitted to recall the complaints made by the revolutionists against the princes that they maintained order by the sword. In what does the action of the revolutionary and kingly government in Rome, when it prevents a public meeting to be held according to a classical model, differ from the oppression of the house of Bourbon when it refused to allow the followers of Mazzini and Garibaldi to rob, fire houses, and commit murder on the plea of liberty and reason? It seems quite clear that in the pomp and circumstance of war alone the method of maintaining order by the new régime differs from the old. The shooting would be better, the cavalry charges more irresistible, the number of the force employed greater. We do not suggest that the absurd recalling of the old comitia as an incitement was less dangerous to life and property than the methods of the assassins and incendiaries of Mazzini and Garibaldi in Naples. Francis II. would be condemned in any case because his was a lawful title, while the usurper enjoyed the merits which ring as with a halo the brows of those great and good men, like William of Orange and Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia, whom disinterested love of liberty elevated from the rule of petty states to the throne of vast possessions. But why does not the revolutionary king, the son of Re Galantuomo, the heir of Rienzi and the great Julius, the embodiment of the ten thousand bewildering crazes which constitute the madness called Italian Unity,—why does he not trust his united people, the citizens of the capital torn from the hands which saved it from barbarian, local tyrant, European power hundreds of times? Vindictive justice sleeps when no Alaric is here, no Constable of Bourbon comes from the

* Be joyful, O Romans! this glorious day,
For this day the Revolution is brought back!

north to smoke the reptiles in their cave. Even in Rome the bayonets of King Humbert cannot convince starving families that they are not hungry, although their suffering was not expressed in such scenes as took place in the provinces.

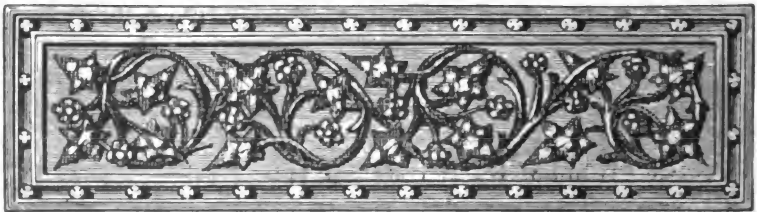
DEPTH OF POPULAR DISCONTENT.

It would be idle to follow the sickening events. It was admitted by ministerial authority that the destitution, hardly short of famine, which prevailed in the island of Sicily, a garden under the Bourbons, was almost equalled by that of every part of Italy.* In the province of Palermo the agricultural laborers broke out, crying "Down with the taxes! Death to the starvers of the people!" Cannon and the bayonet silenced them. There were similar troubles in Catania. At Modica, in that province, the populace stoned the military, broke the windows, seized the bureau of the city tax and set it on fire. Order was restored by killing a few of the rioters and wounding many more. We are informed that in this town the starvation of the working classes was accentuated by a costly function, one part of which was a great ball given by the municipality. The gentlemen led to the entertainment their wives and daughters dressed with a magnificence previously unknown. The account, under the conditions present, reads like one of those terrible contrasts in which Goethe delighted. That is not all. A month was spent in begging bread from the authorities which lavished so much upon a public display; and then the munificent sum of £2, or \$10 or 50 francs, was presented for the relief of ten thousand families. In Rome a customary donation of bread for the poor was to be made on the 14th of March. There was a mistake about the place where the distribution was to be made. At all events, the crowd collected at the wrong place. The bourgeois bakers could have easily rectified the matter by going to where the objects of their bounty had collected. These waited for a long time for the expected distribution. The king, on his way to a review attended by a gorgeous staff, passed them. They called out: "We want food and work." On his return they raised the same cry. In the evening the wretched creatures unfurled two flags, one national, the other local, and set out in procession. They went down the Corso, a young girl of eighteen years bearing a banner at their head. "Food and work!" was their sad demand in the street. In a moment the carabi-

* In reply to the deputy Bovio, Rudini, in a tone of extenuation, said: "*Che i mali della Sicilia sono pressoché uguali a quelli del continente.*"

neers came up, charged, took the flag from the girl, dispersed the crowd, and saved Rome and United Italy!

These were the tumults and insurrections attributed by the government to the influence of the clergy. How far honest men may have been misled by the slander we cannot say, but a consensus of authority from all parts of Italy lays the cause of the discontent at the right door: Taxation beyond the capacity of the country to maintain military and naval armaments on a scale of rivalry with the great powers of Europe. The consequence of this taxation in the vastly augmented price of the necessities of life, the diminution of work, and the spread of destitution. Even if there were not a single newspaper or book to tell the cause of the outbreaks, one would have inferred it from the policy of the government. It has taken the property of religious foundations of all kinds. Certain foreign institutions were saved from confiscation by the intervention of the ambassadors of the states to which their owners belonged. The revenues of the church have been flung into a quicksand. A conscription which spares no poor man's son is paralyzing the life of the people and driving families to despair. We only await the change which a few years must bring as another proof to those which history gives, that violence and fraud shall have their term soon or late.





THE COOL, SHADOWY VISTAS OF VAULTED AISLE.

THE PAULIST COLONY.

BY L. N. THORBURN-ARTZ.



ONE day last summer, about the hour of noon, an artist wandered into the Paulist Church, at Sixtieth Street and Columbus Avenue. The fierce July sun was beating down upon the pavements outside, but a cool twilight reigned inside the great, beautiful basilica.

The artist gave a sigh of relief as he sank upon a bench near the door. Here he might rest and cool off. He was alone in the building except for the dimly discerned form of a woman who, at the farther end of the church, was moving sleepily to and fro, dusting the benches; but she seemed more like a figure in a dream than a human being, such peaceful stillness prevailed. A faint noise came through the open doors, the clang of the bells on the cable-cars and the trembling shiver of the rails as the elevated trains rushed by, but mingled and softened



ST. ANNE, THE MOTHER OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, HAS HER SHRINE.

to an indistinguishable blur of sound which only added to the drowsy spell of the place and the hour.

The man leaned his head against a pillar and the cool stone

was grateful to his flushed cheek. He fanned himself with the cover of his sketch-book and shut his eyes wearily, but he did not keep them closed long. He found that his sight, dazzled by the outdoor glare, was refreshed as he let his gaze rest upon the cool, shadowy vistas of vaulted nave and aisle, whose dark piers lifted their height into obscurity, like giant forest trunks to the evening sky. It was like being in the woods at twilight, he thought.

He began to distinguish, gradually, bits of detail in the structure with that half-affectionate, admiring analysis to which all beautiful architecture inspires the artist, and instinctively he took out his pencil to sketch a bit here and there.

The christening font caught his eye, so simple in line and harmonious in color with its many-hued marbles. The chapel alcove in which it stood was wainscoted high with a beautiful red and white marble, and in the marble there were curious forms which attracted the gaze and held it. Out of what seemed at first a chaotic mass of spots and streaks there emerged into distinct form the shape of a human figure floating in a cloudy sky. It was not only a perfectly definite but a beautiful, manly form which rewarded the earnest gaze of the artist, who now had become quite wide awake and deeply interested. He made a sketch of his new discovery, and he named him, fancifully, "The Genius of the Font."



THE SHAPE OF A HUMAN FIGURE FLOATING IN A CLOUDY SKY.



IN THE
MARBLE
ABOVE.



AT THE PURGATORIAN ALTAR THE SOULS OF THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED
ARE ESPECIALLY REMEMBERED.

Then it occurred to him that it would be a desirable thing to have a photograph of this strange freak of the marble; otherwise people would say his sketch was merely an artist's fancy. So he rose and looked about for some one in authority in the church, for he felt that etiquette demanded that he should ask permission to set up a secular camera in a sacred place.

He waited until the dusting-woman drifted toward the side aisle and then he roused her to animation by asking where he might find the sexton.

The woman looked at him with a sympathetic expression, and throwing into her voice what no doubt she considered a lugubriousness proper to the occasion, said:

"It will be at his office you'll find him, sorr!"



THE UNHAPPY CAPTIVE IN THE PILLAR IS EMBALMED
IN THE MARBLE, DOING PENANCE.

the church in general and the decorations in particular.

"The Genius of the Font" was pointed out to him. He was enthusiastically interested in his discovery. It appeared that the figure had never been observed before, but the sacristan received him hospitably as a member of the colony already resid-

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"And where may that be?" the artist inquired still further.

"It's the undertaking establishment you'll be wanting?" she asked doubtfully, seeing her questioner's inappropriately cheerful air.

"Oh, dear, no!" he replied. "I only want leave from the sexton to take a photograph in the church."

She laughed, but a mild contempt for his ignorance was observable in her manner. It appeared that the person he really wanted was the sacristan, but that he did not know how to ask for him. The dusting-woman went, however, and produced this latter worthy from some remote region behind the high altar. He appearing proved most friendly and obliging, and was a perfect mine of information about



THE
UNHAPPY
CAPTIVE.

ing in the building, and, fired with a praiseworthy desire to do the honors of the church, he proposed to introduce our artist to "The Little Sister" and "The Unhappy Captive." The home of these latter being inside the chancel rails, the artist might otherwise never have met them; but now that he was presented

in due form, he lingered some time contemplating them, and being on the alert for discovery, he descried two additional figures: "A Courtier of the Reign of Henry of Navarre" and a fierce-looking "Dragon," both behind the "Little Sister." But as the "Little Sister" cannot turn around to look at them she does not know they are there in such close proximity to her, and fearing neither man of the world nor demon, she stands serene with folded hands and smiles a benediction down upon priest and people who come to worship before the high altar.

Although a prompt and cheerful permission was readily granted him to make the photographs, it was not un-



AT THE FOOT OF THE GREAT CRUCIFIX IS ONE OF THE MOST DEVOTIONAL SPOTS IN THE CHURCH.

til some days later that the artist succeeded in securing them. A rainy spell following upon the intense hot weather hid the sun

from sight, and so it was with a flash-light that the work had to be done. Hence but imperfect justice was done the beauty of the "Genius" as well as the other members of the colony. Still, one can make out that the "Genius" has his back to the spectator with his head partly turned in the direction of the camera, showing a charming curve of cheek and delightful convolutions of an ear. His form is innocent of drapery and he is floating on the clouds of a sunset sky. One foot is drawn up so that the sole is presented to you; his foreshortened legs are otherwise a little vague in outline. He has a fine head, round and firmly modelled, with short, smooth, dark hair. The muscles of his neck stand out strongly and the torso has the contours of a young athlete. In the marble the planes of the shoulders and the rounding of the muscles are beautifully distinct and life-like.

To an artist there is a peculiar charm in a well-modelled masculine back. It is easy to understand the satisfaction Michael Angelo took in letting his hands wander over the "Torso of the Belvedere" when, in his old age, his failing eyes forbade him to look upon its beauty. The "Dying Gaul" in the Capitoline Museum at Rome has so perfect a back, the yellow marble clothing as with an ivory satin skin the magnificent structure forms beneath, one is filled with a strong desire to smooth it with one's hands. Mere looking does not seem to take in enough of the perfections of that master-piece.

The marble slab or panel which contains the figure of the Genius of the Font is about six feet high, and is perfectly flat and highly polished, like the rest of the marble used in the wainscoting. No relief lends its shadows to help the illusion. The clouds on which the figure is upborne are simply red and white spots and streaks in the marble, all entirely natural. The idea of sky is further carried out by the wainscoting at the side of the panel in question. This is full of long white lines streaming back from nuclei giving a meteoric effect, and star-shaped splashes crowd together to form a Milky Way, or set apart resemble constellations.

The christening chapel as well as the high altar in design are excellent, well proportioned, and the latter very imposing. Over the tabernacle where the Host is kept is a little dome-like canopy supported by four small columns of Mexican onyx. On the front pillar at the right is the "Little Sister." She is only another strange freak of the onyx, this figure of a nun, but she is quite as well drawn as if a human artist had de-

lineated her. On her head is a bonnet from which a long, white veil flows down over her shoulders. A round, white cape extends from her throat half way down to her waist, and her white hands, emerging from the large, dark sleeves of her habit, are placidly folded. Her dignity is impressive. You feel the Little Sister to be a lady, every inch of her, though those inches be only about twelve in number. Her features are not very distinct, as the light is dim in the chancel, but it seems suitable that she should spend her days in a religious twilight. She is *La Penserosa*, that

“Passive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train.
Thy looks communing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble. . . .”

When the photographer's magnesium light flashed upon the quiet little form upon the pillar one could almost see her shrink back from the vandal thus invading the privacy of a recluse, but the vandal was not without some reverent thoughts as he watched the cloud of smoke from the flash-light lingering lovingly, like an aureole, above the head of the little nun.

Dear little soul! one feels quite a sympathy for her. One wonders whether she is ever frightened at night when the great empty church is given over to silence and total darkness reigns save for the tiny lamps which never go out, held by the angels who encircle the huge bronze hanging lamp in the chancel.

The “Unhappy Captive” might perhaps be some company for her, only that he seems to be plunged in such profound mental gloom one cannot fancy his being much of a comfort to anybody who is afraid in the dark.

He stands not far off on his own private pillar, the left one at the back on the St. Joseph altar in the right aisle chancel. He is a man of marble, quite as unintentional as the *Genius* or the *Little Sister*.

He is about eight feet tall, a sort of overgrown boy, and he stands with head bent sorrowfully forward, his dishevelled hair hanging over his cheeks as though he had not spirits enough to keep himself tidy. The general anatomy of his body is a



FROM THE RIGHT-HAND PILLAR ABOVE THE TABERNACLE "THE LITTLE SISTER"
SMILES A BENEDICTION ON PRIEST AND PEOPLE.

trifle uncertain, as though he had been considerably damaged in battle before being taken captive, but his head and feet and legs are in drawing and perfectly distinct.

The "Dragon" is on a column at the back of the high altar. His mouth is open and he seems to be longing for the gore of the "Courtier of the Reign of Henry of Navarre," who leans against a wall in peaceful reverie. Both these figures are small and hard to get at with a camera.



THE
LITTLE
SISTER.

Perhaps in time further exploration, aided by a little fancy, may reveal other residents of the Paulist Church; residents attached to the building in both senses. The decoration is still going on, will probably not be completed for many years, and where marble is there is always a chance for the discovery of strange and lovely forms. One need be neither an artist nor a poet to appreciate the beauties of the Paulist Church, but whatever time may be spent in studying them will amply repay the student. Their interest will be felt by every lover of beauty.



ST. CATHARINE OF GENOA BY HER PRAYERS IS
RELEASING SOULS FROM PURGATORY.

"NOT OF THIS FOLD."

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

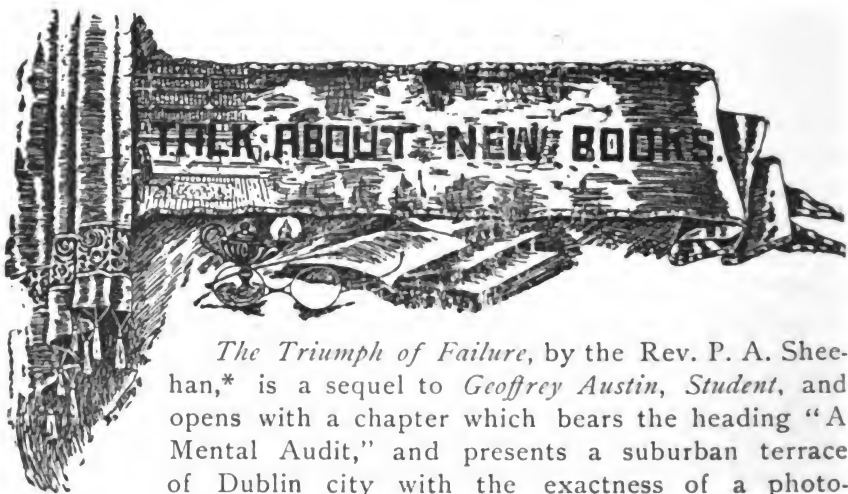
"And other sheep I have that are not of this fold."—JOHN x. 16.



HER face is like a lily touched
 With rosy ray of early dawn,
 When all earth's weary noise is hush'd,
 And all night's dreary shades are gone.
 She is so near, she is so dear,
 I call her sister, sweetheart, friend ;
 And when I worship, angels hear
 In words, like these, my prayers ascend :
*Open, O Lord ! her eyes to see
 The perfect Light of Truth, that she
 May enter through Thy Church to Thee !*

So honest is her soul, and fair,
 I marvel that its crystal shrine
 Should not let in the splendors rare
 Of everlasting Truth divine !
 Yet this I know—whene'er that light
 Shall turn her darkness into day,
 'Twill meet a welcome brave as bright ;
 And so, with trust, I plead and pray :
*Open, O Lord ! her eyes, that she
 The perfect Light of Truth may see
 And, through Thy Church, draw close to Thee !*

Master, who fain, on Peter's Rock,
 Wouldst house all sheep that, hapless, roam,
 Look on this lamb, not of his flock,
 And draw her swiftly, safely home !
 Home to Thy Fold—the wand'ers' rest—
 Good Shepherd of the sheep astray !
 Until she wins that haven blest,
 My soul shall never cease to pray :
*Open, O Lord ! her eyes to see
 The perfect Light of Truth, that she
 May, in Thy Church, abide in Thee !*



The Triumph of Failure, by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan,* is a sequel to *Geoffrey Austin, Student*, and opens with a chapter which bears the heading "A Mental Audit," and presents a suburban terrace of Dublin city with the exactness of a photograph, and leads you into a house of rather pretentious appearance with the confidence of a friend of the family. Though the house is detached and stands in its "grounds"—likely a rood in extent, be the same more or less—there is a placard in a window; "Furnished apartments to let" is the inscription upon it, and accordingly there is disillusionment. Gentility is all right, but reduced gentility taking, well, flesh and blood in a lady who lets lodging is quite another matter. If you belong to the old world of London or Dublin, you at once think of a pale-faced woman with a chronic cold in the head and a lump of pocket handkerchief in her hand. She is not here exactly—we mean in the book—but she of the book has the leading characteristics of the variety called genteel lodging-house keeper, just as Mrs. Bardell belongs to another variety that are set down as respectable merely. How many varieties there are in the island of Barataria!—from the lady who entertains a guest (paying guest) down to the "woman" who lets lodgings to single "men." You know, on the authority of Sergeant Buzfuz, that Mrs. Bardell's dead exciseman had been once a single "gentleman," but the learned counsel gave him brevet rank for the purposes of the trial, for his wife could only be "respectable," as she did not belong to the genteel.

Austin takes the lodgings and becomes acquainted with the landlady, a widow of course, and her daughter. The portrait in oil of a military gentleman in the dining-room proved that the widow belonged to the army. However, some flashes of bad English caused him to think the colonel or captain was a myth and the lady an audacious suborner of testimony. He took tea

* London : Burns & Oates ; New York : Benziger Brothers.

with mother and daughter one evening—we do not think the scene an absolute success, but it passes the time well. The ladies are pretentious, conceited, not over honest in principle—in fact, what Irish people call compromisers—but Austin acts rather like a pedant. A little time passes; it is necessary to look out for a situation; he goes to a commercial house to look for one, and is treated with a brutal insolence which maddens him.

He takes to harder reading than ever to escape from himself, and so we have, under the title “Amongst the Olympians,” a chapter of superb power. We do not remember anything exactly like it, and for itself alone we could recommend the book. Now the ancient philosophies were dashed like cockle-shells against the rocks of pride, passion, and despair; and Austin takes to new philosophy, Kant and the Germans, to find consolation. There is the distraction of hard-reading headache in the decasyllables of the *Critique of Pure Reason*, but no other advantage. He takes up the *Critique of Practical Reason* and finds God! That is to say, after intense application spent on the involutions and circumlocutions of the old philosopher of Königsberg, he at length finds what he had at the beginning of his penny catechism when a little child, what the servant maid had a full realization of when she so pathetically begged him to go to Father Benedict, her confessor, for comfort to his aching heart. The ignorant little housemaid and Kant are at one.

We have leaves from the Diary of Hugh Bellamy shown in confidence to Austin. Very sad and sweet reading, these thoughts of a ruined life, jotted down as the curtain was being drawn which shuts out eternity from living eyes. “How lonely and solemn is this evening here by the sea! Nature has its fingers on its lips, musing.” This is only a specimen of the liquid softness of the language in which the thought reposes as an enchanted princess on her couch, asleep but with parted, breathing lips and half-closed eyes as if awaking. We have one queer entry in the poor dying consumptive’s diary under date Lourdes, August 11: “Two Irish ladies, connected with high officials, very solicitous until they discovered I was Irish, when they dropped me.”

Another note under date 15th, our Lady’s Assumption: “What profound philosophers our Catholic religious are! They give up nothing to gain everything.” Under date 17th there is some fine ranting, with that ring of conviction which is better than genius arrayed in dogmatic propositions: “Ay, Christ

is not dead, but liveth in those Christ-like men. Where have I seen this thought? You, Kant, where are your children who call themselves by your name, preach your doctrines, follow in practice your life? You, Fichte, Schelling, Spinoza, whose schemes and systems come up, angry and impotent, mounting over and levelling each other like waves of an angry sea, and breaking in vapor on the sands of time—where are your followers, your disciples who would swear by your doctrines and give their lives for their truth? But the gentle Christ, what awful power He exercises as the magnetism of His example and the magic of His words stretch down along the centuries and fill to-day the world's convents as they filled the lauras of Nitria a hundred years after His death." We could take passages at random which possess the force of a strong conviction and are as eloquent as any cited because of it. It is refreshing to listen to this calm and concentrated passion of belief, almost scornful in the strength with which it pushes aside the haughty sophisms of the so-called wise. We leave the Diary.

How good is Miss Oliver, the landlady's daughter, who apologizes for having been educated in a convent instead of a Protestant academy! Her ancestors were Huguenots who fled from France "at the promulgation of that dreadful edict of Nongz"—immense inflection on the word.

A little tragedy in her life comes in by way of *tableaux vivants*. We have seen something like this method of presentation, a device of art not always to be resorted to, because likely to become ludicrous in any but strong and delicate hands. Father Sheehan's figures, even the supers, are living. On her marriage the landlady's daughter becomes a woman of fashion and puts away whatever conscience has been developed in the convent, where she was treated much better than she deserved. Great changes take place—some startling; and Charlie Travers is projected on the scene, a social reformer of intellect, energy, and solid, collected self-negation, not like the thing of moods and whims and inconsistencies bundled together under the name or label John Storm, in the novel *The Christian*.

We recognize uncommon power throughout this work. If Father Sheehan, instead of being a priest in a country district of Ireland, had brought his talents to the London market; if, instead of adhering to the dictates of a high and authoritative morality, he bowed before the shrine of a heartless expediency, he would take a place with the foremost writers of fiction in our time.

*The Secret of Fougereuse** is a tale of the fifteenth century in the time of René, King of Jerusalem, that king so well known to English readers as the royal pauper who could not provide even apparel for his daughter on her marriage with Henry VI. The scene is chiefly in Anjou and partly in Provence. René, sovereign duke and sovereign count as well as king over many lands, would have been a powerful prince if shadow were identical with substance. He is well portrayed in the book, and in truth does not deserve the contempt entertained for him by contemporaneous princes and by Englishmen who in some strange manner make him responsible for the calamities of their country during the Wars of the Roses. We do not know how far this work is a translation or an adaptation, but treating it as the former we think the original writer has completely failed in what might have been in other hands a scene of striking interest and power—the trial of Sir Guy Fougereuse. Sir Guy is a character conceived and drawn with great force. In the events preceding the trial we have proof of this, but in those which follow, in which the revelation of the secret is the chief incident, the author rises to a height of intense passion and dignity not to be surpassed. The villain is a paltry, inconsistent intriguer intended to be a master-piece, but wearisome through his shallow cynicism and artificial wit. There is a healthy tone throughout the book; we can recommend it not alone on that score but on account of the ability displayed in it. The trial scene, perhaps, is judged too severely because we had in our mind the immeasurably superior handling of the similar scene in *Ivanhoe*. Scott preserved the dignity of his court; the author before us does not. Scott had his eye on the rules of evidence; they are in this work only honored in the breach.

A handy volume, called *The Sacred Heart*,† is described as “incidents showing how those who honor the Sacred Heart are assisted by its power and love,” and with the incidents the book contains the life of Blessed Margaret Mary and that of her director, the venerable Father de la Colombière. The author is the Rev. Joseph A. Keller, D.D., and the translator appears on the title-page as author of *Angeli Dei* and other works. The lives of Blessed Margaret Mary and Father de la Colombière are presented as an introduction to the incidents; and very suitably

* *The Secret of Fougereuse*. From the French by Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co.

† London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York: Benziger Brothers.

indeed, for the nun to whom such unspeakable graces were vouchsafed had as her director this man so evidently singled out for the office by the Lord himself, that both penitent and confessor must be for ever associated with the Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

An interesting recollection to English Catholics is that the first petition to the Holy See for the establishment of the Feast of the Sacred Heart was sent from St. James' Palace. Father de la Colombière was chaplain of Mary of. Modena, wife of James II., and we have in this circumstance another proof of the fidelity of the royal and unfortunate couple to Holy Church and of their Catholic insight. A very inspiring narrative is that entitled "A Page from Tyrolese History." The country was dedicated to the Sacred Heart when the star of the French Revolution was at its highest. The loyalty of the people to the Catholic principles of government and the duty of the governed to rulers is remarkable in our time; and conspicuously so when one reflects on the great trials to which that loyalty has been subjected since 1796 to the present hour. It is a manifest effect of the power of the Sacred Heart in guarding the purity of a people's conscience; indeed it is, perhaps, the only instance in the world of a national conscience as distinguished from a national opinion, which is so commonly called the conscience of a people. Instances are given of the power and love of the Sacred Heart in different countries and in every condition of life in caring for its clients which ought to make the book a help in extending the devotion.

Every aid should be welcomed. For that devotion would appear to be the one great power to cope with the spirit of the age when among the other evils born of it we find—as the Holy Father has pointed out—the poor and working classes seduced by a turbulent discontent, men without true principles agitating society, temptations on all sides against faith, purity, and the love of the church; all the evils, one may say in a word, which prevailed when the Sacred Heart revealed itself to the Blessed Margaret Mary. Books of this kind should be in every home.

Cardinal Lavigerie, by Rev. J. G. Beane,* adapted from the French, is the life of a great man. In his boyhood, when at St. Nicholas' Seminary at Paris, Charles Lavigerie underwent a trial which might have destroyed his future. His first

* St. Joseph's Seminary for the Colored Missions, Baltimore, Md.

months there were a prison-life as it were, in the black and gloomy house, so soon after the river, the hills, the landscape of his native place. He became sad and morose, though his fellow-students were gay and amiable, and Father Dupanloup, the master, kind and considerate. This was the man who in after years was so well known as the Bishop of Orleans, the champion of the church and of the honor of France. Only for his penetration young Lavigerie would have been a mediocre student. He saw the boy's gifts, an enthusiastic soul clouded by home-sickness, the hunger of the heart for native scenes, and the invisible barriers which sometimes construct themselves round the stranger among companions not congenial to him.

Father Dupanloup took him in hand, and after his death the pupil wrote with keen appreciation of that great prelate's kindness and control: "Amid the darkness I saw another sun gradually arise which warmed my soul and awakened it from its deathly torpor. . . . If he wished to have all, it was that he might give all to Jesus Christ according to the divine plan of St. Paul: 'All things are for you, and you are for Christ.'" This last was in reference to an opinion that Monseigneur Dupanloup was egotistic and ambitious; and we must say, after learning that such an opinion existed, the less people care for what is thought about them the better. There is no such thing as justice.

But let that pass. Lavigerie became a brilliant student, and in time professor of literature at the Sorbonne; and obtained such recognition from the organ of the Jansenists as the following: "How is it possible that the entire Sorbonne can adhere to a young priest who was unknown yesterday, and who wishes to demolish the old Gallican traditions, to rear on the smoking ruins the undefined dogma of the Papal Infallibility?" It is to be observed this passage was written in the *Catholic Observer*, the journal spoken of sixteen years before the definition.

He had a great career, in accomplishing which energy of will was the pre-eminent quality. He commanded his subordinates, he alone knew his own motives; therefore there was no ground for discussion. He was equal to any sacrifice, any demand at the call of duty. He could become an abject beggar-man to promote education in the East; as Primate of Africa he would brook no opposition from the secular authority. It was no wonder that the news of his death cast a gloom over the Catholic world. We want such men, heroes of humanity, not heroes of the Carlylean hero-worship stamp. They save

the race from the dry rot of selfishness. The public funeral with which France expressed her homage to the friend of the slave proves that there are moments when charity is stronger than ambition in a people. Such moments afford the hope that the labor of a just life has not been given in vain when it wins reverence in spite of the policy of rulers.

The author of *A Klondike Picnic** calls this work the Story of a Day. The sub-title is suggestive of events brought rapidly together and terminating pleasantly. You will hardly think of that far-off region of desperate adventure and fortunes to be made by it, as men staked their last "thou" in Monte Carlo or Baden of the past—staked it to retrieve the many thousands lost. You are curious to know what gay things are to be done in a day, and why they should happen at Klondike. There surely reigns the cursed thirst for gold, that "auri sacra fames" which must have been so potent a couple of thousand years ago when that insouciant little gentleman Horace could so talk of its effect, that passion which devours all other things.

The book opens: "It is a lovely morning in mid-May"; "the sky is as blue as our Blessed Lady's cloak," and then you have "the broad, dimpling ocean," Æschylus' innumerable laughs of the sea; so really it strikes you that this is a Klondike in fairy-land and not amid snows and savage cliffs, to be attempted only by men urged by the yellow hunger.

The explanation is, that a very pleasant family and some friends start a picnic to a little rocky island near where they live, and which one of the boys had called Klondike "because it's full of rocks, don't you see?" In the island there is youthful fun, innocent, fresh, unalloyed, almost in a sense Grecian from the effects of sun, sky, atmosphere, and sea—that is in the sense so nobly human, but higher than the Greek of the young world because of a spirit in the lads and girls that came from a source diviner than the influences which made the Greek. They are not wreathing a flowery band to bind them to the earth, as he did. To them all things of beauty are joys, but not for ever, unless indeed those conceptions of a world beyond that in which the Greek placed "the grandeur of the dooms" he had imagined for the mighty dead. We have been so carried off by the brightness of scene, the spontaneity of the mirth, the gladness so untouched by aught of sorrow, that we yielded

* *A Klondike Picnic*. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ourselves to dreams of a time more than three thousand years ago when there was an age of gold, but not in the Klondike sense.

Among the bits of entertainment are letters from the real Klondike, that mountain-land where the gold is guarded by powers not more easily overcome than the giants of fairy-tale or the gnomes who only yielded to strong spells—letters written by relatives of the picnickers—and to these are added passages from published articles describing the scenes and something of the life of those wild regions. Another feature is that of “original poetry” by the daughters of the family—it is wonderful for school-girls—so that we have a most enjoyable flight to Klondike, a rest there without disadvantageous conditions and a close to the day and its events which comes like a flash of lightning. This crowns the work. We shall not tell the end—no; wild horses would not draw the secret from us—but we suggest to Miss Donnelly that she might make the fact told in the telegram the foundation of a story interesting as Monte Christo, or at the very least as successful as the best of Lever’s novels, “The Irish Gil Blas.”

Miss Erin, by M. E. Francis.*—Mrs. Frances Blundell, *née* Francis, gives us an interesting story of Irish life; we can say no less, but somehow the author seems to have taken her impressions from books, and made them still more remote from the real conditions of life in the alembic of her fancy. The unfolding of Miss Erin’s character from her childhood on to the end, which is a befitting one when a lady is not called “to religion,” is worked out with genuine power. The aged priest is typical enough and we like him, but the family in which Erin was fostered is stagey—we mean like the stage-Irishman, a being that never existed anywhere but on the boards—so is the uncle. In his case there is the suggestion of reality now and then, but it vanishes into unreality. One touch of truth is the anger with which he hears the name Erin, by which the poor outcast baby of his brother was called. The latter was a ’48 man—one of those Irish Girondists so simple in their stainless purity. It would be like that spirit-touch which tipped young Meagher’s tongue with fire and which lent such moods of light and shadow to his soul that we look upon him as a better Alcibiades, the spirit which passed with the fulness of the passion of genius into Davis, the greatest of them all, and which

* New York: Benziger Brothers.

softened into chivalry the haughty justice of O'Brien—like it, to give the poor exile such enthusiasm—he was one of these, and we do not wonder at the selection of the name when we look at all the circumstances. Broken down in health, dying by the Pacific, Erin would be more than all else to the exile—hence the name for the infant; so in the pathos of the thing the ludicrous disappears. But the brother to whom the baby was sent as “a legacy” by the dying man could not see it in this light. He supported the English connection, and regarded Erin's father with intense scorn and contempt. He had felt himself disgraced by his accession to the Young Irelanders, and now the baby with this outlandish name was sought to be thrust upon him. That he should indulge in strong language was to be expected, we think; but no Irish gentleman would refuse to take the child into his house, would send it away in the hands of the stranger who had brought it all the way from San Francisco; would send it into the cold, wet night as if it had no claim upon him, though in reality his heir.* The story is well told, but we fancy it betrays here and there an imitation of the methods which give a sort of character, an individuality to Mr. O'Brien's “When we were Boys.” She does not always produce the effect which attends upon his handling of them. They are his own, faulty as they are. Mrs. Blundell will understand what we mean when we say we like many of Dickens's peculiarities, but when we see them in another we feel as if lynch-law were an excellent institution. We say this, because we believe she has ability to take high rank among writers of fiction if she be true to herself, and we have the proof of her ability in the book before us.

Though assuredly in no carping spirit, we venture a further word of comment on contemporary Catholic literature—a field wherein short-sighted and cruel critics have wrought no small harm—for it has long seemed to us noteworthy that a certain species of literary activity should remain so undeveloped. We refer to Catholic essay-writing—brief, original treatment of subjects similar to the more speculative and serious portions of the *Religio Poetæ*. Such work to be satisfactorily performed demands in the author a well-developed power of analysis, solid learning, deep, earnest piety, and some skill in literary composition. The subjects must be those vital, deep-lying spiritual truths that ramify all through our religious lives; the gathered

* Heir is the technical word instead of heiress.

fruit would show us increased attention on the part of the intelligent, cultivated world, and a new development of spiritual activity among a class of Catholics who at present receive too little training and encouragement.

We welcome a contribution of the class desired in Father Tyrrell's new book.* *Nova et Vetera* was rather unsatisfactory, because so fragmentary and so desultory; but *Hard Sayings* has gone to our heart. Original, earnest, schooled in the approved methods of spiritual training, and still wide awake to new thoughts and personal adaptations, the author presents us with a series of papers that will gladden many a dull hour, and make fruitful many a barren soul.

Dialectical severity and apparent rationalizing will never be charged against the author, we think; certainly not by any of the class who need such books—thoughtful, philosophically inclined persons, who have been left strangers to the inner beauty and power of those truths that were mental pabulum for saints innumerable.

Nothing could be more timely, happy, and effective than the essay that serves as the opening. It is the high and all-satisfying ethics of the Catholic Church that are most likely to draw converts of the class most desirable—men of thoughtful, religious nature, unquiet until they have attended to the deepest yearnings of our spiritual constitution. And just such words as those of the author on salvation, conscience, sin, suffering, eternal life, faith, counsels, and so forth will establish and confirm the clear conviction that the Catholic Church knows man and holds the key to life's problems. We pray that further effort may second and extend the results to be attained by *Hard Sayings*, for its writer makes no mistake—if we may venture this approval—in thinking that true comprehension of the church's ethical and spiritual ideals, her conception of human dignity, capacity, and destiny, may often serve most effectually to extend faith in her divine origin.

A mere reading of the chapter-headings tells one that Dr. Parsons' latest volume† is very interesting. Church history in this century has been made up of a number of movements isolated in time and region to a great extent, and the ordinary manuals do no more than give us clues for hunting up the

* *Hard Sayings*: a selection of Meditations and Studies. By George Tyrrell, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Studies in Church History*. By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. Vol. V., cent. XIX. (Part I.) New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

facts. We have felt the want of some book for the use of readers just ready to take interest in the Oxford Movement, the Carbonari, the Vatican Council, the Catholic Revival, and such like matters—matters which, not understood, will leave the reader unable to grasp the meaning and importance of almost any historical fact or valuable publication in this century.

As to comment on execution of task, less enthusiasm is permissible. Dr. Parsons has never posed as a scientific historian of the original and deep-diving sort, and the book presumably is meant to be an historical summary of various crucial epochs. A little more detail and more careful solution of complicated situations would be of profit to the unlearned reader. Altogether, the book answers a very good purpose, and we shall have frequent occasion to recommend it to people seeking close acquaintance with recent church history.

There is just published another volume of the series of *The Saints*.* Let us say, from the point of view of a general reader, the publishers afford too little information about the series. The two-page notice that appeared in *Saint Augustine* was instructive and entertaining, but one might pick up *Saint Vincent de Paul* without learning that it was one of a series, and a series designed to open up new lines in hagiology.

The opening volume on *Psychology of the Saints* was novel and augured well for the forthcoming lives. But we are beginning to think the works will be very uneven and quite variable in value. Free from exaggeration they are, it is true, and that was one of the promises made; but they are in no way deep, thoughtful, study-exciting. The biographer of St. Vincent de Paul, for instance, might produce an enchanting study of the sixteenth century's social and religious features, the saint's peculiar dealing with them, his special relations to his special day, and his claims on nineteenth century sympathy and imitation. The English editor's preface gives a hint of what might be accomplished on this line, but the biography is conceived in another spirit. More surprised are we, because the Prince is already known for a man of his day, deeply interested in social characteristics and revolutions. However, he has given a simple, complete, pleasant biography, which is perhaps what he deemed most fitting and most needed.

* *St. Vincent de Paul*. By Emmanuel de Broglie. Translated by Mildred Partridge, with a preface by George Tyrrell, S.J. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

Mr. Hahn shows in a little volume of poems* a devotional spirit. The first has the title "The Monk's Prayer"—we have no hesitation in saying that most of the lines are very graceful and rhythmical—and the second, which is entitled "After many Years," has considerable power, but the thought is weakened now and then by a very trying use of epithets. If young people would only understand that poetry does not merely consist of scanned lines or counted syllables, an advance in their art would be made. We would ask them in all kindness, Do they mean to be poets? If so, they ought to pay their readers the compliment of crediting them with some intelligence. So far from words, mere words, translating thought, they often kill it, and, on the other hand, if the writer has no thought it is obtaining money under false pretences to sell words instead. In our time, when the language is wrought to a perfection that has been reached by only one other tongue, a man in order to attain excellence must have a mind to some extent elliptical—or, as we have elsewhere expressed the idea, though with some suspicion of a bull, he must think in short-hand. If readers will not be satisfied with suggestion—nay more, if they are not able to discover for themselves the links of connection which the poet ignores—let them read newspapers and trashy novels. Mr. Hahn ought to be more careful than to allow such a couplet as this to go forth to English readers :

"To wait. Epitome of life
Are bound up in these words."

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE FOUR GOSPELS.†

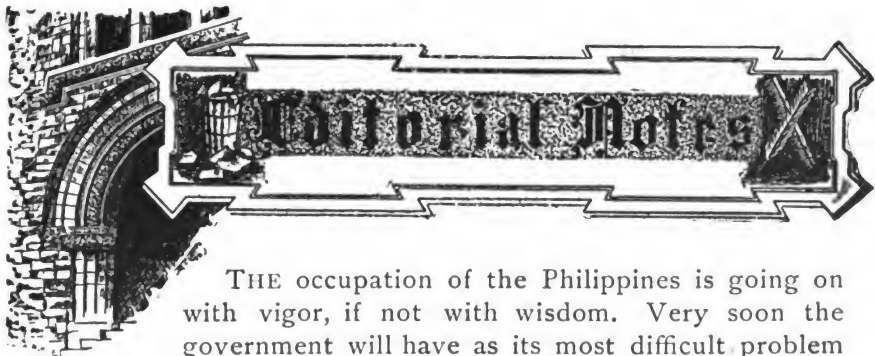
Considerable interest has been developed by the announcement made some time ago that Father Spencer, the Dominican, was preparing a new translation of the Gospels. The interest was all the keener because among literary folks there was quite a decided demand for an improvement on the old Rheims version. It was Cardinal Newman who first voiced this demand, and would have satisfied it were it not that he learned that Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, had begun the same work. Archbishop Kenrick's translation, though considered very

* *In Cloisters Dim.* By Charles Curtz Hahn. Omaha : Burkley Printing Company.

† *The Four Gospels.* A new translation from the Greek text direct, with reference to the Vulgate and ancient Syriac version. By Very Rev. Francis Aloysius Spencer, O.P. Preface by his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons. New York : William H. Young & Co.

accurate from a doctrinal point of view, still was a very great disappointment from a literary aspect, and consequently never grew in popular favor. It certainly takes the smoothness of carefully chiselled phrases as well as sonorous sentences to win a way for any translation to the popular heart. The King James version possessed high literary merit, and, in spite of mistranslations and errata sufficient to fill a volume, it has been well liked. Father Spencer's translation comes, and it has many claims to our commendation. Its English is very attractive, and while it will have difficulty in crowding aside other versions that have been enshrined in the devotional life of Catholics, or that have been commended by hierarchical authority, still we think its phraseology is very smooth and its literary merit of a high order.

There are so many versions of the Gospels presented to Catholic people now that very soon the bishops will be obliged to take up the question and select one especially for approbation. It is an interesting study to compare the Challoner version with the new version lately published by the Benzigers; to note the difference between these two, and then to compare them both with Kenrick's bald phrases or Spencer's cultured English. Spencer's translation has other qualities which commend it. It gives us a careful harmony of three "synoptic" Gospels; it has also copious notes, as well as marginal references, pointing out the various versions which are preferred in the special translation. These notes also mark the Gospels for the various Sundays, and for this reason make the volume an interesting and devotional book for the ordinary reader. We await with a great deal of interest the kind of a reception this volume will get from the literary public. It was very tactful in Father Spencer not to pretend to offer a revised version; had he done so he would immediately have let loose a horde of devouring critics. He simply presents the life of Christ couched in elegant phraseology, as a devotional volume, to the Catholic public. If its literary merits commend it, it will win its way to adoption as a standard translation in the public forum at least.



THE occupation of the Philippines is going on with vigor, if not with wisdom. Very soon the government will have as its most difficult problem the saving of the islands from the American savages who are drifting there, rather than from the oriental savages who are living there.

One thing is certain: if the government allows itself to be crowded into an attitude of opposition to the friars, and as a consequence an appearance of antagonism to the highest aspirations of the people in their religious life, it will require a mint of money and no end of soldiery to keep the islands in subjection. We cannot hope to teach the natives there self-government while at the same time we are considered enemies to their religion.

The commission appointed to supervise Philippine interests has no one who can establish a sympathetic relationship with the people in their most sacred interest. Not only is this so, but Dean C. Worcester, an avowed enemy of the friars and one who has defamed them before the American people, has secured a position on this commission.

Extraordinary accounts are coming to European ears of the dreadful cruelties which were permitted after the battle of Obdurman by the English general, and in some instances committed by the English soldiery. Yet it was given out that the purpose of the Soudan expedition was "civilizing and Christianizing," but in reality the real reason was to get a firmer hold on Egypt and to establish a better security for the interest due Egyptian bond-holders.

The signs of steady growth and normal development manifested by the movement commonly known as "Missions to

non-Catholics" indicates that this movement has come to stay. The official figures are as follows: Five years ago there was not one Catholic priest in the whole United States whose sole occupation was the preaching of Catholic doctrine to those who were not of the household of faith; at present there are twenty-five priests who make this work their special duty. This positive growth is a sure indication that there was a demand for the work, and that having been inaugurated, the work is meeting with a certain measure of success.

It is asked, "Are converts made?" The reports from the missionaries in the field, as published in the last number of *The Missionary*, show that even in this initial stage of the movement the missions are bearing an adequate fruit in many conversions. Cardinal Gibbons some years ago estimated that the annual crop of conversions amounted to thirty thousand. While this figure is thought by some to be a little bit high, because it is based on the number received in the Archdiocese of Baltimore, yet if the accurate figures were ascertainable they would indicate easily a notable excess during this last year over the time, some ten years ago, when the cardinal made his statement. Undoubtedly since then the doors of the churches have been opened more widely to non-Catholics, the time of the clergy has been more and more given to instructing neophytes, and the attention of the public has been drawn more decidedly to the reception of converts.



REV. JOHN P. CHIDWICK, U.S.N.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

REV. JOHN P. CHIDWICK, U.S.N., CHAPLAIN BATTLE-SHIP *MAINE*.

THE officers and crew of the ill-fated *Maine* will ever be held in kind memory by the American people. Among the officers none seems to have more strongly endeared himself to the whole people than the chaplain, Rev. John P. Chidwick. Father Chidwick was born on October 23, 1863, in St. Mary's parish, New York City. When about seven years of age his parents moved to Williamsburg, and his early education, begun in New York City, was continued at the parochial school in St. Peter and Paul's parish, Williamsburg. A few years later the

family returned to New York City, and at fourteen years of age he was graduated from St. Gabriel's. By request of Brother Leontine, John remained another year in the school—"to help along the class," the good brother said. At the beginning of the new year he entered Manhattan College, where, by careful attention to detail and earnest perseverance, he was graduated. Believing that God had given him a sacred vocation, with characteristic obedience to the call of duty he entered St. Joseph's Seminary, at Troy, N. Y., in September, 1883, and was ordained priest on December 17, 1887. Father Chidwick's first assignment was to St. Stephen's parish, New York City, in December, 1888. Entering upon his sacred duties with a zeal peculiar to himself, he very quickly won his way into the hearts of the people. Ever in sympathy with the young, he was placed in special charge of them, and it was not long before "Father John," as he was familiarly called, was recognized as the particular friend of each one. His rebukes tempered with love and kindness, his counsels full of kindly sympathy, made him beloved by all. He had charge of the Holy Name Society, and the Society of the Sacred Heart for a time. In conjunction with Rev. Father Kean of St. James's, Father McCormick of St. Veronica's, and Father Parks, chaplain of the U. S. Navy, he aided in the establishment and successful development of the Reading Room for Catholic seamen in New York City. The events leading up to the establishment of this institution were peculiar, and the result was his appointment as chaplain in the Navy. He had organized the St. Stephen's Young Men's Society, and was selected to represent the Young Men's National Union in offering their fraternal congratulations to the National Total Abstinence Union at the celebration of the Silver Jubilee gathering in 1895 in New York. He presented the report of the Archdiocesan Union to the National Convention in Albany, N. Y., and as a direct result of the report so ably presented he was appointed on the committee to furnish Catholic literature to the U. S. Army and Navy. The following year he was made chairman of the committee, and such was the excellent character of the work accomplished under his guidance that the archbishop requested him to assist in the establishment of the reading room. There he met with Father Parks, who with his patriotic zeal "pushed him into the Navy."

Though appointed in March, 1895, so loath were the pastor, Father Colton, and the people of St. Stephen's to part with him that they kept him until September, when the ship was

ready to sail. He was assigned to the battle-ship *Maine*, going on her when she first went into commission in 1895, and was on board her, in his room, at the time of her destruction. The *Maine* had nothing of special interest in her service, the cruise being confined entirely to home ports. However, a man of Father Chidwick's energy, a priest whose heart turned to the young, would make for himself a busy life. Twice each week he taught a class of apprentices, gave a lecture once a month, managed the crew's athletic sports, and always interested himself in their entertainments. Ever mindful of his sacred calling, he sought to follow the example of St. Paul and "become all things to all men that he might save all." With Mass and sermon on each Sunday morning, services with sermon for non-Catholics on Sunday evening, he endeavored to fulfil the command of his Master.

In numberless ways he endeared himself to the crew. Said one of their number: "The chaplain was one of us; every day he spent two hours among us. His genial soul made us look each day for his coming."

The magnificent work done by Father Chidwick on that memorable night of the destruction of the *Maine*—the tenderness of his manly heart, the sweet consolation of the priest-man—won for him the highest encomiums of praise from press and people. Solicitous for the comfort of others, he forgot his own needs that he might offer the comforts of faith and religion to those about him. Many tributes to Father Chidwick's devotion, nerve, and self-sacrifice were printed at that time, one of which we present:

"The self-sacrifice of Chaplain Chidwick deserves all praise. He is at the Machina Wharf, paper and pencil in hand, taking notes of the smallest special marks on the bodies as they are taken from the water in order to obtain all clues to their identification. Since the disaster he has not rested a moment. When he is not examining bodies and helping recover others, he is consoling the wounded at the hospital."

The correspondents were a unit in expressing admiration for the indefatigable labors of the chaplain, who slept neither night nor day that he might lessen the agony of the survivors of the crew and the friends of the lost. A despatch to the Navy Department, on February 24, from Captain Sigsbee, the commander of the *Maine*, said: "Chaplain Chidwick charged with all matters relative to the dead. His conduct is beyond praise." The press of the City of New York, in recognition of

his fidelity and worth, by joint contribution replaced the vestments lost in the destruction of the battle-ship.

On his return to this country after the destruction of the *Maine* he was everywhere greeted with marked distinction, but nowhere was it more marked than at the celebration of Mass at St. Stephen's. There the people with tear-stained faces gave thanks to Almighty God for his preservation. He was later assigned to duty on the *Cincinnati* and served on her during the war; he was at the engagements at Matanzas, at Figardo, and Porto Rico. While at Ponce, Porto Rico, by association with priests and people he did much to dispel the prejudices against the Catholic Church in the United States that may have existed in the minds of the Porto Ricans. During the month of June the *Cincinnati* was at Norfolk for repairs and missed Santiago. At the close of the war he was detached from the *Cincinnati* and ordered home, he having been at sea over three years. On January 4 of this year Father Chidwick was assigned to duty at the Washington navy-yard. This assignment is regarded in the service as one of special distinction and most desirable.

As a concluding evidence of the affectionate relations existing between chaplain and crew, and for a more striking illustration of the character of the gallant chaplain, the following tribute paid by Father Chidwick, in an interview with a representative of the press, is appended:

"Never did a clergyman derive greater comfort from his flock than that I received from the crew of the late United States steamship *Maine*. I have often heard our officers say that they had never sailed with a crew of better men, and I firmly believe the statement. They were loyal and brave men and attentive to my ministrations. They showed their faith and obedience to command in the supreme moment of our disaster, when the survivors executed our commander's orders with promptness and coolness."

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

THE INDIANS OF THE DIOCESE OF DULUTH.

THE recent outbreak of the Indians in Northern Minnesota has helped to call public attention to two facts: one, the bad treatment to which these "Wards of the Nation" are often subjected; the other, the influence for good exerted by the faithful and self-sacrificing Catholic missionaries.

In various parts of the diocese the Indians have their religious needs supplied by the Benedictine, Franciscan, and Jesuit fathers.

These good priests speak and write the Chippewa language, visit the Indian missions with all the attendant difficulties of long distances, bad roads, and inclement weather, and have succeeded in forming really good Christian communities.

The Benedictine Sisters, with much devotion, have schools for Indian children at White Earth and Red Lake reservations.

It has been my good fortune to see those children confided to the care of the sisters growing up well instructed in the Christian doctrine, leading pious, even holy lives, and not likely to lose in comparison with well-educated white people.

The schools at White Earth and Red Lake have been built by private charity. Mother Katherine Drexel has earned the prayers of the Indians, indeed of all lovers of humanity, for her charities in this direction; the children educated in these schools are an honor to their teachers and to the founders of the schools.

In the new order of things these same schools, built at great expense and well furnished, are soon to be deprived of any government aid, and the children are to be sacrificed to the craze for what are called *non-sectarian* schools.

Long ago Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, who made himself thoroughly acquainted with the Indian question—a man totally unprejudiced—declared publicly "that the only schools that have ever done the Indian any good are those conducted by the religious." Though this was wisdom crying aloud in the streets, yet the cry was to deaf men, for many would rather see the Indian damned than that he should be saved by Catholic influences.

Sad experience has shown that without a careful religious training the so-called educated Indian is worse than when in his savage condition; both time and money are wasted. Some of the children come back to their homes from these non-sectarian schools well skilled in sneers at the Catholic religion and its practices, loud in their contempt for confession and able to quote Scripture for their purpose. Soon enough, though, the usual consequences are at hand: the girls become the prey of the impure white man, and the boys the slaves of the meanest of all white men—the whisky-seller.

One is reminded very forcibly of our Lord's words to the Scribes and Pharisees: "Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because you go round about sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, you make him a child of hell two-fold more than yourselves."

The appended report of the work amongst the Indians tells its own story; it is worth a careful examination.

It is the fashion now to keep from the public anything that redounds to the credit of Catholicity, but to seize with avidity on every scandal and on every lie that is half the truth, and to put it in glaring head-lines before the reader.

I take this opportunity to offer my sincere thanks to the holy and earnest men and women missionaries who in the Diocese of Duluth have done such honest work for God's glory and the salvation of souls. Their names are not in the mouths of men, but are, I hope, written in the Book of Life.

When the government places the Indians under the management of United States officers such as are educated at West Point—men free from the taint of bigotry and prejudice, men above taking advantage of the weakness and ignorance of these poor people—then we shall have some hope for the future Red Man.

Up to this the record has been stained and befouled by much that is mean and dishonorable—frequently, too, when the government itself had the very best intentions.

These are the statistics:

CHIPPEWAS OF THE DIOCESE OF DULUTH, CLASSIFIED RESPECT-
ING THEIR RELIGION.

<i>Reservations.</i>	<i>Catholics.</i>	<i>Pagan.</i>	<i>Protestants.</i>	<i>Totals.</i>
White Earth,	790	147	50	987
Pembina,	540	3	—	543
Rice River,	420	200	20	640
Pine Point,	150	200	40	390
Twin Lakes,	100	300	40	440
Red Lake,	600	460	40	1,100
Fond du Lac,	500	100	—	600
Leech Lake,	170	680	50	900
Mille Lac,	20	580	—	600
Winnibigoshish Lake,	25	175	—	200
Cass Lake,	—	125	25	150
Sandy Lake,	30	50	—	80
Vermillion Lake,	60	190	50	300
White Oak Point and Ball Club,	100	100	—	200
Grand Marais,	250	36	—	286
Totals,	3,755	3,346	316	7,416

Totals on White Earth Reservation:

Catholic,	2,000
Pagan,	850
Protestant,	150
Total,	3,000

+ JAMES MCGOLRICK,
Bishop of Duluth.

January 12, 1899.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

Genius, like sanctity, is commonly more or less foolish in the eyes of the world. Its riches are "the riches of secret places," and they much exceed, in its esteem, those that are considered riches by the common sense of men. Genius is a great disturber. It is always a new thing, and demands of old things that they should make a place.—COVENTRY PATMORE.

Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S.S., D.D., has given in his admirable book on *Clerical Studies*, lately published by Marlier, Callanan Co., Boston, Mass., suggestive hints and directions for the study of church history that are of great value to members of Reading Circles. No doubt the director of each Circle could easily borrow a copy of the book from the parish priest, and arrange for selections to be read aloud at the meetings. With some few changes the four chapters on church history would make an excellent pamphlet for general circulation among the educated representatives of the laity, especially those who have the good fortune to be enrolled in a Reading Circle. Dr. Hogan is convinced that the loyal Catholic finds profit in whatever bears upon the church in the past as well as in the present. Her history to him is like a family record. It is also like the records of the people to which he belongs. And as the name of his country means little for the man who knows nothing of her past, whereas if her memories be vividly impressed upon his soul, that same name will suffice to fire his imagination and strengthen him for the noblest deeds, so the history of the church, her glories, her triumphs, the inestimable benefits which the world owes her, fills the Christian's heart with a sacred enthusiasm, strengthens his faith, and transforms his life into a homage of loyalty and love.

This is why in so many of the Catholic Reading Circles recently established through the country church history is invariably taken up as one of the leading subjects of study. The members feel that they owe it to themselves to know as much as they can of the past of the great institution to which they are proud to belong, and that no other knowledge will be more helpful to raise their minds to a higher level and strengthen them in the faith.

This very fact makes it additionally necessary that the priest should be familiar with the principal elements and bearings of the subject. Its growing prominence, inside as well as outside the church, among the faithful as well as among strangers, exposes him to be appealed to at every turn for a statement of principles, or an explanation of facts, or for guidance in the study of special periods or events. The life of the priest is more completely identified than any other with the life of the church. Her thoughts, her aims, her interests, her fluctuating fortunes are his in an especial sense. Her history is for Catholics in general, the home of their minds, a sacred memory by which they live in her past, as by their personal memory they dwell in their own, and make it an abiding part of their being. It is there they find the highest inspirations of religion, the best experiences of human life accumulated through ages. The history of the church, like the Bible itself, is the record of God's dealings with his people, teaching the same lessons and conveying the same comforting assurances. "We," wrote the Jewish high-priest (I. Mach. xii.), "need naught else, having for our comfort the holy books that are in our hands."

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Dr. Reuben Parsons deserves all the encouragement that can be given by the purchase of his recent volumes, containing the results of his extensive his-

torical studies. His volume on the *Lies and Errors of History* should be widely circulated among Reading Circles.

The History of the Catholic Church, by Dr. H. Brueck, with additions from the writings of his Eminence Cardinal Hergenröther, translated by Rev. E. Prunte, was approved by the Right Rev. Monsignor James A. Corcoran, S.T.D. It is published in two volumes.

The characterizing merits of this work are *clearness, precision, and conciseness*. What is aimed at is a compendium which will be *reliable, accurate, succinct*, and yet, by means of the abundant and very valuable references it contains, also copious. This the learned author has attained. The result is, he brings before us, in a *clear, succinct, yet interesting form*, the active energy of the Church in her missionary work, showing us how she is ever advancing into the darkness of error with the torch of truth in her hand, how she is attacked at every step by the spirits of evil, and how she fights valiantly the battle of right against wrong, of civilization against barbarism; how, in fine, animated by the irresistible Spirit of God, she bears down before her all opposition, and establishes everywhere centres of light and spiritual life. It has won these words of praise from the *Dublin Review* :

" . . . Taken altogether, for the practical purpose of a collegiate course, the best work of the kind yet placed in the hands of the English-speaking student."

A writer in the *Freeman's Journal*, H. M. Beadle, has recently called attention to the great book entitled *The History of the German People at the close of the Middle Ages*, by Johannes Janssen, translated from the German by M. A. Mitchell; in two volumes; B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, one of the most just of English historians of the earlier and middle part of this century, said of the Catholic Church that "from the time when the barbarians overran the Western Empire to the time of the revival of letters, the influence of the Church of Rome had been generally favorable to science, to civilization, and to good government. But during the last three centuries to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object."*

Many students of history, who imagined they were fair-minded, thought this statement was a stretch of the imagination of this gifted man of letters, who looked with too much favor on the Church of Rome. However, a closer study of history will show that the praise given to the Church in the first sentence might have been more generous without being untruthful, and that the censure in the last is entirely undeserved.

Given liberty and order, a people must advance in knowledge and civilization—for civilization is but the application of knowledge to the affairs of men. Under the Roman Empire there could be no liberty, for more than half the people were slaves, and the order under the pagan emperors was of that kind which suppressed virtue and encouraged vice, and under which there could be no advance of the people. The religion of Christ (and there can be no religion of Christ worthy the name imagined outside the Church) was necessary to renew the minds as well as relieve the estate of men, before there could be good government, liberty, or order among mankind. That the influence of the Catholic Church had been favorable "to science, to civilization, and to good government" Macaulay bears witness. Had he looked closer into history he might have found (though he might not have been courageous enough to tell what he might have found) that it was through the religious and moral principles taught by the

* *History of England*, vol. i. p. 53, edition by Belford, Clark & Co., Chicago and New York.

Church that men became freer from sin, and obtained better control of their tempers and their passions, and acquired a love of God and of their neighbor which made good government, order, and liberty possible among men.

Such was the state of civilization among European peoples when the revival of letters began. In the beginning of the fourteenth century the making of paper from linen rags was invented, and sufficient material for writing being thus afforded, manuscripts began to appear in great numbers. When wood and copper engraving was first successfully executed is a matter of some conjecture, but in the middle of the fifteenth century books of engravings appeared and soon became common among the people. Of course there must have been presses upon which these were printed, and printing ink must also have been invented, or the engravings could not have been printed. The number of people who could read had been greatly increased, the increase having been steadily maintained for more than a century. Paper, presses, and ink were already in use when Gutenberg first cast his movable types, and there were numbers of people able and anxious to read the books the new invention put upon the market. The time was fully ripe for the human race to begin that career of progress which has marked the last 400 years. The new world was discovered, and an opening made for the adventurous spirits whose minds had been quickened and inspired by the great inventions of the age to exercise themselves in exploring the continent Columbus had given to Europe.

It is this time which Janssen has described with so much industry and ability. He entered upon his task determined to tell the truth about the people he was writing about, and to suppress no fact bearing upon his subject that came to his knowledge, and he has succeeded so well that a professor of history in one of the foremost universities of this country has said that Janssen and Pastor are the only authorities students of history now have on the middle ages. The result has been that Janssen has given to the world one of the greatest works of the age. He presents to his readers a true and correct picture of the times of which he writes. He shows, as it were, in a mirror the progress of a great people in religion and learning, and the effect these had upon all classes of the people of Germany. He shows us the schools, the universities, and the teachers; the laws and the change in the laws that affected both government and people; the growth of manufactures and the thoughts and acts and daily life of those who brought them to such perfection, and the organization of the guilds which did so much for the working people of that time; the mines and mineral productions of Germany and the life led by the miners; the revival and growth of commerce, and how it, together with agriculture, manufactures, and mining, affected and promoted the growth and added to the wealth of the nation.

He also portrays the beginning and growth of art in Germany, as shown in architecture, sculpture, painting, engraving, music, poetry, song, and literature, and the effect art had upon the people to soften the rudeness of earlier times, reform manners, and create among Germans an interest for other things besides war and military glory.

And greater than all, he tells how religion entered into the daily life of all classes of people; how an increasing love of mankind grew out of that religion, how serfdom and the last remnants of slavery were abolished, to be renewed, unfortunately, after Luther's revolt, when the liberty of the fifteenth century was lost in the despotism of the sixteenth, and the high ideas of honor and character, the outgrowth of religion and of liberty as enjoyed under local self-government, prevailed among all classes of people.

Janssen has completely and for ever overthrown Macaulay's idea, that the chief object of the church for three hundred years has been "to stunt the growth of the human mind." The world has advanced in many ways since Macaulay wrote. Men now dare not write falsehood, for they know it will be immediately exposed. In Macaulay's time historians dared not write the truth in regard to Luther's revolt, for they would have been despised and their books unpublished, or, if published, left on the shelves of their publishers unread. Facts have vindicated the Church of God, and however men have failed, it is now known that the church has been the greatest and truest friend of the people, of liberty, of good government, of order, of science, and of everything that elevates the human character and leads mankind to a higher life, even in this world.

In answer to an inquiry it may be stated that the works of Coventry Patmore are rather expensive. An edition of *The Angel of the House* was published by the Cassell Company at small cost in paper covers. Under the title *Poetry and Pathos of Delight* Mrs. Alice Meynell gathered a very choice collection of passages from the works of Patmore, which was published by Putnam's Sons. In Chicago recently a copy of Patmore's *Unknown Eros* was valued at \$2.60. A bookseller informed a representative of the Columbian Reading Union that he had second-hand copies of the following works by Patmore:

Faithful Forever, 40 cents; *Victories of Love*, 60 cents; *Angel of the House*, two vols., \$1.50.

Students of Dante will rejoice to know that the Clarendon Press has issued a dictionary of proper names and notable matters in the works of Dante, prepared by Paget Toynbee, M.A., Oxford, which is for sale by Henry Froude, of New York City.

Philadelphia appears at its best in the volume prepared by Agnes Repplier, published by the Macmillan Company. A notice in the *New York Times* states that the author begins at the beginning and sets forth in a very clear light the origin and early composition of Philadelphia, and the much-disputed character and deeds of William Penn, of whom on the whole she approves. We get an excellent picture of life in the stiff but prosperous Quaker town and its Pennsylvania outposts, where the Irish immigrants were year by year pushing further and further afield, and making more and more trouble for both city and province through their zeal and contentiousness. We are given the impression of a healthful, thrifty, peaceful, kindly home life, but one lacking joy and stimulus, and it is difficult to see what would ever have caused this "arid waste of dullness" to bloom, had it not opportunely been irrigated by the smiling worldliness of Benjamin Franklin.

Franklin is a godsend to the author, as he was to the subject of her story. She recognizes his greatness and ungrudgingly and gladly gives him unlimited credit, but she reserves the privilege of slyly poking fun at him and his little vanities, and we think the clear-headed philosopher, whose imperturbable common sense was his foremost quality, would enjoy reading this part of the book far better than many another of his "obituaries."

And so, step by step, through the alternately depressed and elated decade of the Revolution and the riotous years that followed, through the steady growth of the rich and peaceful city of markets and manufactures that preceded the Civil War, and through the fears and sacrifices of that dread time, we follow the ever-advancing, ever-modernizing process of steady old Philadelphia down to recent years, and then we are given a picture of the vast and interesting city of to-day.

Summing it all up, Miss Repplier finds that the debt Philadelphia owes to her Quaker colonists is a great one, and that the impress of their strong hands still lingers for good. This is the secret of the conservatism at which sister cities and many of her own people are wont to make merry. She has "seldom thirsted after novelties," says her chronicler; her prejudices are ancient, deeply venerated, and unconquerable. "It is true that much that is new and much that is bad have vulgarized and vitiated the old tranquil life, but something that was given to the infant city as she lay cradled between her two rivers remains with her still, some legacy of soberness and self-restraint."

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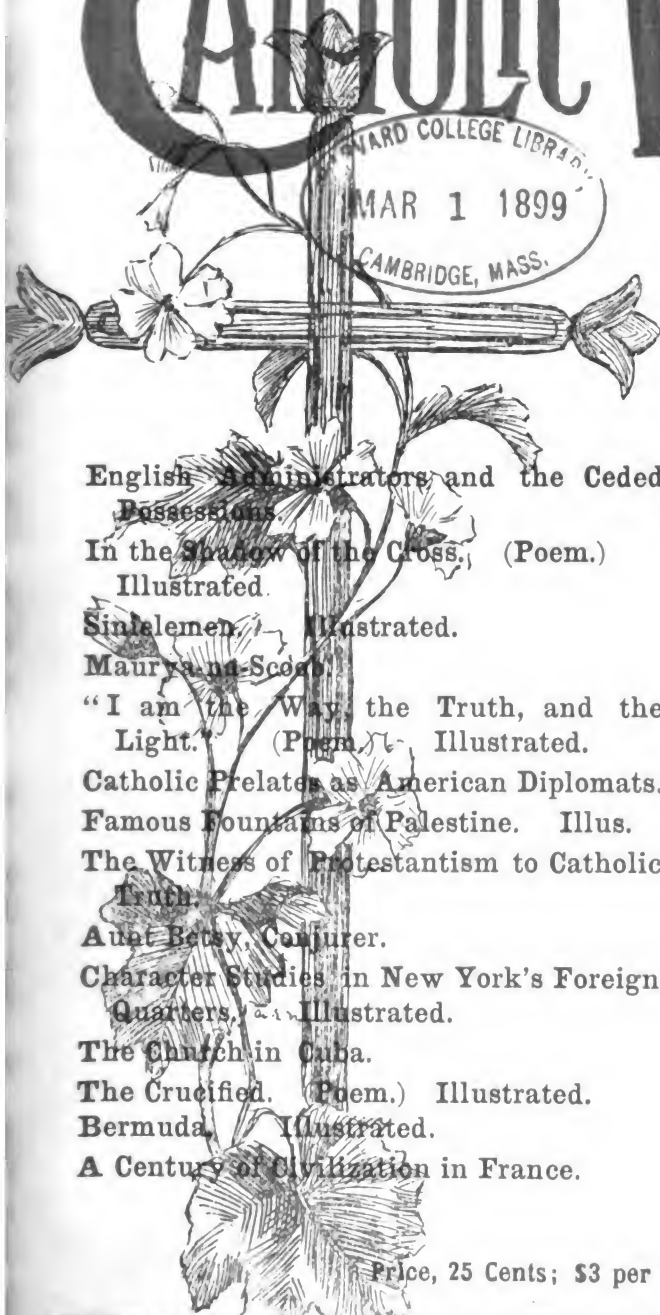
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"AND HE PRAYED THAT IF IT MIGHT BE, THE HOUR MIGHT PASS
FROM HIM" (*Mark xiv. 35*).

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

MAR 1 1899

VOL. LXVIII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

NO. 408.

ENGLISH ADMINISTRATORS AND THE CEDED POSSESSIONS.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

THE latest bid for an English influence in the new possessions of America appears in the *Fortnightly Review*.* In an article in that periodical the writer suggests that the English will offer to the American government the assistance of a staff of civil servants to administer the affairs of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. He candidly justifies the proposal by expressing an opinion of the unfitness of Americans for the duties of colonial government proved by the experiment during the period of Reconstruction in the South. There were abuses unfortunately at that time, but the experiment was not one of colonial government; consequently it is in no way applicable to his argument. We are not complaining of the overweening sense of British capacity assumed by him—that may be the legitimate consequence of an insular education—what we are rather inclined to regret is the mental subserviency of those Americans whose admiration of everything English confirms the assumption of superiority.

The writer of the article referred to makes one observation we deem important, though we draw a conclusion different from that he would desire. He says that good government in the ceded possessions will be the proof that humanity and not annexation was the motive of the war with Spain. This will, it appears, be secured by handing their administration over to subordinates of the Colonial Office—that is, to the Colonial Office

* "American Expansion and the Inheritance of the Race," December.

itself. In other words, to Mr. Chamberlain, who is already on the road to relegation from public life. We have another view of the manner in which good government can be secured for the dependencies. But there are some important considerations to be expressed before offering it. The subject is full of difficulty, but a little patience in looking at the circumstances of the new possessions, and a little care in applying an experience from a really analogous instance, will help to a solution. There are some dangers to be pointed out proved by examples somewhat similar. We beg our readers' attention to the views we are about to submit.

CUBANS AND FILIPINOS NOT SAVAGES.

We must recognize, to begin with, the difference between the place in the eye of nations held by the Spanish possessions and a newly discovered country with no inhabitants, or possessing inhabitants in that scale of life to which the practice of international policy refuses rights. A good deal of rudimentary and yet incorrect social and anthropological science not bearing on the issue is imported into the article in the *Fortnightly*. If it has any purpose at all, it is to imply that the inhabitants of Cuba and the other lands live in that scale of existence which confers no title to justice. Yet the writer asks for good government for them as though they were entitled to everything claimed in right of manhood by the founders of the American nation. In the few words we shall offer we purpose confining ourselves to the Philippine Islands, because they admit of a more direct comparison than the other possessions, with an example of progress which antiquity hands down to us, while these, at the same time, come so far within the leading characteristics as to be covered by the example.

The question of the Philippines is really international. All the writing on the war between America and Spain treated the latter's possessions on that basis.

PUBLIC CONSCIENCE OF A STATE.

One perceives the difference between the responsibilities of an individual for his acts and the obligation of a state to do justice to an injured neighbor. If public morality, which is really what jurists mean when they speak of public law, could be enforced like the municipal law,* then in the external forum there would be no difference between personal, political, and international morality concerning the things of mine and thine,

* We use the words in their technical sense. "Public law" is the law of nations, "municipal law" is that of a particular nation.

ours and yours. A state could be then a thief as an individual can be. As it is, there is a difference between the conscience of the man and what is called the conscience of the state. The public conscience is spoken of as if it were a faculty of the national soul—a real entity and not a metaphor. This mere analogy between the action of public opinion and the workings of individual conscience is treated as a fact of the moral order entailing responsibilities clear and coercive like the decrees of the court within us. Of course it is nothing of the kind, but it is more than conceivable that such an opinion would be the reflex of natural equity as between state and state if there were an international tribunal to enforce the dictates of that equity. As it is, public opinion is a transitory, perhaps a passionate impulse like one of those epidemics of morality which rise in England every seven years. It is said that it can be manufactured to order, if Mr. Chamberlain has a new sensation to advertise, if some other public man has even a good measure to bring forward. In a word, nothing short of such a tribunal as we speak of can make the “public conscience” when looking at a neighbor’s lands like the individual’s when tempted by his neighbor’s goods.

We are not assuming that the invasion of Cuba was an unjust aggression—very far from that. However, we think the question of the *Maine* was allowed to obscure the issue in a manner which indicates the fever of the American pulse. At the same time, under precisely similar circumstances, no European power would have acted with as much forbearance. An excuse to attack a weaker neighbor has hardly ever been more than a colorable one—at least when no other considerations had to be taken into account, such as an international guarantee for the safety of the weaker power or the inconvenience of tempting another strong power to imitate the example. The Schleswig-Holstein aggression is an instance of the colorable excuse; the Luxembourg and Belgium incident between France and Prussia bears testimony to the effect of reciprocal jealousy among strong powers as an influence to keep the peace. England, to do her justice, has not stolen any land in Europe recently—she only gives up land in Europe now; but she has supplied money to enable others to steal land, and she has appeared by her subjects when feeble states were assailed from within and without. This she did in Italy some forty years ago. Then she had her “Garibaldian Englishmen” fighting against weak and friendly powers right in the teeth of her fraudulent Foreign Enlistment Acts; just the same as a little later she had her *Ala-*

bamas plundering the merchantmen of the United States and a few months ago her desperadoes raiding in the Transvaal. We must take things as they are; that is, so long as nations are only restrained by regard for their own safety when dealing with each other, we must allow the influence of other considerations than the one of *meum* and *tuum* to enter into the material for judgment on a question of what on the surface might be called unjust aggression.

EXPEDIENCY CREATES DUTY.

Moreover, when a war has taken place conditions are changed. You cannot go back to the *status quo ante*. Interests have arisen that cannot be ignored. The aspect of relations with other states is so altered that a reparation to the conquered state would open a door to new complications, new dangers. If the Philippines were restored to Spain, it would be an injury to American citizens, to whom something is due for the sacrifices of the war; it would be a national crime because it would fling the inhabitants into the melting-pot of internecine revolutions or throw them on the gambling-table of European powers. Whatever may be said of the justice of entering on the war, there can be only one view as to the policy of the United States in retaining the ceded dominions. If one man takes the property of another unjustly he must make all the restitution in his power. The obligation of a state towards another cannot be disposed of in the same off-hand manner in the present condition of international interests. We have not heard a single argument to support the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France that was based on justice; every one was advocated on the ground of expediency. We are not making international morality, we are interpreting it by the acts of its exponents. These constitute what lawyers call the contemporaneous exposition. An individual must be just; it is upon the whole easy to see what justice demands of him. But the claims of justice in the individual's case are not always identical with those determining the relations between two hostile powers. It is difficult to conceive a case in which they would be identical, for they are complicated by various considerations; and as long as men will not submit to a supreme arbiter, like the Pope, such considerations, whether or not they are part of the constituents of justice pure and simple, are allowed a weight in the counsels of a successful belligerent. In other words, it is possible to look at an individual as bound to strip himself of everything in order to repair an injustice; but a statesman who would pro-

pose the surrender of every advantage obtained in a successful war would, by the judgment of his countrymen, be forthwith consigned to the political limbo of impracticables.

THE PHILIPPINES AND GREECE.

The first circumstance to bear in mind is the position of these dependencies. They are links in the chain of universal trade, they are necessary stations on the water-way of the world. Nothing short of a disturbance shifting the axis of the earth to the equator can deprive them of this advantage. This statement is the condemnation of Spain, but it is also the declaration of the responsibility of America. The place the Philippines occupy resembles that which Greece, the adjacent islands, and the coast of Asia Minor bore with regard to each other at the dawn of Greek civilization and adventure. The climate of the islands is upon the whole like that of those early settlements of commercial activity, policy, and genius. It will be said, "Here the likeness ends"; the Greeks were the most gifted race and they sprang from one stock; the composite origin of the Filipinos offers only types of a humanity presenting descending degrees of degradation. This is the view which had been held out in England when that disinterested power was prepared to embark upon the labor of civilizing them. We have reason to think "from information received," as detectives begin their evidence, that the inhabitants of those islands are capable of the highest civilization if the ideas and example of the West are brought in contact with their lives. Not all the inhabitants stand upon an equal footing with regard to the amenities. There are groups or parts of groups standing in primitive conditions. It has to be proved that these are beyond the reach of high moral influences. We have unsocial elements in the great cities of the United States; yet this country is compared to Rome in what is so absurdly called its over-civilization. What French and English critics mean when they make this comparison is that in certain classes of Americans a languid affectation, resulting from over-refinement, is observable similar to that one reads of in the Rome of the emperors. Even at the risk of digressing, we distinctly deny the competence of those critics to pronounce any such comparison; and we do so because there is no evidence of such epicurean weariness until the fourth and fifth centuries. Now, that is a period of social history of which our critics are ignorant. No; the fine gentleman of the first and second century could be a great lawyer, soldier, or statesman, even though he lisped over the

hand of Chloe or scratched his head with one finger while some orator was rolling forth the monotone of his periods. The jaded American of society carries in his brain the figures of a speculation in its own way as important to the country as a war or a treaty. But the point is, that in this country, which, in spite of them, the most advanced nations of Europe look upon as at the top of civilization, there are to be found the lawless of both sexes, whose presence is a blot—a blot! nay, a shame to humanity, a warning, an evil omen to the society which has no thought for them. We can see similar inequalities everywhere. It is not so very long since Bavaria was another name for stupidity, Prussia the synonym of coarse brutality; less than a generation ago enlightened Scotland had her cave-dwellers, and in large districts of England there was no idea of domestic purity, no knowledge of a God higher than the fetich of some African rite. Therefore, we do not think that the different degrees of advancement among the Filipinos present an insurmountable obstacle to well-directed efforts to bring to pass social homogeneity among them when we find the success of similar efforts elsewhere.

POSSIBILITIES OF CIVILIZATION.

However, an instance more directly in point than the examples just cited is that already referred to of Greece and what are commonly called the Greek colonies. In addition to the capacity of the Filipinos to take from their surroundings the impulses which lead to progress, there is the advantage of an external agency of the highest value if employed with due caution—we mean the contact of American activity. The vexed question as to how far an influence from outside is needed to elevate a race need not be discussed in view of this experiment. This force has been present since the sixteenth century, and will in a more modern form be active in the future. The contact of a high civilization with an inferior one—using the term civilization in its complicated modern sense—would be a disaster if not restrained by a careful and sympathetic intelligence. If there were no such restraint, then since there are groups among the native population of the islands who are still in a savage state, and as these know the existence of customs and opinions alien to their own, but in a way recommended as the usages and judgments of a more favored people than themselves, their fate would be that of the American Indians, of the Maories, of inferior races of ancient times—they would die by contact with civilized men. They were pre-

served because the civilization of the converted natives had not turned the latter into Assyrian destroyers, English merchant-adventurers or riflemen as in America, into English settlers like those of New Zealand, who made peace there by exterminating the inhabitants. The suggestion put forward, we think by Mr. Stead, is no explanation of the phenomenon, that the semi-civilization of the Christian natives brought them within the domain of savage customs, and consequently of savage sympathies. Take a case to-day: where is the sympathy the semi-civilized Arab evinces for the black man in Central Africa? Where was the sympathy of the Greeks for the tribes they found in the land before them? They blotted them out so effectually that they called themselves the autochthones, as if the very soil was their own mother, as if none had even stood upon Grecian earth before them, much less had been born of Grecian land.

THE DANGER FROM A GODLESS COMMERCE.

In the case before us there is the double danger from semi-civilized and wholly savage subjects to whom American ways must be new. The Christians may obtain the advantages of European civilization corrupted to the very core by scepticism and love of gain. If they do, they will be an instrument to destroy their own countrymen, to convert the islands into scenes resembling in some respects, yet differing in some respects, from those in which Turkish lust and cruelty played for centuries their hellish part. Let no one suppose we are predicting unlikely things. The past is full of resultant contradictions when zeal for Christianity is combined with the propagandism of trade. Trade follows the flag, say the English; and the flag walks in the footsteps of the missionary, adds some good, newly married man, prepared to sacrifice the ease of an idle and unappreciated life in England for a mission to the negroes, with its adjuncts of salary, servants, and territorial grants, its fortress-house and arms of precision. As surely as the American missionary, like his English brother, brings the trappings of a conqueror and takes as his companion the pioneer of trade, so surely will there arise in the Philippines an American caste who will call themselves Christian while denying the divinity of the Lord, and who will rule the new territories as Greek merchants ruled the coasts of the Adriatic and the eastern Mediterranean, as the Phœnicians sat with their gods and their riches like an incubus on Africa, as the East India Company devoured the substance of the people of India. A horrible picture stands before

us in the experience of godless commerce. The imported moneyed class will be the over-lords of fraud, the more intelligent and self-seeking Christian natives will be their instruments in developing the resources of the country. They will begin as overseers in forcing their fellow-Christians to work for the new masters in mine and field and forest, on road and swamp and mountain; they will turn their attention to the heathen, and he will know of Christianity as the name of a strong, resistless tyranny greater in its power of evil than the most maleficent of the gods he placated with sacrifice. What a life may be that of the high caste, the conquerors of the land! Wealth beyond the dreams of avarice will minister to vice unrestrained by opinion. The countless servants of an eastern harem to flatter them, financial agents versed in the science of overreaching to find expedients, armies to go and come at their bidding. Their example will go down through the strata of society, poisoning, eating into and corroding all classes in its descent, until the appalled world will regret the overthrow of Spain.

PROSPERITY LIES IN A CHURCH FREE TO DO HER WORK.

If, upon the other hand, no violence is done to religious belief; if the United States respects the rights of conscience, leaves to the church, so long fettered by connection with the state, the power to complete the work she began so well and which might under favorable circumstances have made in the eastern archipelago a civilization in its own way great and famous as that which centred round the Ægean, it is beyond the limits of imagination to predict the future of the Philippines. We go back to early Greece. Like as in those islands, sea and air unite them as a dome above, a floor below. Almost as in the coasts of Greece, the islands and Asia Minor, so in the Philippines the eye reaches from land to land, short voyages from bay to bay would clasp them to each other. In both regions the fauna of the temperate north and south are to be found; we have the like variety in the living forms of nature, while it appears there are varieties or species in the Philippines to be found nowhere else. The Athenians from the earliest period combined with the life of the husbandman that of the sailor. Immeasurably greater than the resources and extent of the city-state are those of the islands now ceded to this country. What Athens accomplished in uniting the endurance demanded for agricultural pursuits with the merchant's spirit of enterprise can be developed in the new possessions if there be

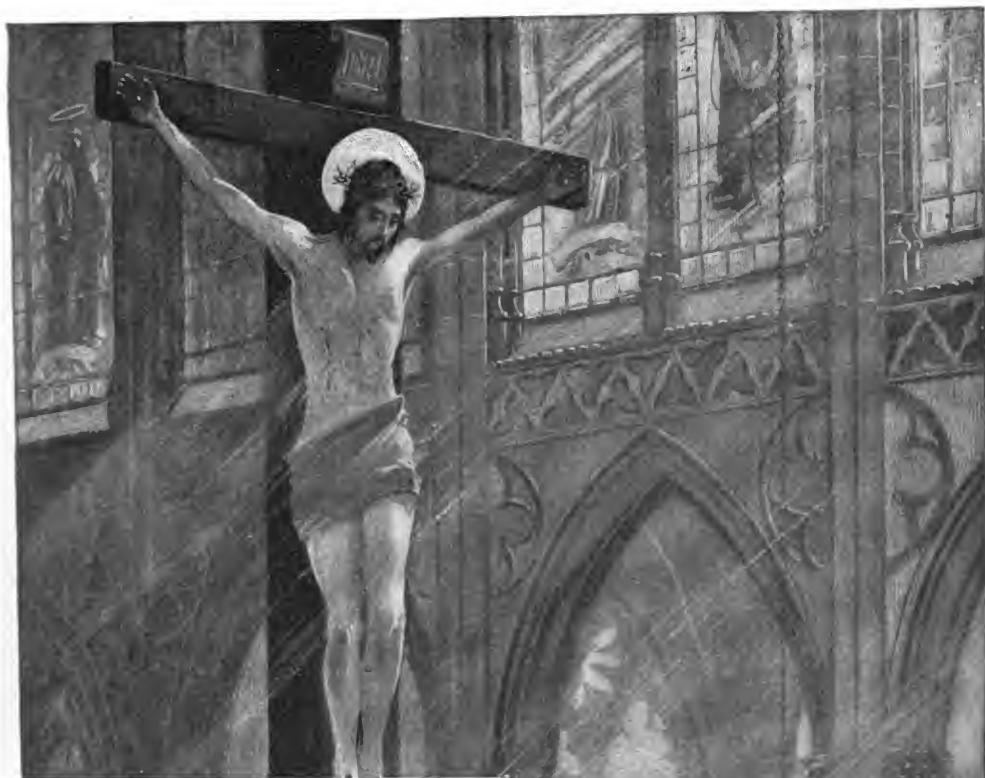
a due regard to the teachings of the old example. Respect for religion and a tone of moral elevation were acquired in the fire of a great political calamity. The summons to Epimenides to reconsecrate the desecrated city and the state to religion marks the beginning of that career of prosperity on sea and in the science of government which makes the story of Athens so wonderful, so unique. The beginning of that career was the laying deep in the soil of the national heart a love of morality and reverence for religion. The principles were not new. They had possessed authority in better days, but they became cold at the time of the famous violation of sanctuary when the adherents of Cylon were dragged from the altars and the statues of the gods to be murdered. An enthusiasm for religion and morality seized the whole people, which their great law-giver directed into the preserving channel of a system. From that time began the impulses and transformations which made Athens a new city and the centre of a commerce with the islands and coasts of the Ægean; began the struggles against powerful houses for law and liberty which ended in the triumph of the people, so that no single family or class could assert particular privileges and all the citizens were equal before the law; began the spirit of enterprise that covered the sea with Athenian galleys, and the cultivation of philosophy, literature, and art which have enriched all generations since.

There are usages and laws of life which cannot be broken up without destroying morality. You may by superior force uproot the influences which make the family a sacred thing, and the state resting upon the family a power to elevate. What will you give back in return for the good you have taken away? Seek light from the administrators of equity-law. They will refuse to upset a child's settled belief in a form of Christianity though the father may think his own the better form. The courts recognize, when asked to enforce the father's acknowledged right in such a case, that they are only sure of one thing if the application be granted—that the child's belief will be shaken; they are not sure that a better form will win acceptance.

It is with profound anxiety we look to the future of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands. Wisely ruled, a great future is before them. There are priests in America attached to the Constitution—Americans of the Americans—who are full of the zeal which in the first ages of Christianity changed the face of the world. Whatever is wanted to vivify faith, to purify life, to instil or develop the promptings of a prudent desire for

temporal advancement, can be supplied by them. In their hands the people must become industrious and law-abiding, for they know that St. Paul wrote the words of inspiration when he commanded obedience to the higher powers and declared the right to eat depended on the will to work. This has been the teaching of the church. It cannot be set aside by irrelevant theories of the effects of charity on independence on the one part, by libels on Catholic loyalty under the title of divided allegiance on the other. Such missionaries have no personal object to serve. In any pursuit they would obtain a larger measure of what men include under the phrase enjoyment of life. Unsupported by domestic affection, tied to the demands of nature by an allowance limited to them—nay, less than what is needful to supply them—because the priest must fast lest those committed to his charge should suffer want; in these very ordinary facts of a missionary's life there is a guarantee for the honest performance of the work. If those men are allowed to perform it, if no access of misplaced zeal be permitted to invade their rights, if no interference on the part of intruders—intruders because the field is already occupied,—if no such interference be encouraged, all that has been said in this paper as to the possibilities of the future will attend on the awakening of the subject peoples to the new world with which American energy will surround them. That will be the answer to Europe for the war, the best title-deed to go down to posterity for its result.





IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

BY EVA A. MADDEN.

I LOVE, at dusk, to enter at the door
Of some great Gothic church and, like a nun,
A vesper vigil keep, until the sun
Leaves vault and lights in gloom. There on
the floor

To kneel, and watch the sacred flame glow
more

As darkness dims—alone, save for the One
Upon the cross—and gaze as men have done
For ages, on the patient look He wore.

Oh! may I enter thus within the shrine
Of my own soul, and wait until the lamp
Of that, my own blessed sanctuary, glow
Into effulgent light. Oh, may it shine
Amid the gloom, the sin, the cold and damp,
And show, there too, the Christ with head
bowed low!





SINIELEMEN.

BY ANNA D. ROSECRANS.

ALL aboard for the Mission at St. Ignatius, in the beautiful Blackfoot Valley!

The scene and experience, so we were told, would be well worth the trip, and would be a bit of mediæval life—a unique sight in this prosaic nineteenth century.

Away went the train, with its burden of civilization, and we enjoyed in anticipation a new sensation—a sight of the primitive red man in all his panoply of war. After a few hours' climbing and descending of the Rockies we steamed up to the little station at Ravalli, so called after one of the early missionaries.

The air was fresh from the last night's rain, and as we climbed into the four-seated wagon, drawn by an equal number of sleek "cayuses," we felt that it was a good thing to be alive and able to inhale the sweet odor of moist earth and fragrant pines and mountain flowers. In and out we wound our way, now in sunlight, now in shade. Overhead the sky of the mountains—nowhere so deeply blue—so clear that the eye loses itself in the ecstasy of pure color.

A light breeze blew the few clouds of morning, making shadows over the swelling folds of the mountains which were yellow with the luxuriant "bunch-grass."

Up we go! Now jolting merrily along the level spaces,

again splashing down into the brook sprawling across our pathway. Our half-breed driver told us that at their yearly meeting on this great "feast-day" there are always several hundred Indians gathered at the Mission, which is on the Blackfoot Reservation. Five chiefs, of the Flatheads, Kootenais, and Pend D'Oreilles, with their squaws and children, would celebrate the day of St. Ignatius before going off for a camping spell.

A climb of two hours through a narrow canyon brought us to the summit of the ridge overlooking the lovely valley of the Blackfoot—the "Siniëlemen"—an Indian word meaning rendezvous, "a gathering of the clans." What a panorama! In smooth curves the mountain rolled to join the valley at our feet, its yellow grass glowing golden in the warm sunshine. The fertile, undulating plain stretched to the right and left as far as the eye could see. Tents and huts clustered thick about the Mission buildings. In the background the valley surged in masses of green against the sublime Rockies, which rise perpendicularly, without a break, eight thousand feet!

At the right, as we reached level ground, was the small cemetery where the "braves" lie asleep at the foot of their beloved mountains.

We drew up at the gate of a garden redolent with the perfume of old-fashioned flowers, and caught sight of dusky young faces peeping shyly out, and as shyly withdrawn.

Our tour of inspection led us first to the older girls' buildings, but the gem of the place is a "kindergarten." Fancy an Indian kindergarten! This is taught by some Ursulines. The saying of Napoleon is here exemplified in a way, for the good women begin literally "at the foot of the cradle." The small savages are unwillingly bathed, then clothed and fed. They appeared to take quite kindly to civilization, and we were told they are so apt at learning that they are soon used as interpreters with the teachers and parents.

The large girls are taught a common-school course, including cooking, housekeeping, and dressmaking. In the boys' buildings we saw excellent printing, carpentry, saddle and harness work, done under the supervision of the Jesuits. It was difficult to believe that the brass band which played so nicely was composed of Indian boys.

By sunset the tribes had assembled. Smoke curled into the still summer air from many huts and "tepees." Bucks on horseback, gorgeously arrayed and painted with richest colors,

pranced and curveted up and down the principal street of the village, to the admiration of the squaws and children seated around.

It was the "boulevard" of the Mission, and the beau monde of Indiandom were outrivalling each other in brilliant display. It is not so far off, after all—we smiled to ourselves—from Fifth Avenue! Presently round a corner came a pretty sight, the girls of the Mission going for milk. Followed by a black-veiled sister, they marched, each couple carrying a bright pail. The young bucks picked out their favorites as they passed, with many a smile. Suddenly the bell tolled the "Angelus"; all was hushed. The prancing horsemen checked their steeds, the people fell on their knees, while the voices of the children could be heard murmuring the evening prayer.

The sun sank, the quiet stars stole out one by one, and we lingered entranced by the beauty, the peace, the quaint simplicity of the lovely spot. Lights and shades played on the majestic heights of the mountains. Slowly the rose-tints faded into purple, the air blew deliciously cool, the hum of voices grew fainter, the horses neighed gently to their weary companions. Now and then a dog barked lazily, and night—summer night in the Rockies—flooded the valley with dreamy beauty.

Reluctantly we wended our way to bed. As we passed the little church we saw by the dim light some dusky forms keeping vigil there.

We rose next morning at the unaccustomed hour of five, in order to attend the first services of the feast-day. Everything lay bathed in dew, and the valley was still in the subdued light of expectant dawn, for the sun had not yet climbed over that precipitous ridge.

What an impressive sight! On came the Indians, the women in one file, the men in another. They filled the church to overflowing—men and women seated on different sides of the building. The doors were thrown open, to allow those who could not find seats inside to follow the services from the open air. During the Mass the old chiefs of all the tribes said the prayers, answered by all the Indians. Then came a pause, and presently the women started a plaintive chant, followed again by prayers and alternated by singing.

At a proper time was the Communion, every one receiving in turn—the perfect order of the whole proceeding being remarkable.

The feature of the later service was the singing of a trained



"AS WE PASSED THE LITTLE CHURCH WE SAW BY THE DIM LIGHT A
DUSKY FORM KEEPING VIGIL THERE."

choir of Indian girls, and a sermon in Kalispel by an old and favorite missionary. The queer guttural sounds, the dark, impassive faces, the gorgeous coloring of the painted Indians with their picturesque garments, the altar, its lights and flowers—all made a scene never to be forgotten.

As the crowd dispersed into the sunshine each Indian stooped and kissed the foot of the old wooden cross erected by the first missionary among them.

The day passed only too quickly, and it was with a feeling of reluctance that we turned our faces homeward in the afternoon.

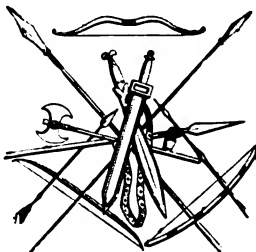
Were those lives spent in this isolated spot on God's fair earth fruitless? we philosophized to ourselves, or is it true what the dear old poet says, and that we

“ . . . departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ”?

The summit was reached. We paused with a backward look at the great cliffs; the golden, peaceful valley; the broken, irregular village; the humble little cemetery—all was beautiful as a dream, and there came to us with a thrill of emotion those lines of liquid music:

“ No more, no more, the worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar;
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of paradise.”

Adieu, “ Sinièlemen,” the happy valley, the *rendezvous* of the Blackfoot!



MAURYA-NA-SCOOB.

A LEAF FROM THE HISTORY OF DARKEST ACHILL.

BY P. G. SMYTH.



SCOOB! Scoob! Scoo-ooo-ooob!"

Such a strange, weird, appealing cry, resounding through the quiet, drowsy street, specially quiet and drowsy at noonday, for then the humble shops were desolate of custom, and the men were away at work, and the children were at school, all except the very little ones, who sat on the steps and broken curbstones and played and prattled in a vague, desultory way.

"Scoo-ooob!"

It suggested the "lonely croon" of a daylight banshee. But as it passed there also drifted by a sudden, delicate, grateful fragrance that brought up thoughts of whirring grouse, fleet hares, smoky poteen stills, damp-skirted clouds, Rob Roy and his Highland caterans, William Black and his Highland novels, and other things suggested by heather in full pink bloom, breathing the perfume distilled by nature up among the pure mountain air.

A woman went slowly by, bending under a load of heather brooms; an elderly peasant woman, with the large blue cloak of her class flapping around her and grizzled locks straggling from under the bright plaid shawl that covered her head. Occasionally she stopped for a few seconds to chat with the children and incidentally to sprinkle blessings in the Irish language upon them, and at every door she passed she uttered her peculiar whoop. Once in awhile this brought out the woman of the house with a penny; a sale was effected and a transfer made of one of the huge heather bouquets, soon to lose its bloom and fragrance in the prosaic dust and to be transformed into a bunch of wiry rods.

At times Maurya-na-Scoob, or Mary of the Brooms, ceased her cry and turned to song in advertisement of her wares:

"I bought a bit of bacon,
Fried it in the pan;
No one there to eat it
But the besom man.

“Who'll buy my besoms?
Besoms fine and new.
Who'll buy my besoms?” etc., etc.

But very few and infrequent, notwithstanding her professional chant, were the bits of bacon that Maurya bought. Hers was a hard calling. Her complexion was swarthy and glowing, though the lines on her face were graven deep. From her rough cradle she had been accustomed to hardships, all of which she bore as inuredly and uncomplainingly as the rest of the islanders who battled hard for existence with nature and the landlords and the government among the grim, barren mountains of Achill.

The besom is an ancient Irish domestic institution. For several hundred years it has brushed the earthen floors of their cabins. It was known as long ago as the eighth century, when St. Colchu the Wise wrote his famous *Scuap Crabhaigh*, or Besom of Devotion, intended to cleanse the souls of the people as the heather broom did their homes. Perhaps it is on account of the base use to which it is turned that the bonny, sweet-smelling *planta genistæ* has been so long looked upon with popular contempt; perhaps that is why the first Plantagenet stuck a sprig of it, in humility and penitence, in his cap, and adopted its humble name, when he started on his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. In Ireland any association with heather in the humble broom-making industry is considered utterly plebeian and degrading, as witness that unhappy mayor of Limerick, “Shawn-na-Scoob,” whom Michael Hogan, the Bard of Thomond, so remorselessly scathed in his poetic epistles from “Thunder-and-Lightning Hall, Fire-and-Brimstone Street, Mount Parnassus.”

But little thought or cared Maurya-na-Scoob of how public opinion might regard her business--and indeed public opinion in these parts gave itself but small exercise on the matter. She was merely a brave, enduring, hardworking—alas! how hardworking—Achill woman, vying with grouse and badgers to draw a livelihood from the mountain's storm-swept crest.

On this particular day Maurya's whoop was more subdued than usual; her song was not so gay; there was hesitation in her gait and an anxious reconnoitring look on her face. On catching sight of a man approaching along the street she grew pale and nervous and crossed herself as at dread of impending evil.

"Good-day, Maurya ; and how are you?"

"I'm quite well, Thomas Rua ; and how is yourself?"

They spoke in the vernacular and used the stereotyped expressions of formal Celtic salutation. On his side there was embarrassment, on hers anxiety. He was an elderly man with reddish hair and whiskers streaked with gray, and he wore the russet leggins commonly affected in Ireland by rustic "limbs of the law."

"'Tis a heavy load you have to-day, Maurya."

"Heavy enough, and a long bit of road to carry it too ; but God made the back for the burden."

"I'm afraid it's about the last of its kind you'll carry."

"Oh, I hope not, Thomas Rua ; I'm feeling well and strong yet, and we must all earn our living."

"But not in that way, Maurya." He took from his capacious pocket a batch of bluish official documents, one of which he peeled off and handed to her. She received it with trembling fingers and dumped her balmy burden on the sidewalk.

"Not in that way, Maurya. This is a summons commanding you to appear at the next Achill petty sessions to answer a charge of trespassing on the Pike estate. And I have summonses of the same kind for about twenty of your neighbors. And you'll all be fined, sure enough. But 'tis you're own fault. What a queer, foolish, obstinate lot of people you are ! Didn't the bailiff warn you not to pull the heath?"

Maurya-na-Scoob did not appear to hear him. She looked vacantly at the dreaded legal document, which she held gingerly between her thumb and forefinger, as if it were a repulsive and dangerous object.

"I knew it was coming," she said ; "I had the feeling all over me that it was coming. O Virgin ! is the last poor bit to be taken out of our mouths?"

"Well, Maurya, leave the heath alone and it will be much better for you," advised Red Tom, the summons-server.

"The heath !" She turned upon him fiercely. "And what have we left, Thomas Rua, but the heath ? Will they want us to leave the air alone next ? There was a time, Thomas Rua, when people of my name and family owned all the best green land round Clew Bay—don't laugh, you ignorant fool, you *omadhaun* ! it was so—before the stranger came and drove us to the black bogs and wild mountains. And even these they begrudge us now, claiming, the idiots ! that we spoil their beautiful sport of shooting game—as if one mightn't pull the makings

of ten thousand besoms on Slievemore without man or bird ever missing it."

"But that's no reason you'd take what isn't yours."

"Death's bandage on you (*marriv faushg orth*), you clown; you speak that way because you're a government man. We take nothing but what belongs to us, and very, very little of that. The mountain heather belongs to us, and I wish I could make of it a great, large besom that would sweep all our enemies into the sea, as St. Patrick drove the serpents. The heath, indeed! God knows that men and women, and especially Achill men and women, are more valuable than grouse and hares."

The court official stared in dismay at what he considered an appalling tirade of contumely, contempt of court, anarchy, Whiteboyism, *præmunire*, and other forms of high treason.

"The magistrates will teach you manners, my lady," he cried as he retreated. "But what better language could one expect from Maurya-na-Scoob!"

"Go along, you dirty old tool of tyrants," she hurled after him, to the amusement of many whom the loud colloquy had attracted to the doors; "my trade is a thousand times cleaner than yours every day in the year."

She resumed her burden, and again her monotonous, appealing cry resounded through the street:

"Scoo-oo-oob!"

It was a dreamy June evening when Maurya, having disposed of her stock, returned wearily homewards. Slievemore, hoary mountain monarch, wore his regal purple, and a golden cloud-crown shone on his head. The sun redly gilt the rocks and heath and the wild flowers that starred the scanty herbage. A distant streak of sea horizon made more desolate the vast, russet bogs whose solemn wastes it margined. A society-shunning anchorite of the Thebaid might here have revelled in the solitude he loved. Modern monks have indeed sought and struggled with this austere wilderness; there stands the little Franciscan monastery of Bunacurry, whose industrious brotherhood has stripped, during the past half century, some acres of productive land of its covering of deep, brown peat.

Barefooted the broom-seller walked along; like many Irish peasant women on a journey, she had discarded her footgear as an encumbrance. She passed on the wayside "Thubber-na-Brughau," the well of the porridge, from which in the old proselytizing days the water was taken to make soup and

stirabout for the "Jumpers," as the Achillese were called whose hunger overcame their conscience, the fangs of the "lean dog" driving them into the arms of the Reformed religion. And a little further on she passed the spot where in the same period a Protestant bishop, surrounded by zealous clerical pillars, English and Scotch, of the bread and Bible propaganda, laid with *éclat* the foundation-stone of an intended splendid church and grand missionary centre—the foundation-stone, on which a second fragment was never laid of that aerial edifice.

But Maurya was in no mood for such reminiscences. The hard, cold, carking problem of living, which for many weary years she had studied intently in common with about five thousand other poor but practical social economists who strove for existence on that huge, moor-encrusted island rock, was before her more mercilessly than ever. The thought of the "law paper" she had received—the instrument of the dangerous, ruthless force that is wielded in Ireland by class against mass—continued to worry her heart and brain.

"Weary on it for a law paper!" she said aloud; "'tis a very poor present I'm taking home with me this fine evening. And the neighbors, poor creatures! are worse off than myself. Dear, dear! what will become of us at all?"

"Luachar, luachar," she cried, addressing the heather by its Irish name and shaking her finger at a rich tuft of the *Erica Mediterranea* (owned only by Achill of all the places in the "United Kingdom"), "you have long been a good friend of mine, and it will be a black and bitter day when they separate us."

A sound of song and laughter and the beat of horses' hoofs rang out on the lonely mountain road, and a bevy of merry Achill girls came riding along on their hardy ponies, perched behind the creels or panniers containing churns, for they were returning from one of their usual expeditions to the distant pastures or milking grounds.

"Ah, then, good-evening kindly, Maurya," said one of the girls. "Times must be good across the Sound, seeing that you've so soon got rid of your load."

"In troth if I did, Brigid, I got a heavier one instead," and the broom-seller held up the abhorred law paper.

"Ah, of course, of course, poor woman! 'Tis a great shame, so it is, but nearly everybody has got one. They've come down on the village like flakes of driven snow. But cheer up, Maurya; sure Celia will soon be earning plenty of good money for you in Scotland."

"Celia!—in Scotland!"

"Come now, Maurya-na-Scoob, don't pretend you don't know all about it. She says she's starting with the crowd to-morrow. And who'd blame her, or you either, for letting her go, seeing there are other girls just as young going, and the money is well wanted? I only wish I were going too."

"Time enough, Brigid, time enough for you, and the same for Celia. Good-by, colleens."

Maurya sighed heavily as she increased her pace. So what she had long shuddered at was at length at hand, and her little daughter would join the annual army of migration, the expedition of toiling bread-winners of both sexes that left Achill every summer to work at the Scotch harvest.

"Is it true what they tell me, Celia?" she cried when she reached her home, a hovel of rounded sea stones, with a roof of heath bound down with straw ropes.

"Why, yes, mother; I thought it would be for the best, and anyhow it can't be helped now, for—oh, mother, and 'tis sorry I am to have black news before you!—poor Con can't send us any money this season. He's met with an accident, and he's laid up in hospital over there in America. Here's his letter; it came this morning, and its empty."

Maurya uttered a fervent prayer in Irish, then, crouching on the "hob" beside the red embers of the peat fire, she rocked to and fro, clasping her hands and moaning at intervals. After awhile she sat on a rock outside the door, under the stars, with the distant, melancholy sound of the waves in her ears. The night had descended moonless and lonely. On one hand lay the dismal moor, on the other towered the blue-black mountains. A truly Achillian prospect, characteristic of the grim island whose characteristic topography is greatly marked by gloom and sombreness; Dooega, Dooaugh, Dookinella, Doogort, all signify dark or black places.

Within the house Celia, a pretty brunette of the French type of Achillese—for the islanders are of varied extraction, Milesian, Danish, French, and English—busied herself in preparations for supper. As she moved about she half sung, half repeated bits of her school reading-lesson of the previous day:

"My darling, my darling, when silence is on the moor
And lone in the sunshine I sit by our cabin door,
When evening falls quiet and calm over land and sea,
My darling, my darling, I think of past times and thee.

"Here while on this cold shore I wait out the lonely hours
My child in the heavens is spreading my bed with flowers.
All weary my bosom has grown of this friendless clime;
But I long not to leave it, for that were a shame and crime."

"True enough, true enough," commented Maurya. "Well, well, what strange things they teach children at school these days! Her lesson makes me lonely. I feel as if whoever wrote it must have been thinking of me. 'My child in the heavens,' she says. Well, I have one there already, and if another should follow her—but no, no! although there's the cold shiver at my heart telling that somebody is walking over my grave."

"Why, then, 'tis heartily welcome you are, Norah O'Malley. And may I make so bold as to ask where you're travelling this hour of the night?" This to a buxom young woman who suddenly issued from the darkness and strode up to the cabin door with elastic tread and cheery "God save all here."

"In troth, Maurya, 'tis the dance in the valley I'm just coming from. You can see the light and hear the fiddle from here. Great fun the folks are having that are starting for Scotland to-morrow—God send them safe!"

"Amen. And who are going this time, avourneen?"

"Oh! a small hundred of them will go to Westport in John Healy's hooker to take the big ship for Glasgow—Nancy Cooney and her two brothers, the three O'Malley girls, the Weirs and the Cafferkys and the Lynchehauns, with, as I hear, your own little girl in the crowd."

"Yes, my sorrow, she's bent on going, poor little bird alone."

"Not a bit bird alone, mother dear," said Celia, as she came to the door and saluted the visitor—"not a bit of it. There'll be too big a flock of us for any one to be lonesome. There's Sibby Quinn and Mary Anne Lavelle, both only gone thirteen and much younger than I, and sure 'twould be a burning shame if youngsters of their age would go and bring home pocketsful of money to their people while a big, lazy thing like me is idling here at home. Don't you think so, Norah O'Malley?"

"That's the spunky talk I like!" cried the young woman admiringly. "Faith, Celia darling, you're as brave as the best of them."

"Kind father for her," said the old woman, shaking her

head; "ay, as bold a man as ever faced a storm, else he mightn't have got drowned in the fishing. But her sister lies under the cold clay in Derreens, and her brother is in hospital beyond the big sea, and I've got a law paper for pulling the heath, and I'm feeling lately that I'll soon carry my last load of besoms to market, and—oh, Norah, avourneen, if anything should happen her!"

Norah and Celia laughed aloud, the former in real, the latter in affected amusement at Maurya's anxiety.

"Oh, woman dear! 'tis you that's droll with your foolishness. Don't hundreds of us go to Albanach and Sassenach (Scotland and England) every year and come back safe, thank God! with plenty of money? How else could we ever pay the landlords? Why Maurya, woman alive, I have three sweethearts of my own, so I have, in the crowd that's starting tomorrow, and each of them says he'll bring me back twice as much money as both the other two put together, and I don't feel a morsel uneasy for any of them. See that now, and so good-night and God prosper ye."

The rugged, kindly daughter of the maritime O'Malleys disappeared in the darkness; Maury-na-Scoob and her child retired to rest; one by one the lights were extinguished in the cabins, and a gloomy, terrible cloud began to unroll itself over the rocks and glens of Achill.

Next morning there was a general movement of migrators to Darby's Point, where Healy's hooker, the *Victory*, of fifteen tons burden, lay waiting for its human cargo. Animated was the scene as the lively island lassies, gay in their bright plaid shawls and scarlet petticoats, hurried aboard, laughing and singing in their Celtic abandon. Young men bantered their belated companions, who, unable to obtain passage in that or the other hookers that were there, had perforce to travel round the winding, serrated coast to Westport. An old man of seventy-five tottered aboard, conducted by his young granddaughter, a deaf mute; like the rest, they were going to Caledonia in the hope of earning bread—or rent. So went young girls of thirteen and fourteen, to work for the parents and the younger brothers and sisters at home. So went husbands, sons, and brothers to toil afar off, that the relatives at home might not know want or eviction.

It was the same monotonous, affecting, annual spectacle of migration in quest of the means of support which is denied by the semi-sterile tracts to which the people have been driven.

And, like a chaplet of emeralds round the coast, almost connecting the massive dome of Nephin and the blue spire of Croagh Patrick, gleamed in the sun the rich green fields, the sweeping fertile wastes, browsed on by the cattle of the landlord and the grazier.

Maurya-na-Scoob and her daughter were early on board, the former bearing her usual load of besoms, to be disposed of in the distant town when she had seen Celia off on the steamer.

There were over a hundred passengers on the hooker *Victory* when she swung away from Darby's Point about 9:30 A. M., on that memorable Thursday, the 14th of June. A light summer mist hung like a spell of romance over beautiful Clew Bay and the myriad emerald islets of Mow the Firbolg. The light breeze lay most favorably aft, driving through the sparkling brine the well-laden little vessel, richer than Cleopatrian galley or Venetian argosy in its burden of young, loyal, brave hearts, strong to the call of duty, athrill with the joy of living, even though living meant constant and scantily rewarded toil.

Some of the young men and boys sat with their legs dangling over the gunwale. Behind them were rows of laughing, ruddy-cheeked faces of girls who sang and shouted in the exuberance of glee. There were four hookers in line, each freighted with jubilant humanity. They stood with swelling sails across the blue bosom of Clew Bay, and the *Victory* was the second in the procession to arrive off the islet of Innislyre, with its white coast-guard station, and enter the tortuous, meandering channel that led to Westport quay. Here "Captain" Healy went among his passengers and levied a fare of sixpence (twelve cents) per head on some ninety of them, exempting from payment about twenty more, the youngest or poorest ones. And now as the hookers passed near Laird's steamship *Elm*, which was being lightened as she lay partially stranded in the channel near Montkelly rocks, a cheer went up from the migrators and they crowded to the sides for a better view. Maurya-na-Scoob alone viewed the black hull with a tremor of dread; it seemed so like a floating hearse about to bear away her little girl!

"Hurrah, boys and girls, for the fine big ship!"

"A fine vessel, so she is—a fine vessel!"

"She'll take us over among the blue-bells of Scotland, where there's good money for the earning."

But now, when the voyage was all but made, and Westport

quay, with its tall, many-windowed warehouses, distant only half a mile, a dreadful thing happened. Captain Healy, in order, he said, "to get a slant of the wind," attempted to jibe his mainsail, which suddenly swung round and in a moment the hooker was lying on her side in the water, plunging into it a frantic, struggling mass of both sexes, whose late joyous shouts were soon changed into death-gurglings!

Among the rest struggled Maurya-na-Scoob, clutching for life at her load of besoms. A girl's head, with dripping brown plaits, rose near her and she clutched at that also.

"Here, Celia darling, keep tight hold—tight, tight, darling! Easy, girls, God bless ye! there's not room for the whole of us—but—sure—if any of us have got to go 'tis better—my God!" And the old besom woman disappeared amidst a flashing of grasping, frantic white arms, a chorus of piteous cries for aid.

Help soon came. The *Elm* dropped her four boats, manned with gallant, active sailormen. Other boats shot out from the shore and all joined actively in the work of rescue.

But sudden rest had come for many a toiler. Many there were whose sickles would never flash in the Scottish corn-fields, many whose cheeks would not lose their roses nor souls abate their insular whiteness amid the grime of the Glasgow factories. The aged man and his dumb child had found repose. The three brave O'Malley girls would never aid, save by their prayers in heaven, their now utterly lone and childless father. Crippled old man Patten would never receive a money-bearing letter from his lost son and daughter. Tom Caffrey's wife and eight children would evermore miss his support. The white peace of the after-life was already on the faces of the Lavelle and Quinn girls, would-be willing workers of thirteen. The folks of returning little Scotch lassie McFarland would never see how the kindly Achill breezes had improved her.

In the early afternoon a row-boat came to Westport quay having in tow another laden with drowned corpses. As each corpse was borne ashore and identified by the waiting crowd of Achill people, rang out on that dismal *dies iræ* the piercing wail of the stricken bereaved.

Thirty-four poor Achill toilers perished that day, most of them young women and girls. Of these the bodies of sixteen—all under twenty years of age—were taken from the hooker at low tide.

Mournful the scenes that evening around the gaunt, gray

store that served as a temporary dead-house, the space outside crowded with mourners and spectators and strewn with the plain, cheap pine coffins supplied by the poor-law union.

More mournful the funeral two days later, when the black engine crept with almost hearse-like slowness round the lamenting coast and the people knelt praying by the track as the solemn death-train passed. The country around Achill Sound was black with excited, grief-stricken peasantry, and as coffin after coffin was carried in seemingly endless procession across Davitt bridge—connecting the island with the mainland—and the names of the dead were called out, the weird, soul-piercing Irish cry arose as it never before was heard in afflicted Achill.

In Derreens graveyard, amid a scene of the wildest sorrow, twenty-eight relieved harvesters were laid to rest. The venerable chief soggarth of the island uttered words of pity and consolation. "Happy is the corpse that the rain falls on," say the Irish. As the first shovelfuls of earth fell crashing upon the bare coffin pine the rain fell heavily on the passionate, unheeding mourners, and with theirs the rising tempest joined its wail.

And the "law paper," the summons for the heinous crime of picking heath on the wild heights of Achill? Well, even while the engine was drawing towards the island the score and a half of dead bodies of those who had perished on their pilgrimage to earn the rent for the landlords and the seed-rate for the Shylock government—even the gentle Morleyian government—the petty sessions court sat at the Sound, and the agent of the Pike estate was there to prosecute in the cases of twenty-two islanders charged with trespass and pulling of heath. In fifteen of the cases the interests of the grouse and the grouse-shooters were vindicated by a fine of sixpence and costs—amounting to three or four days' wages—three of the persons fined being survivors of the late disaster. In the other seven cases the prosecutor made the significant announcement:

"Withdrawn."

The defendants, including Maurya-na-Scoob, had been summoned before a higher tribunal; the heel of Irish landlord and government oppression could not be set on the tranquil faces of the dead.



"I AM

THE WAY,

THE TRUTH,

AND

THE

LIGHT."

THOU art

the way,

and

he who sighs,

Amid this barren

waste of woe,

To find a pathway to

the skies,

A light from

Heaven's eternal glow,

By Thee must come, Thou gate of
love,

Through which the Saints un-
doubting trod,

Till faith discovers, like the
dove,

An ark, a resting place in God.





Thou art the TRUTH,
whose steady ray
Shines on through earthly
blight and bloom,
The pure, the everlasting ray,
The lamp that shines e'en in
the tomb;

Thou art
the LIFE,
the
blessed well



The Light that out of
darkness springs,
And guideth those who
blindly go;
The word whose precious
radiance flings

With living waters
gushing o'er,
And those who drink
shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst
are known no more.



Its lustre
upon
all below.

Thou art the mystic pillar
given,
Our lamp by night, our light
by day;
Thou art the Sacred Bread from
Heaven,
Thou art the Life, the Truth,
the Way.



CATHOLIC PRELATES AS AMERICAN DIPLOMATS.

BY MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.



SEVERAL times in its crises the government of the United States has invited an American Catholic ecclesiastic to go abroad for it on a confidential diplomatic mission. The first instance occurred during the War of the Revolution.

It was logical that the American government should choose for that mission one of the representatives of the race which, politically subject by force to England, had shown almost entire unanimity of sympathy with the aspirations of the revolted colonies in America. Incomplete reading has misled an American occasionally to claim that this unanimity was not substantial, or that there was a religious predilection that arrayed the Irish in Ireland or in America with or against the revolted colonists. Happily the testimony of historians of both creeds is conclusive upon the subject. When, several years ago, in the library of the British Museum, I sought to learn what the contemporary English thought of the American Revolution, of its causes, motives, means, men, and object—for shall we not be fair even to our foe, and listen in kindness to his own statement of his case?—there I found evidence of whose existence no American historian seemed to be aware. It is the testimony taken in 1779 before a committee of the House of Commons appointed “to inquire into the conduct of the American war.”

One of the persons examined was Major-General Robertson, who deposed that he had been twenty-eight years in the royal service in America. Asked how the rebel force was composed, he replied that General Lee, the American, had informed him “half the Continental army was from Ireland.” Add to this the soldier contingent of native Americans born of Irish parents, and the inference seems irresistible that more than half the Revolutionary army was of Irish blood.

Lecky, the (Protestant) historian, writing of England in the eighteenth century, dwells upon the copious emigration from Ireland to the colonies, Catholics and Protestants alike. “They went with hearts burning with indignation, and in the War of

Independence they were almost to a man on the side of the insurgents" (*England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 285).

The Protestants of Ireland had their opportunity in the Irish parliament. "The Roman Catholics, who were the vast majority of the population, were excluded from all representation, both direct and indirect. They could not sit in parliament and they could not vote for Protestant members" (*Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, Lecky, p. 65). There were two parties among the members, one led by Flood, the voice of the English crown; the minority, led by Grattan, the voice of Ireland, the overwhelming majority of the people of Ireland, the statesman who said truly that "Europe, not England, is the mother of America." When Flood, speaking for the king, proposed aiding the crown in the American colonies, Grattan opposed the proposal and described America as "the only hope of Ireland and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind."

The Catholics of Ireland, barred from their national forum, found their opportunity in resentful refusal to enlist for service against the American revolutionists. It was the complete failure of the recruiting officers in Ireland that compelled the king to seek mercenaries on the Continent. Here again English testimony is not wanting in freshness. Had not the poet Cowper condemned the Americans? Did not Samuel Johnson write against the right of remonstrance? Was it not that splendid genius who affirmed, while calling the American patriots robbers and pirates, "Liberty is to the lowest rank of every nation little more than the choice of working or starving"? An admiring biographer of General Burgoyne writes: "The extravagant sums paid by the English government in the shape of levy money and bounty was a powerful incentive to the avarice of the despotic petty princes whose unscrupulous barter of their subjects created indignation throughout Germany. Many of the men were forcibly seized and sold to swell the revenues of their sovereigns."

Frederick the Great taxed those who passed through his dominions like "cattle exported for foreign shambles." Catherine of Russia was requested by the king to supply twenty thousand men at her own terms. The king wrote to Lord North: "The letter of the empress is a clear refusal and not in so genteel a manner as I should have thought might have been expected of her. She has not had the civility to answer me in her own hand" (*Political and Military Episodes in the latter half of the eighteenth century*: Derived from the Life and Correspon-

dence of the Right Hon. John Burgoyne, General, Statesman, Dramatist, by Edward Barrington De Fonblanque).

The English writer is plausibly of opinion that Frederick was less animated by humanity than by chagrin that England had raised the price of soldiers for hire. On the other hand, Mr. De Fonblanque ought to be willing to concede that the Elector of Saxony was more æsthetic than avaricious; that in selling an entire regiment of dragoons for "forty large blue and white metal jars" he was less moved by greed for gain than by taste for bric-a-brac.

As for Catherine, the king doubtless did not know that sympathy with democracy had little place in her thoughts when neglecting to send him her imperial autograph. At that time Catherine was engrossed with comparative philology (*Science of Language*, Max Müller, vol. i. p. 142).

Having failed to procure recruits among the Catholics in Ireland, the crown tried to do so, but unsuccessfully, in Canada. On the contrary, two regiments of Canadian Catholics aided the patriots at the cost of censure from the ecclesiastical subordinates of the crown in that province.

Congress sent Franklin and Chase to Canada in 1776 in the hope of inducing the Canadians to unite with the Revolutionists. "They were accompanied by the Rev. John Carroll, a Catholic clergyman, afterward Archbishop of Baltimore, whose influence with the people it was thought would be useful on account of his religious principles and character. But they found the state of affairs in Canada by no means such as to encourage any just hope of success. Negligence, mismanagement, and a combination of unlucky incidents had produced confusion and disorder that it was now too late to remedy" (Sparks's *Writings of Washington*, vol. iii. p. 390). Chief among the irremovable barriers was the "address" of John Jay "to the people of Great Britain," in which he assailed the religion of the Canadians in truculent terms. That deplorable error on the part of an otherwise able and admirable patriot placed English ascendancy in Canada beyond the reach of any influence within the means of the American patriots. A descendant of the Huguenots, who had suffered so cruelly from bigotry in France, Mr. Jay forgot that no one in the new world ought to be held responsible for old world intolerance, no matter in what avowed cause practised. Like the Puritans, who, fleeing from religious oppression, were eager for a time to inflict it on those who differed from them in a republic, Mr. Jay even tried to se-

cure for the legislature of New York legal authority to deny religious liberty at any time to any denomination. Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and their enlightened associates, so far from sharing Jay's fatal prejudice, opposed it by precept and action. But there was one more of Jay's mind. In 1780 the envoy of Spain, proceeding to the camp of Washington, died. The members of the Continental Congress were invited to the requiem at St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. Thereupon a proclamation to the officers and soldiers of the American army appeared. "Do you know," it ran, "that the eye which guides this pen lately saw your mean and profligate Congress at Mass?" The author of the proclamation was Benedict Arnold.

When Washington was elected President under the Constitution, John Carroll, who accompanied Chase and Franklin as commissioners to Canada, had been named Archbishop of Baltimore, and on behalf of the Catholic clergy and laity he presented to Washington an address of congratulation in which appears this significant sentence:

"Whilst our country preserves her freedom and independence, we shall have a well-founded title to claim from her justice the equal rights of citizenship, as the price of our blood, spilt under your eyes, and of our common exertions for her defence, under your auspicious conduct." To which Washington replied: "I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of your government."

The second instance: "Our war with the Confederate States, as we now know and realize, was formidable enough in all its aspects and consequences without the aggravations of a simultaneous conflict with England and France . . ." "The emperor said . . . that when the French people were out of employment the government was expected to furnish them with bread. . . . He sought and expected the co-operation of England, a large majority of whose citizens were with him in sentiment and sympathy" (*Autobiography of Thurlow Weed*, p. 649). In May, 1861, the most powerful statesman in England, Lord Derby, had said in the House of Lords: "It is essentially necessary that the Northern States should not be induced to rely on our forbearance." In October John Hughes, Archbishop of New York, was invited by Secretary Seward to go to Washington. "It was proposed by the cabinet that I

should accept a special mission to England and France, in connection with very important national questions between the United States and those powers. . . . I made known to the President that if I should go to Europe, it would not be as a partisan of the North more than of the South, that I should represent the interests of the South as well as of the North—in short, the interests of all the United States, just the same as if they had never been distracted by the present Civil War” (*Life of Archbishop Hughes*, p. 449). The commissioners sailed together, Archbishop Hughes going to Paris, Thurlow Weed to London. Before the end of the year the archbishop was able, after much indirect and some direct communication with the emperor, to write to Secretary Seward, that the emperor was no longer “hostile to the United States.”

Mr. Weed was less fortunate. Every first-class British statesman, of both political parties, was against us, and so remained to the end. Mr. Gladstone said in the House of Commons, speaking for the entire ministry: “We do not believe that the restoration of the American Union by force is attainable. I believe that the public opinion of this country (England) is unanimous upon that subject.”

Mr. Gladstone profoundly believed his own errors on every question until he discovered them. He lived to confess that he had misunderstood the United States and the Civil War. He did not undertake to expunge any part of his government's record in relation to it, but he owned that he had himself been wrong in affirming that the national American course “had been without any adequate or worthy object.”

Lord Salisbury, for years the paramount intellect in guiding the destinies of his country, had said in 1862: “The plain matter of fact is, as every one who watches the current of history must know, that the Northern States of America never can be our sure friends, for this simple reason: we are rivals politically, rivals commercially; we aspire to the same position; we both aspire to the government of the seas; we are both manufacturing people, and in every port as well as at every court we are rivals to each other.”

Lord Salisbury has never confessed that he was in error. He spoke the truth. It is the truth to-day as it was when uttered. It is more true to-day than then. Happily he has lived to see sectional consciousness itself almost eliminated from the United States, and the South, like the North, a manufacturer as well as an agricultural producer. It is the entire United

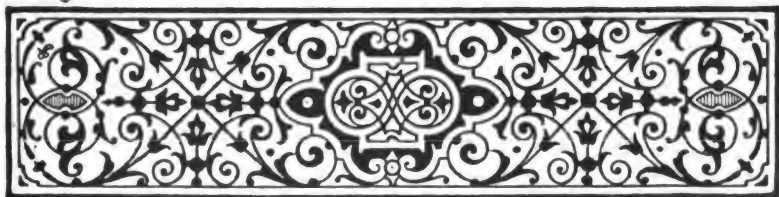
States, Lord Salisbury knows, that now is the rival of England.

A nation, like an individual, has no right to revenge. A nation, like an individual, should remember a friend to be grateful, and it was England's rival in the East, Russia, that was our sole friend, ready to act for us as to speak for us in days of national dislocation. A nation, like an individual, should remember an enemy only to forgive and beware.

There is nothing in the institutions, the ambition of the United States to make it necessary for them to be on other than terms of sincere friendship with all the nations of the earth of good will, and it is against their written as well as their unwritten law that they shall be entangled in an alliance with any.

The commercial rivalry Lord Salisbury frankly recognized as inevitable between the United States and his country he knows can have but one outcome in time. Given two manufacturing and exporting competitors, the one with all necessities of life at hand produced on its own soil, the other with the seas between it and half its food, the fantastic and impracticable proposal of a political alliance between such rivals, however friendly now, he needs must contemplate, as a faithful son of his own country, with the smile of Thyrsis in the eclogue:

"Immo ego Sardois videar tibi amarior herbis."





BATHING PLACE OF PILGRIMS IN JORDAN RIVER.

FAMOUS FOUNTAINS OF PALESTINE.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

BESIDE a fountain's sacred brink we raised
Our verdant altars,"

said Ulysses, and fountains seem from the earliest times to have been not only popular but necessary in those Eastern countries so hampered by the lack of rain. Mention is made of them in all the old histories, chronicles, and poems, and no landscape,

however fair, is considered complete without those "fountains of living water" so frequently referred to in Holy Scripture.

The rabbis anointed the kings of Juda beside a fountain, and the Turks believed that one could atone for great crimes by the building of a public drinking-place. In Persia the Brahmins often dedicated such a fountain to the people, saying, "I offer thee, O water! to quench the thirst of mankind"; and it was considered a deadly sin for any one to appropriate the water consecrated to the poor to their own private uses.

Eliphaz the Themanite, sorry comforter of Job, reproached him, saying, "Thou hast not given water to the weary to drink";



MENDICANT DERVISHES AWAITING A STRAY ALMS.

and many of the most beautiful Bible scenes occur beside a fountain or well, and these are much the same in the Holy Land, where the former is described as merely a spring of water, natural or artificial. The village fountain was always a meeting-place for friends, and it must have been a beautiful sight to behold the maidens of the village in their snowy robes go forth with quaint water-jars poised upon their shapely shoulders, to bring water from El-Ain.

Beneath a spreading oak-tree, gnarled and sturdy, is the *birkeh*, or water-pool, marked by a stone arch, square at the top but with a moresque archway, carved in arabesques and strange designs. From its depths what crystal water gushes forth into the earthen jars!—which recall the words of the Persian poet:

“I saw a potter at his work to-day,
Shaping with rudest hand his whirling clay.
‘Ah! gently, brother; do not treat me thus;
I too was once a man!’ I heard it say.”

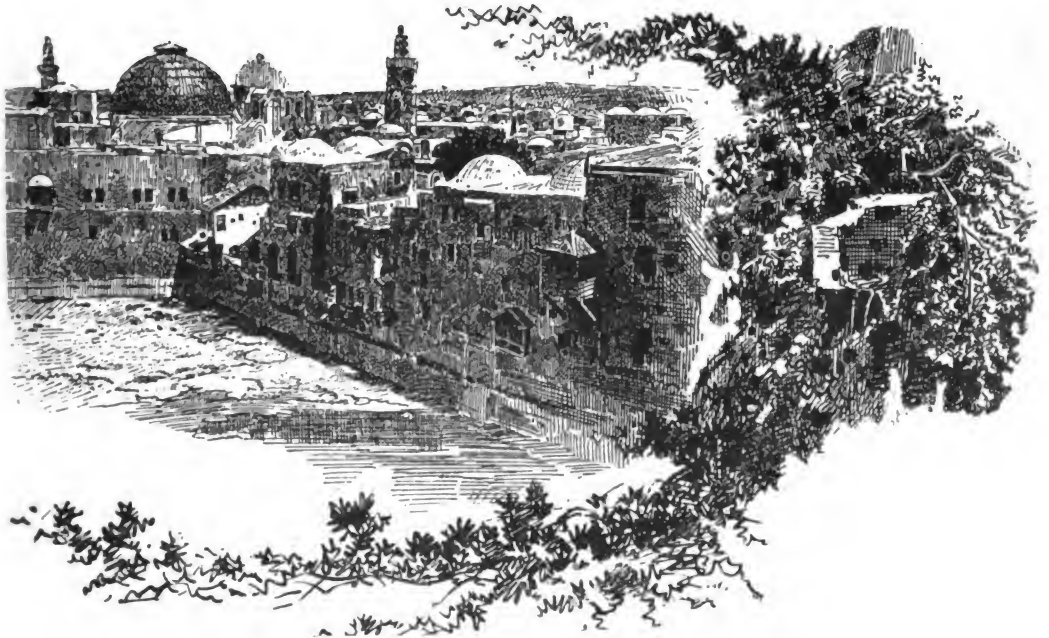
Here the women pause to gossip and chat, and sturdy youths follow them as in the days of Jacob and Rachel. There some mendicant dervishes stand idly and lazily awaiting a stray alms, as they lean against the vine-grown stones which surround the village gathering-place. Here cluster the olive and mulberry trees and in the distance gleam the white houses of Jerusalem, built around a court, their flat roofs bare to the cool breezes floating down from the mountain side where the mighty cedars of Lebanon delight the eye with their antiquity and magnificence.

During the time of the Crusades the Turks filled the fountains about Jerusalem with poison and the Crusaders were obliged to foray to obtain sweet water. Many a cry of “Deus vult!” or “Christ and His Sepulchre!” resounded about the village fountains from those soldiers of the cross whose war-like lips lent themselves to the singing of

“Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature!
O thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,
Thou my soul’s glory, joy, and crown.
Fair are the fountains, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woful heart to sing!”

These brave men sallied forth to obtain a cooling draught for a sick comrade, worn with fever or dying from the sting of a poisoned arrow. The service was considered an honor, since they were serving that Master who said that a cup of cold water given in His Name was well pleasing to him, and to this day many noble families have blazoned upon their escutcheons a cup or a water-jar as emblematic of the deed.

About Jerusalem there were many famous fountains, but one of the best known is the Pool of Bethesda. The Hebrew word "Bethsaida" means "house of mercy, or place of the flowing of water," and close by the Sheep-gate, beside the walls of Jerusalem, lay the deep pool, supplied by a perennial fountain. About the pool, as is often the custom in Eastern countries, were porches or colonnades, so that in the heat and glare of the sun people might seek refuge. The water of Bethesda



"THE VILLAGE FOUNTAIN WAS THE MEETING-PLACE OF FRIENDS."

was much desired because tradition said that at certain times an angel came down and troubled the water, whence it possessed healing qualities. Multitudes of sick thronged the porches, and here it was that "there was a certain man that had been eight-and-thirty years under his infirmity. Him when Jesus had seen lying, and knew that he had been now a long time, he saith to him, 'Wilt thou be made whole?' " How pitiful was the answer



"NEAR BY GIHON LIES THE POTTER'S FIELD."

of the patient soul who had so long awaited the stirring of the water: he had no man to place him in the water at the right moment. "And Jesus saith unto him: Arise, take up thy bed and walk. And immediately he was made whole."

Such was Bethsaida in the time of our Lord, but now it is the large pool close by St. Stephen's Gate, and called the Birkeh Israel. Saewulf speaks of it in 1102 A. D., and Eusebius refers to it as "Bezetha." It is a beautiful spot—

"A deep, reflective stream,
Untroubled as an infant's dream,
Upon whose bosom, still, serene,
Both earth and heaven are seen."

Even in its ruin it is beautiful, for the flowers blossom in each crevice and cranny, vines festoon unsightly and time-worn walls, and soft Judean airs blow upon it, while the heavy foliage of the shrubs and trees lends grace and softness to its harsher outlines.

Another famous fountain is Ain Selwau, by which our Lord stood when he said, "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink," and the prophet referred to this pool as "the waters of Siloe that go softly." Nehemias tells us that Shallum, the son of Col-hozeh, repaired "the walls of the pool of Siloe by the king's gardens," and hither our Lord sent the blind man to bathe, at which the Pharisees complained because it was

upon the Sabbath day. Josephus and the Fathers of the Church often speak of the fountain and the pool, and St. Jerome mentions the irregular flow of the waters. Maundrell says: "It was anciently dignified with a church built over it, but after the church was destroyed by the infidels, tanners used to dress their hides beside its waters." The massive walls were fifty feet long and eighteen wide, and the water irrigated the valley of Cedron. Upon its banks a gnarled mulberry-tree marks the spot where the prophet Isaias was sawn asunder by order of the wicked Manasses. As early as 333 A. D. it was referred to as "*juxta murum*," and the broken walls of the city make it easy for the antiquarian to locate the exact place as that of which the poet wrote:

"Let Sion's hill
Delight thee, and Siloe's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God."

A tangle of vines and wild flowers is thereabouts; curious caper-trees, crumbling limestone rocks, and, still distinguishable, the stone upon which Zacharias's blood was sprinkled when he was put to death. Only the water is the same as of yore, clear as crystal, reflecting the trees and the blue skies, and as limpid as when it was taken for the sacrifices at the Feast of the Tabernacle.

"By cool Siloe's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath upon the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
By cool Siloe's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away,"

wrote Reginald Heber; and he must have seen "cool Siloe," for his words bring up a perfect picture of the lovely, quiet spot, where the roses bloom and the snowy lily lingers until, dying, its fragrant breath perfumes the air and its scattered petals fall upon the calm bosom of the waters.

"Sadoc the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and Banaïas the son of Joiada, went down, and caused Solomon to ride upon King David's mule, and brought him to Gihon. And Sadoc took a horn of oil out of the Tabernacle, and anointed Solomon; and they blew the trumpet, and all the people said, 'God save King Solomon!'" The Gihon spoken of is the fountain, or



"THUS SAITH THE LORD: I HAVE HEALED THESE WATERS."—FOUNTAIN OF ELIAS.

Birkeh el Mamilla, and it lies in a shallow vale by the Jaffa gate, near to Jerusalem, beyond the olive groves.

The pool which the fountain feeds was repaired by the Sultan Suleiman in the sixteenth century, but has since become a ruin. It was made for the great Feast of the Passover, and its waters, aided by "cool Siloe," irrigated the thirsty land and made it blossom like the rose. Not far from the lovely gardens which surround it is the Potter's Field, bought with the blood-money of Judas.

This fountain is the one of which it is said, "Ezechias also stopped the upper water-course of Gihon and brought it straight down to the west side of the City of David," after the mighty conflict with Sennacherib, when the Lord sent an angel which vanquished the Assyrian host, and their king returned with shame to his own country.

Elias's Fountain lies toward Jericho upon a fair hill-side, and

"Olives overhead
 Print the blue sky with twig and leaf
 (That sharp-curved leaf which they never shed),
 Twixt the aloes."

The water flows gently over stones and pebbles in a lazy melancholy, for the fountain and pool are well-nigh deserted,

and only a shepherd with his thirsty flock or a wandering native frequents the picturesque spot.

"The men of the city said to Eliseus: Behold the situation of this city is very good, as thou, my lord, seest: but the waters are very bad, and the ground barren. And he said: Bring me a new vessel, and put salt into it. And when they had brought it, he went out to the spring of the waters, and cast the salt into it, and said: Thus saith the Lord: I have healed these waters, and there shall be no more in them death or barrenness."

In the fertile valley of Cedron, on the boundary line between Juda and Benjamin, lies a spring famous in ancient history and revered above all the fountains of Palestine in modern times. The Jews called it En Rogel—"rogel" meaning "to tread," from the Hebrew custom of treading the linen in the water to cleanse it. The Arab name was Ain Umed Deraj, or the "Fountain of the Mother of Steps," and the steps of the fountain were very deep and twenty-seven in number.



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The pool was three hundred and sixty feet in length and one hundred and thirty feet wide, and Josephus said of it that it was "a fair fountain, within a royal garden without the city,

and the water was very sweet." As to this last fact travellers disagree. The pool is now full, now shallow, and the Arabs tell you that this is due to the presence of a dragon. This demon, or Jan, resides beneath the water, and stops the flow; only when he is caught napping can the pool be filled.

Here it was that Adonias held his feast, "by the stone of Zohemoth which was near the fountain of Rogel," and Jonathan remained here when he sent the little maid to bear a message to his *Fidus Achates*, David, as that king fled from Absalom.

Once the pool was a Roman fosse, or reservoir, for the Roman garrison and the walls were a portion of the defences of the city. Close beside it is the Tower of Antonio, whither Saint Paul was taken and from which he made his memorable speech to the Jews. The quaint, moss-grown tower, square and fortress-like, with a Moorish arch strangely shadowy and dim, is still standing, and its walls and those of the pool are completely overgrown with rough cacti; vines, shrubs, nettles, and *châruv* vie with fragrant oleanders. Beside the fountain Saint James was slain, after having been "cast down from the Temple into the valley of Cedron."

But fairest of all memories thronging the Fountain of En Rogel is that of the Jewish women who came from out the city to wash their garments in its crystal water. To this day one can see Oriental damsels, large-eyed and lovely, treading their clothes at the water's brink, and one can easily picture the Blessed Virgin—stately and beautiful—upon the stony banks among her kinswomen, fairest of all the daughters of Juda, a lily among thorns.

Tradition tells us that at this fountain she was accustomed to come daily to cleanse the household linen. Even to-day one is shown the steps which her feet trod and the thorn-bushes upon which she spread the garments to dry in the glowing sun of Palestine.

A simple scene is this at the Fountain of the Virgin, as En Rogel is now called, yet one which seems to bring the Holy Family of Nazareth and Jerusalem nearer to our hearts. It makes us feel as if our simple cares were known and understood by the tender Mother of our Lord, and that he himself, the Carpenter's Son and yet a God, who might have ruled in palaces and on mighty thrones, preferred to endure for us the life of lowly, unremitting toil.

THE WITNESS OF PROTESTANTISM TO CATHOLIC TRUTH.

BY H. C. CORRANCE.



AS Mohammedanism was the scourge of Eastern Christianity, so, in later times, was Protestantism the scourge in the West.

From one point of view, indeed, the latter was better than the former, insomuch as the name of Mohammed was not put in the place of Christ's. But, on the other hand, it may be argued that Protestantism, of the two, has done more permanent injury to Christendom by the destruction of its unity, by the endless divisions and subdivisions engendering hatred, bitterness, and strife, among those who are called Christians, no less than by the jar and confusion of conflicting opinions and consequent weakening of its witness to the civilized world and to heathendom.

But while all this is sufficiently evident to Catholics, and even admitted, with reservations, by many Protestants, the peculiar part which Protestantism seems to play in the religious economy of Christendom does not appear to be so fully or generally recognized. Protestantism, by the very existence of those evils in which it is so prolific, bears an unwilling testimony to the truth of Catholicism, just as the shade of a picture brings its brighter parts into relief. The value of the past history and present condition of Protestantism, considered as a whole, can hardly be overestimated as a striking witness to the facts that in the Church alone can the ideal of Catholic unity be realized which her Founder promised, and for which he prayed and provided, and that in her only can be found the assurance of a stable and unchanging faith.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT.

A convert may perhaps be permitted to express a doubt whether Catholics who have always lived in a Catholic country, and consequently have never been brought into contact with the ever-changing hydra of Protestantism, or even those who have been brought up as Catholics in a Protestant land, can adequately realize how glorious is the vision of the City of

God when at length it breaks upon the sight of one who has long been stumbling in the darkness of heresy. In order to estimate the light at its true worth one must appreciate its foil. Not only the city of light, but its sorrowful contrast, the city of confusion, must be included in the mental purview, at least by imagination; and those who have not only done this but have actually sojourned for awhile in the latter, and therefrom made the journey to the former, with the dawn becoming clearer at each step, will have learnt by actual experience of the two systems, and not by mere theory, the difference between truth and falsehood.

AIMED AT UNION.

Yes, Protestantism serves as a wonderful contrast to the beauty, grandeur, unity, stability, and permanence of the Catholic system. It is evident from a study of the records of the "Reformation" that Protestantism in its origin was very different from what it has become in its recent developments. The idea of the Protestant leaders at that time appears to have been the founding of a rival catholic-protestant church which should embrace all countries.* The most serious and successful attempt of this kind was that of Calvin, whose iron rule at Geneva and whose burning of "heretics" are well known.

And though he had no successor to his assumed popedom, yet for long after his death he counted many followers in all Christian countries. The anathematizations of each other by the opposite sections, and the attempts at establishing some common basis of doctrine, no less than the fraternizations of the "reformers" of different lands, all point in the same direction. It is well known, for instance, that the English, German, and Italian "reformers" made common cause together, and that the present shape of the Anglican articles and liturgy were largely due to foreign influences.

But even from the first it was found impossible to carry out this ideal. At the present time, in spite of the attempt of various English Nonconformist bodies to draw together and to patch up a hollow truce, in spite of Grindelwald conferences and the like, the different sections of English and foreign Protestants continue to stand apart. They are hopelessly divided, and by the fissiparous process which seems to be a

* The very term, "the new learning," used at first of the Protestant heresy as contrasted with "the old learning," or the ancient faith, showed that the primary idea of "the reformers" was that the creed of Protestantism was to be as homogeneous, as compact, and as universal as that of the church had been.

law of their being they are continually producing fresh sects. Such a state of things has, indeed, shown itself to be so inherent in Protestantism that it has even been hailed by many as a sign of life (as no doubt it is—of a sort), as being the note of a true Christianity. But it must always be remembered that this was not the original intention of the “reformers” themselves.

NOW HOPELESSLY DIVIDED.

All suggestions for reunion have so far failed, and have proved a mere dream, while all the time the work of division and subdivision has gone on merrily.

Bingham, in his *Christian Antiquities*, suggested that the foreigners should be provided with “bishops” by the Established Church of England.* A tentative effort to carry out such an idea was made at the foundation of the “Jerusalem Bishopric.” The result of this effort as regards the drawing together of the Lutheran and Church of England communities is well known. And it does not need a prophet to foretell that a similar fate awaits the suggestion of the “Bishop” of London to admit Presbyterians and Lutherans to the communion of the Establishment.

The Anglican body itself, though one of the largest and most active of the Protestant communities, is more hopelessly divided against itself than are any of them. The Ritualistic movement, though adorning it with a few patches of the outer robe of Catholicity, has but left its remaining nakedness more apparent by contrast, and has done more than anything else to widen the ever-present cleavage into irremediable internal schism.

And, as Protestants have failed to establish that quasi-Catholic Church at which the “reformers” aimed, so have their efforts to fix a universal standard of the Protestant faith met with the same failure. In spite of mutual anathematizations and recriminations, Augsburg Confessions, and Acts of Uniformity, it was impossible, even at that time, to secure a common ground, and since then Protestantism has pursued a downward course. Calvinism as a force in the religious world is dead. Luther himself would be shocked at the beliefs, or rather unbeliefs, of many who are called by his name, while in the case of some English sects the down-grade tendency has been so far pursued as to have arrived at a semi-Unitarianism.

* *Antiquities of the Christian Church*. Book IX. chap. viii. (conclusion).

Again, take the stand-point of the Church of England as interpreted by its early defenders such as, *e. g.*, Jewel in his famous *Apology*, and compare it with the attitude of Anglican apologists at the present day. All these facts, historical and otherwise, here briefly adverted to, are no doubt well known. But one of the lessons they teach does not seem to be sufficiently recognized: that Protestants were not at first aware of the destructive nature of their own principles; that they imagined a common basis of agreement might be found in a common consent to the principles of their new gospel, or, like Elizabeth and her co-destructors, that such might be fixed once and for all by compromise, and by acts of Parliament with a penal code attached. The effort has proved a failure, and what is seen to-day in Protestantism is a common consent to disagree modified by occasional vaporings about spiritual union and brotherly love. But this universal toleration, so inconsistent with the idea of immutable truth, was very far from the ideas of the "reformers."

UNFULFILLED YEARNINGS FOR UNITY.

The history of the "Reformation" shows that the "reformers" had retained the notions of One Catholic Church, though their ideal of it was a Protestant one, and of "one Faith once delivered"; while subsequent history down to the present time is eloquent with the fact that such ideas, always actualized in the True Church, are, on their principles, utterly incapable of realization.

The same disintegrating process is always taking place in those sects which in more recent times have separated from the church, such as the "Old Catholics"; but if the dissidents had been confined to these, they could not have yielded that grand proof on a large scale of the self-destructive tendencies of Protestantism which has been given to us by the giant schisms of the sixteenth century. Every opportunity that human law, that wealth, that worldly prestige could give, has been given them, and the result has been chaos or death.

Yet even now, though there is no corporate desire for reunion among the different sects, many of their individual members are praying and working for it in their own way, thus offering fresh witness, if it were needed, both to the consciousness that their state of disunion is not agreeable to our Lord's plainly expressed will, prayer, and appointment, and also to the impossibility, on their own principles, of escaping from it.

The verdict of post-reformation history gives them the plain message, if they will but read it, that all such efforts are doomed to failure, and that there is only one way in which the unity they pray for may be secured.

PROTESTANTISM IN THE RÔLE OF A CRITIC.

But there are other services that Protestantism has unconsciously rendered, and is rendering, to the truth. It is well known that criticism is healthy and bracing, and even essential to success. It is always helpful to be brought in some degree to see ourselves as others see us. It is not only the tyro who needs constant coaching and teaching, but even the practised athlete must have his trainer keep him up to the constant pitch of excellence. The same may be said of writers, artists, and the like, even those whose fame is already firmly established. Nay, these often gain more from criticism than the beginner, who, perhaps, from want of self-confidence is more likely to succumb to a bitter attack.

And certainly if the church had been a mere tyro, if she had been more human and less divine than she is, she might have sunk long ago under the blows of a hostile criticism, she might have fallen under the weight of obloquy that has been heaped upon her. Instead of that, it has merely hardened and braced her; it has but increased her zeal, inflamed her piety, and sharpened her logic.

Even at the Reformation period she rolled back its tide from her gates and regained a large portion of that sovereignty of which it had robbed her. Though the divine life in her could never be absent, yet it may be that at that time her watchers had been sleeping, and her shepherds had grown careless from long centuries of ease and unquestioned dominion. But if she had been, in part at least, asleep at that time, she was then effectually aroused, and at the Council of Trent "the reformation of abuses" played a large part, not however in the Protestant sense of "destruction."

OPPOSITION HAS DEVELOPED STRENGTH.

It is true that the value of a critic is in some respects destroyed when it is known that he is bitterly prejudiced and unscrupulous, but still this knowledge has a good effect in inducing watchfulness and alertness. Protestantism as a critic of Catholicism may play but the rôle of devil's advocate, but even this is not without its uses. It is sometimes said, and

not without some show of reason, that the church is always at her best in countries which are largely Protestant. It is certainly true that her zeal and energy are at their highest in missionary enterprises whether in Protestant or heathen lands, a fact to which the great success of her efforts among the latter bears ample evidence. That is simply to say that the church on earth is, by nature and appointment, militant; and that, like a soldier in battle, she is always at her best when the greatest demands are made upon her. It is a law of grace as well as of nature, of society no less than of the individual, that true progress cannot be made without effort and opposition. In the lower planes of existence this law manifests itself in the unceasing warfare waged between species, tribes, and individuals, by which the weakest are eliminated and the strongest and most capable survive. And such warfare is not only between species and tribes, but between these on the one hand and the forces of nature on the other; a struggle in which those forms survive which are best able to adapt themselves to their surroundings and to the changes which from time to time supervene therein. Thus, the nations most advanced in civilization are those in which the climatic conditions have imposed the necessity of toil and constant effort; while in countries in which, like the islands of the Pacific, no such effort is required, the fruits of the earth growing of themselves, mankind has remained in primitive savagery.

As the higher stages of civilization are reached this struggle is transferred more and more to the moral and mental spheres. It is seen in the keen competition that exists at the present time in almost every department of social life.

ILLUSTRATED BY JEWISH HISTORY.

The history of the chosen nation of the Jews affords a remarkable illustration of the working of this law, which indeed seems to have contributed no little to make them what they eventually became. In the first place, as a nation of warriors they were kept up to a constant pitch of hardness and preparation by the presence among them of those Chanaanitish tribes which were not destroyed in the overthrow of the rest, but were left among them apparently for this express purpose. And again, their trial was extended to the moral sphere, of which the most salient instance is the Babylonish captivity wherein the false Israel was sifted from the true by the same simple and natural process. During those seventy years the

weak in the faith of their fathers were absorbed into the conquering nation. It implied a considerable moral effort in those who returned to leave the country in which most of them had been brought up and in which many of them had attained to positions of honor and profit, that they might begin life again in a poor and ruined country like Palestine. Therefore for the most part the nucleus of the regenerated nation consisted of those who were jealous for the law and traditions of Israel, and the effects of this sifting process were clearly manifested in their subsequent struggles with an aggressive and persecuting paganism, when the whole nation was animated with a zeal for their religion which had never been present in the pre-Babylonish period.

Must it be supposed that the church is exempt from this seemingly universal law? Her history appears to show otherwise.

PERSECUTIONS STRENGTHEN THE CHURCH.

Her Divine Founder himself, in becoming man, consented to be bound by the laws both of nature and of man, except so far as his almighty power transcended them both. Tribulation, strife, effort, are some of the key-notes of his kingdom, no longer indeed in the lower but in the moral and spiritual spheres. His kingdom is not of this world, therefore his servants are not to fight with carnal weapons. For "we wrestle not against flesh and blood."

His kingdom is not to be spread by fleshly violence, as was that of Mohammed. But the cause of the church, which was founded by God crucified, has always been advanced by the suffering of her members.

It was in the crucible of persecution that the dross of false profession was consumed, till little but the gold of true believers remained. Persecution did for the early church what the seventy years' captivity did for the Jews. There was no place in her at that time but for those who belonged to her heart and soul. She came out of that ordeal triumphant, but with the marks of the struggle for ever stamped upon her body. It gave her a character which she has never lost. Heresies have always played the same part in a different way. "It must needs be that offences come," and "there must be also heresies, that they which are approved may be made manifest." In these words the apostle not only lays it down that the church is subject to this universal law, but also states the necessary results of its action.

Persecution no doubt to a great extent killed heresy by uniting Christians in the common bond of suffering. After this ceased a long struggle against various misbeliefs began, in which the church was, as before, victorious. In the period preceding the Reformation she had found her Capua; she had made peace in all her borders; the healthy struggle of the past seemed at an end. Then arose Protestantism, that shapeless, multiform giant, whose inorganic mass, offering no vital point of attack, is at once its strength and weakness. At first, indeed, it seemed as if that giant was destined to destroy the church utterly. But the rising of this formidable foe served to bring out those latent resources of divine life and strength which always must exist within her, even at that dark hour in which she seemed to cry, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

APPARENT DESIGN IN PERMITTING HERESY.

Wherever she was given a fair field and no favor she thrust back the forces of spiritual chaos and re-established the divine order. Nothing can happen but according to God's purpose and will, and it must therefore be allowed that Protestantism has a part to play in the divine providence. That it should have no consciousness of this purpose and quite mistake the nature of its mission, which it believes to be to destroy the church, is only parallel to the same ignorance of the divine purpose displayed by the enemies of the earthly Israel.* Sent in the first place, it may be, as a scourge upon the church owing to corruption of the human element, it has since undoubtedly served as a stimulus to her zeal and energy.

It has recently been pointed out by a Catholic writer what a remarkable concatenation of circumstances led to the establishment of Protestantism in England. And if it were not for the English-speaking race Protestantism as a religious force would be a negligible quantity. Much, then, as one must deplore the loss to the church of such a people as the Anglo-Saxon, possessing such noble qualities, such exceptional opportunities for spreading the truth, owing, as in the case of ancient Rome, to its genius for colonization—opportunities which are now used for the active propagation of heresy—yet at the same time it must be remembered that without England Protestantism as a foil and a stimulus to Catholicism would practically have been non-existent.

And if it be objected that it could be no part of the divine

* *Isaiah* x. 7 ff.

purpose that half Christendom should lose the truth, should be deprived of that light of faith in which it had walked so many years and be plunged into the darkness of human error, it may be answered that the mystery involved in such action of Providence is on all fours with that of the origin of evil, with the question why under the elder dispensation only one nation was chosen to know the truth, and why to this day the greater part of the world remains heathen.

ST. PAUL'S THEORY.

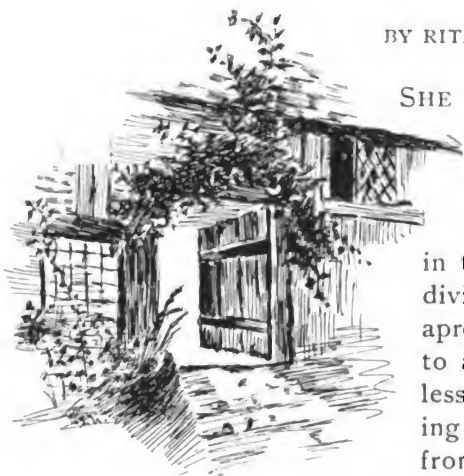
It contains the same principle as that involved in the remarkable declaration of St. Paul on the relation of the Jews to the Christians: "By their fall salvation is come unto the Gentiles, for to provoke them to jealousy. Now if their fall is the riches of the world, and their loss the riches of the Gentiles, how much more their fulness? . . . For if the casting away of them is the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead? . . . And they also, if they continue not in their unbelief, shall be grafted in: for God is able to graft them in again. . . . For I would not, brethren, have you ignorant of this mystery, . . . that a hardening in part hath befallen Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in, and so all Israel shall be saved. As touching the Gospel, they are enemies for your sake, . . . for as ye in time past were disobedient to God, but now have obtained mercy through their obedience, even so have these also now been disobedient that by the mercy shown to you they also may now obtain mercy. For God hath shut up all unto disobedience, that he might have mercy upon all. Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been His counsellor?" *

* Romans xi. 12 ff.



AUNT BETSY, CONJURER.

BY RITA PARKER.



SHE was standing in the kitchen doorway—a queer, bent old woman, her yellow skin furrowed by a thousand wrinkles, her faded eyes fixed upon a child playing in the yard. Her ample figure was divided about half way by a checked apron. Her grizzled wool had turned to a brownish white, and her toothless gums worked incessantly, chewing upon the tongue that she rolled from cheek to cheek.

Such was our old cook. But for one fact, her lack of education, her name might have been wafted on the wings of fame to the uttermost parts of the earth and become a household word in every civilized country. Never was originality more thoroughly original, nor imagination more vivid and boundless than Aunt Betsy's. Never was she known to hesitate a moment for an excuse, a justification, or a striking incident to match or to excel any marvel related to her. But alas! knowledge of writing and elegance of expression were not hers, and so she has not attained that place in literature which otherwise would have been deservedly hers.

At length she hobbled to the steps and called out :

"Gearge! you—u—u—u Gearge!"

The little figure under the fig-tree straightened up, showing itself to be a very black, large-eyed, large-mouthed darky, with two rows of shining white teeth.

"I'ze comin', An' Betsy, jes' ez soon ez I tu'n one mo' somerset," and over he went.

"Stop yer foolin', boy, en bring me in er armful o' pine."

A few minutes later George staggered into the kitchen under a load that he knew would save him an extra trip to the wood-pile. Seeing the knives cleaned and set by and the salt-cellar already filled, his fear of being set to work if he remained in the kitchen was dispelled, and he seated himself in a rickety chair.

"Ez yer mos' thu, An' Betsy?"

The ancient dame turned on him with a look of wrath and fairly screamed: "Naw, I ain' no Merthuzerlum, en yer knows hit, yer sassy black buzzard, you; shet up yo' mouf befo' I knocks yer clean outen dish yere kitchen."

"I nuver sed yer wuz no Merthuzerlum, An' Betsy; I jes' axed yer ef yer mos' thu."

"Yes," snapped the conscience-smitten Mathusala, "I'ze done."

"I doan see how yer kin be done wen yer ain' cooked yit, An' Betsy."

"Ef yer doan shet up sassin' me, Gearge, I'll bus' yo' haid wide open wid dish yere rollin'-pin."

At the same time a well-aimed stroke with the dish-towel caused George to move faster than his wont in the direction of his favorite haunt, the fig-tree.

Aunt Betsy now turned her attention to the fire, mumbling something about "dat boy needs killin'." A minute later a scream from the chicken-yard attracted her notice.

"Aunt Betsy! O Aunt Betsy! Come quick and scare away the turkey; I'm 'fraid of him."

"All right, honey, I'ze comin'. Shoo—o—o—o, shoo—oo—o—o; git er way, yer imperdent varmint, you! Dat turkey sho is got mo' se'f-insurance dan any critter I ever see; doan poke yo' sassy haid out at me, sah! Now, Miss Kate, run tell yo' ma An' Betsy's ready fur de stuff fur de lemin pies."

"Aunt Betsy, here are the lemons and sugar and eggs, and I will get the flour for the pastry and the rice for dinner now. Do not put so much water with the rice to-day as you put yesterday; it was so soft that Martin would not touch it."

"Dat warn't de matter, Miss Lelia; dey warn't too much water wid dat rice; I put jes' de same quantity lak I allus does; de reason hit wuz so saft wuz caze hit's water rice. Yer know hit's got water in hit a'ready, en yer can't put ez much wid hit ez yer kin wid de udder kin' o' rice."

"How is it that the rice has water in it, Aunt Betsy?"

"Lor, honey, caze hit grows by de water-side."

At this point a change of subject became a necessity, and choking back her laughter, Mrs. Baker asked for a can to measure the flour.

"Never mind, Aunt Betsy, I can get one myself; you are busy with the fire."

"Lemme git it fur yer, Miss Lelia; Ize thu now."

A vision of the flour skimmed from the breakfast biscuit and

secreted in one of those identical cans, for private use, confronted Aunt Betsy, but she was too late; Miss Lelia seized the very can she feared for.

"Why, Aunt Betsy, what is all this flour doing here?"

"Dat's jes' de flour I keeps for dredgin', Miss Lelia. I allus has dat box half-full 'specially fur dat."

Miss Lelia, who long ago discovered that the ancient dame's lineage was traceable to Ananias, succumbed and retired speedily to the store-room.

The hours slipped noiselessly by and evening found Aunt Betsy hobbling into the house, with the assistance of her trusty umbrella, "ter set er while wid Miss Rena."

This young lady, Aunt Betsy's special pet, had for several weeks been confined to her bed with a spell of fever.

"How's my little gal dis ebenin'?"

"Not so well, Aunt Betsy."

"Dat's too bad, honey. I wuz hopin' ter fin' yer better."

"I'm very glad to see you, Aunt Betsy. I was just going to call you to stay with Rena until I return from the doctor's," remarked Mrs. Baker, entering.

"Please don't go to the doctor's, mother? I'll be better to-morrow; please don't go!" pleaded Rena, who by no means relished the idea of having as sole companion Aunt Betsy and her gruesome sick-bed tales.

"I must go, Rena; so do not beg. Aunt Betsy will take good care of you."

"Let yo' ma go, honey, let 'er go. De fever mout lef' yer in de night, en yer mout have er weak spell en be wuss ter-morrer instid o' better."

Then, as Mrs. Baker left the room, she continued: "Yes, honey, I knowed er man wunst—he wuz my ole missis' brudder-en-law—en jes' caze de docter missed comin' one time en didn' give 'im er suttin kin' o' medersin, he died o' narvus proserashun durin' de night.

"I b'leeve dat chile's 'sleep; dat 'll res' her. Yes, I knowed er gal wunst, er purty gal wid er bright complexshun, en she died en her sleep ob dish yere same fever ez Miss Rena's got. I wuz settin' by 'er jes' lak I is by Miss Rena, here, en I put out my han' ter feel ef de fever wuz leavin'—here Aunt Betsy ran her roughened fingers over Rena's forehead—"en lan' o' mussy! ef she wuzn't ez cole ez ice en stone dēd."

A visible shudder ran over Rena, convincing Aunt Betsy that she had not shared the sad fate of the "bright complected gal."

A pause ensued; and just as Aunt Betsy remarked that "de docter mus' er give Miss Lelia er new subscription ter be filled, it tuk her so long," that lady's step was heard in the hall.

Rena welcomed her mother with delight, and although it was three weeks before she was up and about, Aunt Betsy was never again allowed full sway in the sick-room.

One evening, during her convalescence, Rena was lying in the hammock drinking in all the beauty of her surroundings.

The sky was of that clear, fathomless blue peculiar to a Southern spring; the sun, now low in the west, shed a mellow radiance on the tree-tops, but, tempted by the freshness of the grasses far beneath, glided swiftly earthward to dance upon the greensward, leaving shadows hanging midway.

The gentle breeze wafted to her the odors of jessamine and honeysuckle, and the sweet breath of the climbing rose on the well-house.

A sudden thud—thud—close at hand roused Rena from her reverie, and looking up she saw Aunt Betsy approaching.

"Good-evening, Aunt Betsy."

"Good-ebenin', Miss Rena. How's yer feelin' dis fine wedder?"

"Very well, thank you, Aunt Betsy. Oh, Aunt Betsy," as the old woman started off, "where is Ponto? I have not seen him lately."

"Ponto? Fur de 'lan' sake, honey! ain' nobody tole yer 'bout Ponto?"

"Why, no; I noticed Brownie around you all the time, and wondered where Ponto was."

"Well, I'll tell yer 'bout 'im den."

Seating herself on the steps, she went on: "Dat ere darg wuz conjuhed."

"Conjured, Aunt Betsy?"

"Yes, chile, conjuhed."

This in a most awe-stricken voice.

"En I nebber will b'leeve but what dat scounrelly ole black Billy had er han' in it; he 'clares ter gracious he didn' know nuthin' 'bout it, but I knows he's lyin'. I doan see how a pusson kin bring deyse'f ter lie."

"How was he conjured, Aunt Betsy?"

"Wait er minit en I'll tell yer all 'bout it."

"De main reason why dey conjuhed 'im wuz caze dey wuz jealous o' me, caze Ponto wuz sich er fine darg; he wuz de

kin' o' darg what dey calls er Mertriever. Well, ev'y day mos' fur 'bout a week I foun' meat wid chopped-up glass in it under de scupperlong arbor, en I sorter 'spicioned dat conjuh's was wukin on Ponto.

"Now I'll tell yer 'bout ole Billy.

"'Billy,' sez I one day, 'look at de glass in dish yere meat.' 'Sis Betsy,' says he, 'dey ain' no glass in dat ere meat; you's mistuk.' Dat wuz ev'dence 'gin Billy in my 'pinion, fur dat meat, ez any fool could see, wuz jest chock full o' glass. Well, pres'nly dem conjuh's changed dey tactics; dey thowed pisoned meat inter de yard ev'y night; I knowed hit wuz pisoned fum de looks en de smell. One night I heerd de dargs er howlin' en er howlin', en den sorter scratchin' lak at de gate, en de nex' mornin' Ponto wuz done gone. Honey, he wuz cunjuh'd sho'. Ev'y night I hears 'im howlin' fur me in de pines beyon' Miss Sparks's."

Rena managed with great difficulty to restrain her laughter, and expressed her sympathy in a manner most satisfactory to the old woman.

Pulling herself up with the help of the ever-faithful umbrella, she tottered off with a cheery good-night.

Spring slipped into summer, and day after day George slipped off to the crayfish ditch, catching many a scolding and now and then a stray knock from the "Ancient," as Mr. Baker dubbed Aunt Betsy. Crayfish became a tender subject with her from the day George entrapped her with the song about them that every little pickaninny gloried in singing.

"An'—Betsy," drawled George.

"What yer want now, Gerge?"

"An' Betsy—"

"Ef yer doan shet up sayin 'An' Betsy, An' Betsy' every minit, I'll knock yer down. Go git de meat fur dinner outen de refrigeratum."

"An' Betsy, what yer gwine do wen de meat's all gone?"

"Shet up, boy; dey's plenty o' meat ter dish yere house. We ain' no po' white trash; we's quality, we is; en ef hit wuz all gone, what yer speck me ter do?"

"Drive de chillun ter de crayfish pon'."

"Dar—tek dat fur yo' sass"; and George was knocked head-long into the wood-box.

"Yer oughten ter do me dat way, An' Betsy," whimpered George.

"Yes I ought, too ; yer needs ter be kilt, Gearge."
George, now meekness itself, moved off dejectedly.

Thus things went on from day to day ; Aunt Betsy grew feebler, and George more fractious than could be endured, and it was at last decided that they must be superseded.

A very black, active young girl was installed in command of the kitchen, and the "Ancient" was advised to rest. Great was the rejoicing of the family, who did not like insects in their food. But in less than a week the new recruit was missing, and Aunt Betsy calmly resumed her interrupted sway.

A second cook was engaged, but her stay was a brief one ; and the promptitude and zest with which Aunt Betsy resumed her functions aroused suspicion. On inquiring among the darkies it was learned that Aunt Betsy was regarded as a powerful "conjurer," and had threatened mysterious vengeance on any person who should take her place in "Miss" Barker's kitchen. One discomfited intruder decamped, declaring the stove was conjured. She could not get breakfast until half an hour later than usual, but she did not think it was attributable to her having arrived in the kitchen at 6:30 A. M. instead of 6.

"The Ancient" was sent for, and seriously admonished. Of course she solemnly denied the accusations of her conjured successors, whom she stigmatized as "fool niggers dat would rudder lie dan eat."

A stranger from the country was next placed in the vacant post, and the old dame, changing her tactics entirely, made herself so agreeable and entertaining that the two became fast friends.

Aunt Betsy still lives in a little shanty as shaky and ancient as herself. She hobbles over to the big house for her meals, and *anything else* easily attainable. She knows where the hens lay, and it is astonishing how many eggs she claims as produced by her own small flock. She knows also where the corn and oats are to be found, and the key of the coal-house and laundry. Late of a winter's evening she is sometimes seen moving homeward with knobby protrusions under her shawl. If unexpectedly confronted, she explains that she came over "to drive her frizzle chicken outen de gyardin." Her dog wags his tail as if to confirm her assertion, and the two go on contentedly, to drowse before their open fire-place until the wee small hours.

CHARACTER STUDIES IN NEW YORK'S FOREIGN QUARTERS.

BY E. LYELL EARLE.



LONDON, Paris, Rome, Vienna, all the great cosmopolitan cities, have their foreign quarters. These have ever furnished broader types for the novelist, the painter, and the student of social conditions.

In the United States the city that affords similar opportunities and types is New York. The fact that it is the great seaport of the country, and that thousands of skilled and common laborers are required for its vast industries, cause many an immigrant to make at least a temporary halt there. He instinctively goes to his countrymen, and often establishes a permanent abode. In time the numbers increase, the settlement expands; he hears but his own language, or a jargon of English that gives rise to a peculiar dialect; national customs, social and religious, are transplanted thither and thrive, and soon we have a distinctly foreign quarter. As social and financial conditions improve, the more successful migrate to other sections of the city, and we have a higher foreign type evolved.

Foreigners are indeed scattered through all sections of Greater New York, but to study the national types in all their primitive picturesqueness one must invade their special haunts, must see them in their daily living and doing.

THE GHETTO.

For this study no place is better than the East Side, from the Bowery to the river, and from Chambers to Houston Street. Thousands of New York's permanent residents never visit this locality, never see these types nor observe their habits of life.

Time was when the Irish and German elements prevailed in the East Side, but long since it has been handed over to the omnipresent Jew, the dozey Celestial, and the less aggressive sons of the Cæsars. But the Hebrew is easily king of the East Side. There thrive unmolested the most anarchistic lodges.



THE MASK OF DANTE.

The picturesque markets of Hester, Ludlow, and Essex Streets minister to the home needs of the myriads huddled into small apartments. Almost a dozen Hebrew and Italian papers appear daily with their extras, and Italian and Hebrew theatres afford opportunities for amusement demanded by this heterogeneous class.



GERMAN-JEWISH TYPE.



MERCHANDISE, 425.

To witness a sight that rivals any of the street market scenes of Europe in primitive picturesqueness one must visit the Hester Street market on Thursday evening or any time on Friday. Former Chief McCullagh made several ineffectual attempts to break up this horde of street venders. But the Hebrew peddler would march off patiently to the police court, pay his fine, and be on hand at the same spot to greet the policeman on his return. After all, there seems no good reason why the East Side masses should be deprived of their street markets.



RUSSIAN-JEWISH TYPE.

BARUCH, THE RABBI OF
THE SWEAT-SHOPS.THE ORGAN-GRINDER
TYPE.

Friday is the East Side Hebrews' market day. For, along with other characteristics, these people have brought with them the most intense orthodoxy of Jewish belief and practice. The West Side and North End Jew often makes little of the details of the Mosaic law; but in the East Side almost every house is a synagogue, and all the nice requirements as to diet and Sabbath observance are scrupulously carried out. Hence, on Friday enough is bought to last till Monday. Early Thursday evening the hucksters begin to line Hester, Ludlow, and Essex Streets from curb to curb. Everything that man needs is to be found there. Fish of all kinds, mountains of black bread, choicest meat, are all on sale. The scene is a very babel. All cry out their wares, and each tries to surpass his neighbor in lusty declamation. Men patrol the streets with cheap clothing over their arms, others strut up and down before their push-carts, women sit on boxes amid a confusion of cast-off clothes or cheap new ones.

On the corner of Hester and Ludlow Streets may be seen "Merchandise, 425." He is a strong type of the vigorous Russian Jew. His features possess in repose all the blankness of the most simple; when animated, all the shrewdness of a Shylock. He is an extreme type, inasmuch as he combines supreme stolidity with all the keenness of his race.

BARUCH, THE RABBI OF THE SWEAT-SHOPS.

All the East Side remembers Baruch Spinoza. He perished in a Houston Street fire in 1898. All the East Side mourned him, and to-day reveres his memory. He had grown to be a familiar figure in the stores and shops and markets where he daily vended his wares. He was the rabbi of the Hester Street district, and conducted the services of the Pasch, the Feast of the Tabernacles, and others in a low, dingy basement. Wherever he went he carried his "Thales," or praying-cloth, and would spread it at morn, midday, and sunset, and offer his petitions to Jehovah.

It was while conducting a midday prayer in a Houston Street sweat-shop that the cry of fire rang out, and in an instant the small army of tailors rushed for the street, bearing the rabbi with them. But no sooner had the old man reached a place of safety than he bethought him of his "Thales," and, feeble with the weight of almost a century, he rushed back into the building despite the efforts of his friends to restrain him. Up, step by step, the four steep flights of stairs, he

groped his way through the blinding smoke to where his "Thales" was spread. At last he reached it and bent reverently to gather it up. But already the smoke had almost stifled him. He fell on his beloved prayer-cloth, and there they found him when the fire was over, face forward, dead.

THE SWEAT-SHOPS.

The plague-spot of the East Side is the sweat-shop. The last report of the State inspectors shows over a thousand of



POSSESSION IS NINE POINTS OF THE LAW.

these commercial cancers sapping the life-blood of the toiling poor. From sunrise long into the hours of the night the ceaseless hum of the shuttle is heard, telling out the life-energy of the father of a large, helpless family, or some devoted daughter struggling to sustain a widowed mother and dependent children. The garments that deck the thoughtless rich in gaudy grandeur are often the price of the life-blood and energies of the toiler. No time is given for meals. A hasty bite is snatched between stitches and cuts, and the merciless "boss" marches up and down, hounding on the men and women and children more cruelly than mine, field, or galley slave ever was driven at point of goad or lash.



THROUGH THE HEART OF THE EAST SIDE.

LITTLE ITALY.

Close rivals with the Jews for the supremacy of the East Side come the children of Italy. The ordinary Italian remains longer in the East Side, is less aggressive, and fashions himself more slowly to American manners, but none the less completely, than does the East Side Hebrew. He is more easily contented and seeks for fewer avenues of commerce.

The *padrone* is perhaps the cause of much of this indifference, for the *padrone* is king of the Italian quarter. He regulates everything for his countrymen, and relieves them of much care and more money. He writes their letters, changes their coin, secures them work, and receives a fat commission on everything bought and sold in his little kingdom. This class are all counts and princes in Southern Italy.

There is pictured an extraordinary type of the Italian organ-grinder. On close study his features remind one of the Dante that Doré has made familiar to us. If a paper be folded over the cap and coat of the organ-grinder we have the very face of the grim author of the *Divine Comedy*. The artist has caught him in some of his best attitudes—from the indifference of grinding out the tune grown painfully familiar to him to the deep, thoughtful mood when his mind wanders back to his "Bella Italia," in the Val d'Arno, where are the picturesque

cottage and the vine-clad mount, and where were spent his best days, before the hand of sorrow and reverse smote him. All this and more he told the writer in the richest of rich Tuscan. His life is indeed a romance: his early college years; his quiet, abundant home; the days of the Revolution,



JUST OFF THE BOWERY.

when he cast his unfortunate lot with the rebels; his exile, and his small but well-appointed home on the East Side, where he is raising up a goodly family of sons and daughters in American tastes and manners—all this can be read in his expressive face. The artist has caught him in his daily living and thinking. He is a rare type, one worthy of study.

The Italian quarter presents religious and social problems not existing in the "Ghetto." Religion among the New York Jews has degenerated to a merely ethical or æsthetic culture. They are lifted up, as it were, albeit on a material plane, by the absorbing passion of worldly success. This is their "cult," their god, their heaven.



A FEW OF THE OLD STAGES REMAIN.



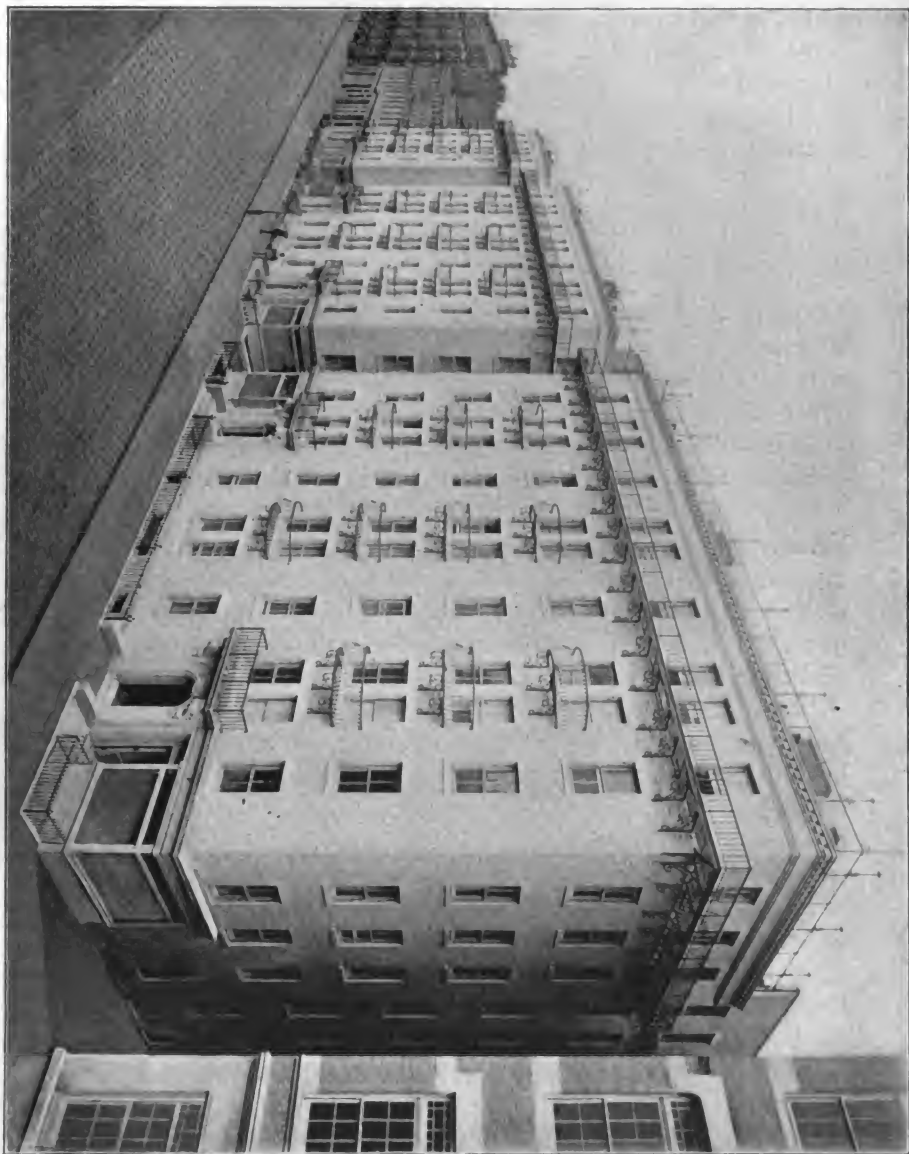
AN ANCIENT EAST SIDE TENEMENT.

The Italian comes with his whole being dominated by religious influences. It has been a part, the major part, of his daily life. All his social conditions and commercial enterprises received their tone from his religion.

When he reaches Little Italy, one of the first things impressed on his mind is that he is free. The mere thought exhilarates him. For a time he gives himself up absolutely to a very dissipation of liberty, as he conceives it. But the awakening and the aftermath of excess soon come to him, and he looks around for the former supports of restraint, or gives himself up to confirmed indifference or excess.

Here is where religious and moral influences are all-powerful. This makes the Italian Quarter a veritable battle-field. All kinds of philanthropic, temperance, and missionary societies

AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE OLD EAST SIDE TENEMENTS ARE THE BUILDINGS OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN HOMES COMPANY.



have headquarters here. The various Protestant denominations spend all their effort and much of their money in enticing converts back and forth. Here, too, the church is doing some of her best work in New York. Fully a dozen zealous priests are

on a constant watch to keep the sheep-fold of the Master. The Sisters and Christian Brothers are caring for the intellectual and moral needs of the young, who are legion. Only recently a movement was inaugurated which, if judiciously pushed, will certainly be fruitful in good results. Open-air missions were started, and at the several held thus far thousands attended who would never have gone to a church. There is indeed a vast field here, that will be fruitful, barren, or choked with noxious weeds just as the care of it now is diligent or otherwise.

CHINATOWN.

One of the most forbidding quarters of New York City is Chinatown. There is a something dark and repellent about the average Chinaman that keeps people generally at a distance. Few ever penetrate into his home-life or see the more human side of the silent, solitary figures that haunt Doyers, Pell, and Mott Streets. The ordinary sight-seer generally confines his visit to a hurried walk through the streets and a few minutes spent in the joss house, restaurant, or Chinese shop. It takes weeks, and sometimes longer, to gain admittance to a Chinese home. Money is the only thing that will open the door or mouth of the silent Celestial. One of the things that most strikes an observant visitor, and that gives the place its cheerless aspect, is the absence of women and children, the sunshine of every home and country.

The Chinaman's life is the acme of monotony. Any time not spent in smoking, eating, sleeping, or gambling is passed in aimless wanderings within the confines of a few narrow streets, beyond which he seldom ventures. At sunset the entire colony invades the Chinese Opera House, and sits stolidly watching the most humdrum of plays far into the morning. It is an odd sight to watch the hundreds of Chinese that invade Chinatown on Sunday from all parts of Greater New York and New Jersey, steal silently away late at night, carrying in a large flour-bag their mysterious supply for the coming week.

The dirty red curtain that marks the presence of the Chinese laundry is familiar to every one; and the greasy, "dopey" Celestial, standing under the dim light, his expressionless face buried in his hands, the pyramid of black hair, drawn tight from his low forehead as he holds communion with his dope god, is a figure that brings before us a type of humanity scarcely destined to contribute much to the progress of the nation.

The writer recently enjoyed a long, pleasant conversation with Father McLaughlin of the Transfiguration parish. His



SOME CELESTIAL TWINS.

church rises like an inspiration in the very heart of Chinatown. Certainly this is the one hopeful spot in that dull, dead quarter. With almost heroic patience the faithful pastor has seen his flock forced to seek a home elsewhere, leaving him the omnigenous invaders of the East Side instead of his loving, devoted people.

No man in New York to-day knows Chinatown and the East Side in general better than the genial, learned, and devoted pastor of the Transfiguration. He will never desert his post,



A SYRIAN BARBER SHOP.

like the hireling of the sects, who long since has left his poor, hungry flock of the East Side for the fat, wealthy churches of the West Side and North End.

THE HAUNT OF THE SYRIANS.

In the southwest corner of New York, directly over against the vast, feverish money mart of this city of Mammon, one may find the quiet Syrian colony. It differs much from other foreign quarters in New York. It is fairly clean. There is nothing

forbidding in the aspect of the people or their places of business. There are women and children to add their cheery presence. The homes are clean and inviting, and the stores, where Turkish rugs, laces, perfumes, and tobacco are sold, display evidences of prosperity.

The Syrians in New York number about two thousand, and occupy Washington Street and the West Side cross streets from Greenwich to Battery Park. One of the features of the place is the Turkish restaurant. A meal at one of these is an ordeal few Americans care to undergo. While everything is scrupulously clean, the dishes are all seasoned so highly and are so rich in oils and fats that our plain American digestive apparatus loudly rebels against them. Then, when the mysterious hubble-bubble, with its water-bottle, hose, and bulb, is brought and the dark, coarse tobacco lighted, it requires a mighty knight of the weed to stand this supreme test.

Native men, women, and children all smoke this hubble-

bubble. They say it contains no opium. But the supremely soothing effect it produces on them, and the positive pleasure pictured on their features while smoking, seem to point to the presence of some powerful narcotic.

Two Syrian priests minister to the religious needs of the colony, and on public festival days the costumes of the people are picturesque in the extreme.

These are the places where one may study intelligently types of life scarcely found elsewhere in America. They are paralleled but not surpassed in the foreign quarters of London, Paris, or Rome. There are evolving out of these apparently discordant masses types that are to share in the destiny of our own country. There is practically little police restraint here—less moral supervision.

Hence the need of the higher religious influences. At every meeting of the East Side lodges the most advanced Socialistic doctrines are proclaimed. Children are nourished on them, East Side literature teems with them.

Looking at the history of New York, one can boldly say that many of the sires of its present Four Hundred once disported in gamins' savagery in this very East Side. Who shall say that some of the Four Hundred-to-be are not disporting there to-day in a state of equal barbarism?



COSTUME OF MILITARY ATTACHE OF THE SYRIAN LEGATION.

THE CHURCH IN CUBA.

BY E. S. HOUSTON.



HE history of the church in Cuba begins with the discovery of the island, for Columbus was a true son of the church and in all the lands which he discovered the standard of the Cross was raised beside the flag of Spain. Reputable history now affirms that the strongest motive that spurred him on, in the face of obstacles that would have discouraged an ordinary man, was the hope of spreading the light of Christianity over lands hitherto unknown. Believing the earth very much smaller than it has proved to be, he expected to reach the eastern shores of Asia, to convert the Grand Khan of Tartary; to reach, in his journey, mines of fabulous wealth, and with their proceeds purchase the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracen and restore it to its proper place in Christendom.

THE CHRIST-BEARER.

His sublime faith in his mission, his rooted conviction that the name he bore denoted him as the Christ-bearer, destined to carry the worship of the true God to lands beyond the sea, sustained him under every trial and strengthened him to endure poverty and suspense. Envy and malice, like death, love a shining mark, and a target so grand and so luminous could not fail to draw the shafts of malevolence. There have not been wanting those who would asperse his character and question his right to the credit of his achievement. Because there were notes of travel on unknown shores, rumors of enchanted islands in the broad Atlantic, and vestiges of strange flora washed up by currents from the west, therefore Columbus must have known of other discoverers in the field, therefore also must have been an impostor and deceiver!

Columbus has never claimed more than his due. He has freely acknowledged his indebtedness to other navigators; has referred, in substantiation of his theory, to the writings of Mandeville and Marco Polo; to Vicente, a Portuguese mariner, and to his brother-in-law, Pedro Correa, both of whom testified to having seen washed upon the shores of the Azores strange waifs from the West Atlantic. He may have heard of the wan-

derings of Lief and Bjorn, but the fact remains that of all who heard these tales he alone was willing to dare the deed. The difficulty he experienced in obtaining countenance and assistance in his venture proves what was then considered the temerity of the undertaking.

As the agent of sovereigns claiming pre-eminently the title of Catholic, Columbus, in taking possession of newly discovered lands for the kingdom of Castile, brought them at the same time under the dominion of the church; for Spain, whatever the shortcomings of her people or her rulers, has never, since embracing the true faith, swerved from her allegiance to the See of Rome. In studying the history of the church in Cuba it is well to refer to her condition in the mother country, whence her government and her hierarchy have been derived.

THE HUMAN MOTIVE IN ALL CONQUEST.

In reviewing the events, characters, and methods of mediæval times we must not forget conditions altogether different from the present. The chronicles of nations from the beginning have been but the record of wars, conquests, and revolutions. As long, however, as the human element so far preponderates in mundane affairs, the mild and kindly spirit of Christianity can work but as a slow leaven in the stolid mass. The church has always been militant on earth and her enemies have not been in all cases of the supernatural order; often they are of her own household. This preamble becomes necessary as the opponents of the church are prone to cast on the Spanish adventurers the stigma of blood-thirsty cruelty, as though it attached to them solely as Spaniards and Catholics, when in fact it should be confined to neither. Search the history of mankind, from the Zulus and Bechuanas of Africa, through all its gradations, to the Britons who have slain their hecatombs, the story is still the same.

Reason, logic, and philosophy often went for nothing. The strongest arguments were the sword and the battle-axe. Though the teachings of the church were maintained in their purity and her precepts practised in perfection by many learned and holy men, by missionaries with hearts full of love for their God and their fellow-man, their numbers were but as the ten just who it was hoped would be found in Sodom. The great mass of their proselytes rushed to the combat with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, and enforced their doctrines by the "*argumentum ad hominem*"; their tenets were impressed, not

by the power of moral suasion but "*vi et armis*," and the servants of God were powerless to prevent.

LIBERAL IDEAS IN THE SPANISH MONARCHY.

The early history of Spain indicates that the government was more liberal than that of the neighboring countries, as the Aragonese maintained much of the independence that had distinguished their mountain tribes. The monarchy was elective, and the people participated largely in the government. By an old enactment the king was not entitled to the allegiance of the people until he had sworn to observe the ordinances of their constitution. The clergy were held in the highest estimation for their virtue and piety; the church exercised an overwhelming influence in the government and seemed to be the centre round which the whole society moved. It was the guiding spirit in the great councils of Toledo, which formulated the laws and were to the Spaniard what the Witenagemote was to the Saxon. This gave to Spain a code of laws vastly superior to those usually in force among a barbarous people—laws which were just, humane, enlightened; combining the wisdom of old Rome with the kindly spirit of Christianity. This peaceful and Catholic government was broken up by the constant encroachments of the Moors, till at length the Christians, defeated and scattered, were driven back to their mountains in the north. From this time their history tells little more than their constant wars, under many sovereigns of various dynasties, until the middle of the eleventh century, when two Christian states were formed, Castile and Aragon. They were quick to see in the divisions of the Moslem chiefs and the extinction of their most powerful dynasty, the Omayyad, the opportunity they sought, and in the renowned Ruy Diaz de Campeador, El Cid of Spanish romance, the champion of their cause. Many of the smaller provinces were united under Alphonso of Castile and Ramiro of Aragon, and the two kingdoms continued to exist separately until their union under their Catholic majesties Ferdinand and Isabella. Both sovereigns acceded to the demand of the pope in adopting the Roman ritual, and Spain became the most faithful adherent of the Holy See.

THE INQUISITION MADE A MEANS OF PERSECUTION.

The political unity of Spain was founded upon religious unity. Both Ferdinand and Isabella were deeply imbued with the spirit of Catholicity, fostered and intensified by their long

and incessant contests with Moors, Jews, and heretics, all of whom aimed more at the destruction of the civil government than of the spiritual authority of religion, and it was more in defence of the power of the crown than that of the church that the Inquisition was established.

This has been a much-abused institution, and a name of terror to the enemies of the church. This is not the place to enter upon its defence, but it suffices to say that wherever politics and religion are too closely allied the opponents of the established church will be regarded as offenders against the civil power. Moors, Jews, and Arians were subjected to the penalties of the Inquisition because as such they were considered traitors and rebels, combining as open enemies or secret conspirators to overthrow the established sovereignty. Philip II. possessed a formidable weapon in the Inquisition, which he did not scruple to use for secular purposes. Political independence in his reign was crushed with more relentless severity than religious dissent. Andrea Perez, a justiciar, or deputy, to the Cortes, from the province of Aragon, was brought before the Inquisition and condemned to death for no failure in religious duty, but for his fearless defence of the liberties of his native province. In so-called enlightened England it was no better. When Catholic Mary or Protestant Elizabeth condemned to imprisonment and death the professors of the opposing religion there was the implied conviction that as such they were necessarily enemies to the reigning power.

DISPOSITION OF BENEFICES.

Another source of trouble arising from the union of church and state was the question of appointment and investiture in religious benefices. This was a cause of contention in all the Catholic countries of Europe, and their Catholic majesties of Spain were not behind their contemporaries in claiming this privilege. Had they been content with investing the candidate with the temporal emoluments of his office, they would not have brought such disaster to the church; but when they insisted on appointing the bishops of vacant sees and incumbents of important benefices, the result was discord and disedification. Wherever such benefices are conferred on political favorites or upon laymen there must inevitably creep in scandals, abuses, and trouble for the church.

Both of these usurpations of authority were imposed in full force upon the church in the newly discovered provinces of the

empire. The Inquisition was established in the Island of Cuba, nominally for the propagation of the faith among the natives and negroes, but, like many other benevolent designs, was directed to very different ends. It was afterwards used to intimidate rebellious colonists and to punish political offenders. From the middle of the seventeenth to the end of the eighteenth century the archives of the Inquisition are crowded with charges against native Spaniards, which were really grounded in political animosity and had nothing whatever to do with religion.

THE HUMANE LAS CASAS.

In 1511 Cuba was brought under subjection. In that year an expedition was fitted out in Hayti for the conquest of the neighboring island. The pious and learned Las Casas, then an inmate of a Dominican monastery in Hayti, determined to accompany the expedition. He was present with the Spanish freebooters when the unfortunate natives were defeated at Caonao and massacred by thousands. Las Casas made strenuous efforts to control the conquerors, but was unable to stop the carnage.

Very soon after the conquest large numbers of missionaries came to the island, principally Franciscans and Dominicans. They obtained large grants of land, and priories were established at various points. The monks were loved and revered by the people, whom they befriended by every means in their power. The Dominican friars did much for the slaves, Indian and negro. Wherever possible they procured their emancipation, and in thousands of cases redressed their grievances where they were unable to procure their freedom.

There were also many convents founded, where nuns from the best families of Spain educated the daughters of the wealthy and instituted primary schools for the children of the poor. Las Casas established himself in Cuba and devoted himself assiduously to the service of the Indians. He at first permitted himself to be appointed to one of the divisions (*reparliemento*) parcelled out among the Spaniards, with its allotment of slaves; but soon recognizing the iniquitous character of the transaction, he refused to remain longer in such a position, and exerted himself during the whole of his life to the succor of these unfortunates. He made repeated voyages to Spain to obtain protection for them, interested in their misfortunes Cardinal Ximenes, who sent three companions with Las Casas to labor among them.

Had all the Spanish adventurers been as humane and generous as Las Casas, the history of the island would have been very different. Being essentially adventurers and only nominally Catholics, their quest was primarily for gold and only incidentally, if at all, were they concerned for human souls.

THE ROOT OF RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTIES.

Coming later to the island, the Jesuits have labored faithfully in Cuba. They have established colleges in Havana, Matanzas, Santiago, and Puerto Principe. The Lazarist Fathers have at least one monastery, and one in the neighboring island, Porto Rico. The clergy are as a rule excellent gentlemen, but seem to have lost their hold to some extent upon the native people. They are part of the Spanish establishment and wedded to the idea of the union of church and state. Here is the truth in a nutshell. Though there are in Cuba numbers of churches and many learned and estimable priests and bishops, the clergy are not regarded with the respect and affection we are accustomed to find in our own country. The Cubans, with the ardent temperament of their tropic clime, their sunny, light-hearted disposition, and an innate love of light and color, regard with more approval the gorgeous ceremonial of the church and her frequent "festa" than her moral and religious teaching. For these differences we must seek the cause in the second of the two evils mentioned as having been imposed by Spain on her colonies: the appointment to episcopal sees and other benefices of foreigners, alien in sentiment to the people to whom they are to minister and chosen, often, not for their piety, learning, or other priestly qualifications, but through political or family influence, through blind favoritism or partisan feeling. So appointed through the power of the crown, they must, if they would retain their seats, prove themselves staunch advocates of the measures of government, however repugnant to their people these measures may be. Between such a pastor and such a flock there can be no sympathy, and a pastor at variance with his flock can wield no influence for good. Divines tell us that between devotion and feeling there is no identity, but as long as human beings must receive their impressions, mental and spiritual through the channels of the senses, there must be at least a close connection. We could not quaff with relish the crystal wave of Egeria through an unsavory vessel, though in direst need we might be forced to drink it.

CUBAN CHARACTERISTICS.

In proof of the antagonism existing from the beginning between Spain and her colonies, it is stated in *Cuba and the Cubans* that throughout these centuries there has never been appointed a Cuban bishop; that while the diocese of Havana embraces 144 parishes, there are but 22 pastors of Cuban birth, and no prominent position is filled by a Cuban priest. Such a state of things existing for hundreds of years must have destroyed the vitality of religion, though its outward forms have been maintained. The Cuban has the pride of the Spaniard with much of his tenacity of purpose, and by both these characteristics he is led to preserve his allegiance to the ancient faith, in which his fathers were reared, in defence of which they had shed their blood and given their lives, but which with him is now but a cherished memory; a creed which keeps alive his respect for the church, his veneration for the Blessed Mother of God and his patron saint, but which enters little into his daily life, and, by consequence, exerts little influence over his conduct. At the same time there is ample testimony to the natural and moral beauty of character among these people. They are generous to a fault, charitable to the poor and hospitable to the stranger within their gates. Bright and cheerful in temperament, they are quick to resent injury and violent in their anger, but, whatever has been said to the contrary, they are not addicted to the "ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain" of the heathen Chinese. The tribute that is paid to the Cuban woman, by friend and foe, is very beautiful. Cabrera, in his book on Cuba, above quoted, gives testimony to her loveliness of character, but concludes his article by citing words of praise from the pen of a stranger and an enemy: "It is not I alone who will defend her here—that model of austere virtue and tender sentiments—but I give the testimony of Don Francisco Campos da Filiu, an officer in the Spanish army, for ten years stationed on the island and at war with its people: 'The Cuban woman, with her rich complexion, regular features, and luxuriant hair, forms a perfect specimen of Caucasian beauty. Whether living in affluence, in moderate circumstances, or in humble poverty, she is always gracious and dignified in her demeanor, good and charitable to the poor. She is gentle, intelligent, industrious. Those who say she is indolent, self-indulgent, fit only to recline in a hammock, fanning herself, do not know the Cuban woman. She is a de-

voted wife, a tender mother, a slave to duty, under the most trying circumstances; on the battle-field she has followed husband or father and fulfilled her noble mission.' "

THE HOPE OF RECONSTRUCTION.

A people as noble and generous as the Cubans have been described by those who have visited their country and made a study of its conditions, have surely deserved a better fate than theirs has been under Spanish rule. Through many conflicts and scenes of devastation they have come, we hope, to an era of liberty and independence. Our own government, in dealing with the problem of their emancipation, will find itself confronted with many anomalous conditions; there must be confusion, perhaps unwarranted and unjustifiable interference, and much mistaken policy. To free so suddenly an entire nation, which had for centuries been dominated by a foreign power; to substitute for the fiat of an oligarchy the free vote of a free people; to offer them, in exchange for the cold or careless rule of a foreign ministry, the sympathetic and paternal guidance of a priesthood one with themselves in principle, feeling, and interest—this is the stupendous task now laid before the government of these United States. This is the task, in the latter portion of which our Holy Father, Leo XIII., is called upon to share. For the performance of this delicate and difficult office he has selected as his delegate the Most Rev. the Archbishop of New Orleans.

SKETCH OF THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

Dr. P. L. Chapelle, Apostolic Delegate to the church of the West Indies, was born at Etâbles, Department of Mande, southern part of France. His uncle, a French abbé, was sent on a mission to Brazil and proposed to be accompanied by his young nephew, who had already completed his classical course in France. They came to Baltimore as the guests of the Sulpician Fathers at St. Mary's Seminary, and here Mr. Chapelle was induced to remain and study for the priesthood. He made the course of philosophy and theology, but on completing his studies was still too young to be ordained. He took a position as teacher at St. Charles' College, at the same time preparing for examination for the doctorate. In 1864 he was ordained by Archbishop Spalding and took charge of the missions in Montgomery County. He was selected in 1869 by the archbishop to accompany him, as theologian, to the Vatican Council, and on

his return was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church, of Baltimore.

In 1882, on the death of the Rev. Francis E. Boyle, Dr. Chapelle was appointed by Archbishop Gibbons to the important position of pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Washington City, at that time, as it is now, the most distinguished congregation in the United States. He more than filled the place of the great men who had preceded him. During his stay in Washington he took an active interest in all that appertained to church matters, and was recognized as a representative man in church circles. At the solicitation of Archbishop Salpointe Dr. Chapelle was appointed coadjutor of the See of Santa Fé, N. M., and in time succeeded to the archbishopric. Upon the death of the beloved and lamented Archbishop Janssens, he was chosen as his successor in the see of New Orleans.

Being a fine linguist, as well as an authority in ecclesiastical jurisprudence, Dr. Chapelle is eminently fitted for the duties of his new office, which, as before intimated, will require extraordinary judgment, extensive information, and much diplomatic shrewdness. He has himself defined, as far as it is possible now to do, the lines on which he proposes to work. Speaking to a Washington reporter, the archbishop expressed himself in these words: "My mission is that of a priest as well as an American citizen. While striving to watch over the religious interests of the Catholic Church, helping the bishops in their work of reorganization, I shall use my utmost influence to help the government of the United States to succeed in the work of political and social reconstruction. I am indeed profoundly convinced that upon this success depends, in large measure, the social, political, and economic welfare of the inhabitants of these islands."

THE PROBLEM OF ECCLESIASTICAL PROPERTY.

Without presuming to dictate, or even to suggest, any special course in questions so intricate, we may be permitted to surmise what decisions may be reached by the ruling powers. The law and the Constitution of these United States prohibit the interference in any way in religious matters, unless these matters infringe upon the rights of private citizens or public property. To regard churches and church property as anything but religious matters is simply a contradiction of terms. They were, during Spanish occupation, held by government, but for the use and benefit of a Catholic people. The means

for their erection came out of the pockets of a Catholic laity, and on the resignation by government of all claim the property should revert to those by whom and for whose benefit it was contributed. The plan pursued in many dioceses of America is to incorporate a board of trustees and transfer to this board, by legal title, all such properties and endowments as have been used for religious and charitable purposes under the auspices of the church. These parties being already in possession and conversant with the needs of the people and the character of the property, could then, under the supervision of the delegate, reorganize the establishment upon American principles.

Until 1788 the whole of the Spanish possessions in the West Indies were comprised in one diocese, the cathedral city being Santiago. At that time the island of Cuba was divided, making a new diocese in the West, its seat being Havana and each bishop having under his pastoral care a number of smaller islands contiguous to his province. In 1804 Santiago was raised to an archiepiscopal see, having two suffragans, of Havana and Porto Rico. The good old Archbishop of Santiago showed himself, during the attack on the city and the threatened bombardment of Santiago, a most compassionate Christian gentleman. He used his best endeavors to avert the impending evil and to prevail with both parties for the cessation of hostilities. Friend or foe to the spirit of revolution as he and his brother prelates may have been, they can but rejoice in the establishment of peace and the hope of returning prosperity.

A GLIMPSE OF HISTORY.

There is not perhaps a country in the world, certainly not upon this hemisphere, which has had a career so incessantly marked by attack, conflict, revolution, and invasion as this beautiful but unfortunate island. For the four hundred years during which it has been known to the modern world its existence has been one of continual warfare. It was, from the settlement by Europeans, exposed to descents upon its unprotected coasts by French and Spanish buccaneers; to siege and blockade by British men-of-war; Havana was twice burned to the ground by pirates; once captured and held, with all the northern provinces, for nine months, by British troops, and finally, it has been in the throes of insurrection for the whole of the present century. In 1868 there was a general uprising and a declaration of independence was made at Yara, and

another at Manzanillo. From the first named was derived what was called "The cry of Yara," of which we heard upon the surrender of Havana. From this time the insurgents have been virtually in possession of the open country. The Spaniards held the forts and all the towns were fortified. Across the entire island, from shore to shore, was built in two places what was called a trocha. This was a most formidable species of defensive construction. It consists of a clearing 150 yards to 200 yards wide, cut through a dense jungle for a distance of 50 miles. The roots, trunks, and branches of trees cut from the clearing are piled in parallel lines on each side, forming a breastwork as wide as Broadway and from 5 to 6 feet high. Outside of these comes a line of forts, and then a maze of barbed wire, stretched the whole length of the trocha, on both sides. One would suppose that such a barrier would be impassable to horse or foot, yet Gomez, with 600 men, crossed one of them and returned in safety.

Before the last outbreak, in 1896, Cuba was one of the most beautiful islands in the tropics. The deep blue of her skies rivals those of Syria and Palestine, and at early morning and at set of sun they are veiled in soft clouds of saffron and rose. The mountains that traverse the island, deep green at the base, verging to emerald as they approach the top, and covered with groves of palms, are indeed of the "everlasting hills." But the waving cane and fields of tall grass, that once adorned the scene, are now the scorched and smouldering ruins of flourishing plantations. The tropical fruits, magnificent ferns and other varieties of foliage and flower, that covered the land are crushed and blackened, while here and there among the trees black smoke rises from a burning hacienda. The royal palm, the most beautiful of the species, still borders the beds of streams that come down from the mountains, which "flow on for ever"; they grow tall and straight as Egyptian obelisks and are crowned with a cluster of magnificent plumes.

Now that peace has come, neither the soil nor climate of Cuba will be found wanting to restore the prosperity of her people; but means are needed to rebuild the mills and machinery that were burned by the incendiary, to replace the cattle and teams swept from the land by the greed of armies. But more than all will she need to renew and revivify the faith of her people, for the church in Cuba is not dead but sleepeth.



THE CRUCIFIED.

BY REGINA ARMSTRONG.

THEY brought Him to the Roman prefect great,
In kingly robe and mocking crown of thorn,
And judgment suffered He in love upborne.
Attesting truth, He stands within the gate,
Mob scorned. "What *is* Truth?" sneers doubt-
ing Pilate,
Then leaves the God of Truth to mockery lorn.
Gaunt Calvary gleams afar, and through the morn
Of crucifixion points the dreading fate.

Thus, even we, Truth-seekers of to-day,
In jesting dalliance throw our quest away,
And hold the doubter's gibe, the cynic's
sneer
As tribute to our Cæsared self; nor hear
The answer waiting where, beyond, outside,
Truth mocked and scourged goes to be
crucified.



BERMUDA.



A BEAUTIFUL little country and winter resort is Bermuda, which fronts our Southern coast beyond the Gulf Stream. A group of small islands nestling in the solitude of the sea, with coral reefs, rock-ribbed coasts, bold peaks and mantles of perpetual verdure, make picturesque scenery as well as a pleasant oasis in the broad expanse of ocean.

Early in the history of westward navigation these islands became a station for ships going to the Virginias. It was Henry May who first landed there in 1593 and consumed five months in building a bark of eighty tons, while

subsisting on birds, fish, and turtle. The islands had indeed been seen earlier than this by Juan Bermudez, but a storm prevented his landing. The next inhabitant after Henry May was Sir George Somers, who was shipwrecked there in 1609, and afterwards spent nearly a year in building a sixty-ton craft with which to continue his journey to Jamestown. Finding that a famine existed there he returned to Bermuda for sustenance, but died shortly after on one of the islands, now called St. George.

The body of Sir George was sent to England, but his heart was buried where he died and a great marble stone, sent from England in 1620, marks its resting-place. Besides the original inscription in Latin, there are Latin tablets attesting the virtues of this admiral and the affectionate remembrance of his countrymen.

The first settlers on the islands were from the Virginia colony, in the charter for which Bermuda was included. This part of the domain, however, was subsequently released from the Virginia charter, and a new one granted by James I. to the Bermuda Company. This charter expired in 1685 and the country reverted to the crown.

These islands might have become Spanish at one time had the two ships of that nation which attempted to enter the Castle Harbor not given up the attempt too soon, for there

was left to the islanders but one shot and less than a barrel of powder. The Bermudians of to-day in referring to this incident are pleased to remark: "Things are a little different now, however."

In 1812 these islands barely escaped also coming into the possession of Uncle Sam. The American Council, before whom the alternative of two propositions for striking a blow at the British was presented, namely, that of seizing the homeward bound West India fleet, or of capturing the Bermudas, decided upon the former by a casting vote.

In 1795 Bermuda boasted of having a navy, consisting of a sloop and a gunboat. At the present time she has a fortress, a navy-yard, and a fleet of ships which is sometimes quite formidable. Bermuda is, in fact, a naval station for Great Britain's Atlantic fleet. The largest floating dock in the world is there, and millions of pounds sterling have been spent in cutting roads, connecting islands, and building forts. The roads, a hundred miles in extent, are the solid coral rock hewn down to a level. They are consequently durable as well as pleasant for use; superior to any roads, perhaps, in the world, and for the modern wheel they are, as claimed, a veritable "cyclist's paradise." They are picturesque also, lined as they often are with



IT FRONTS OUR SOUTHERN COAST BEYOND THE GULF STREAM.



luxurious vegetation, cedars and palms. The royal palms on one of these are very striking and constitute one of the road sights; but cedar is the principal wood of Bermuda. This tree is, however, a species of juniper, with branches reaching out and some-

times quite irregular in form. In the towns they make an excellent shade for the street.

Bermuda was first used by Great Britain as a penal settlement, and then roads and the foundations of public improvements were laid by utilizing the labor of convicts. This penal feature finally gave place to the military functions which have ever since characterized the islands. Two forts and two light-houses have been constructed, a parliament house and other public buildings, and naval and military barracks. A military governor, appointed by the crown, is the ruler of the country, and for his accommodation there is a fine residence with park and military attachments. The officers and officials, with their families, constitute the society of caste, and it is not easy to gain access thereto without some very special introduction.

But the official society is genial and of course brilliant, as all military circles are. The military band plays twice a week and is an attraction much enjoyed. During the winter

months there is a large transient population, made up of health-seekers, persons taking a vacation in that season, and those who wish to escape the rigors of a northern climate. Together they make up an interesting and often merry company, while their expenditures form an important item in the prosperity of the islands, several large hotels and numerous boarding-houses being generally well filled for four or five months in the year.

Communication with Bermuda is by steamer from New York and from Halifax. There is no regular steam service with England. Commerce and travel between the latter and Bermuda is by way of Halifax. Her principal commerce, however, and passenger service are with New York. Bermuda potatoes and Bermuda onions are known everywhere in America, but other products are sent also, with increasing attention bestowed upon the market-garden resources of the islands.

Flowers are raised in large quantities, especially the lily. Large fields of them, fifty acres sometimes and more, are to be seen flowering in snowy whiteness and lading the air with delicious fragrance. Bermuda has been aptly called "the land of the lily and the rose."

The soil is rather thin, but is fertile, being a mixture of coral-dust, leaves, and sea-weed. The farmers, however, do



ROYAL PALMS.



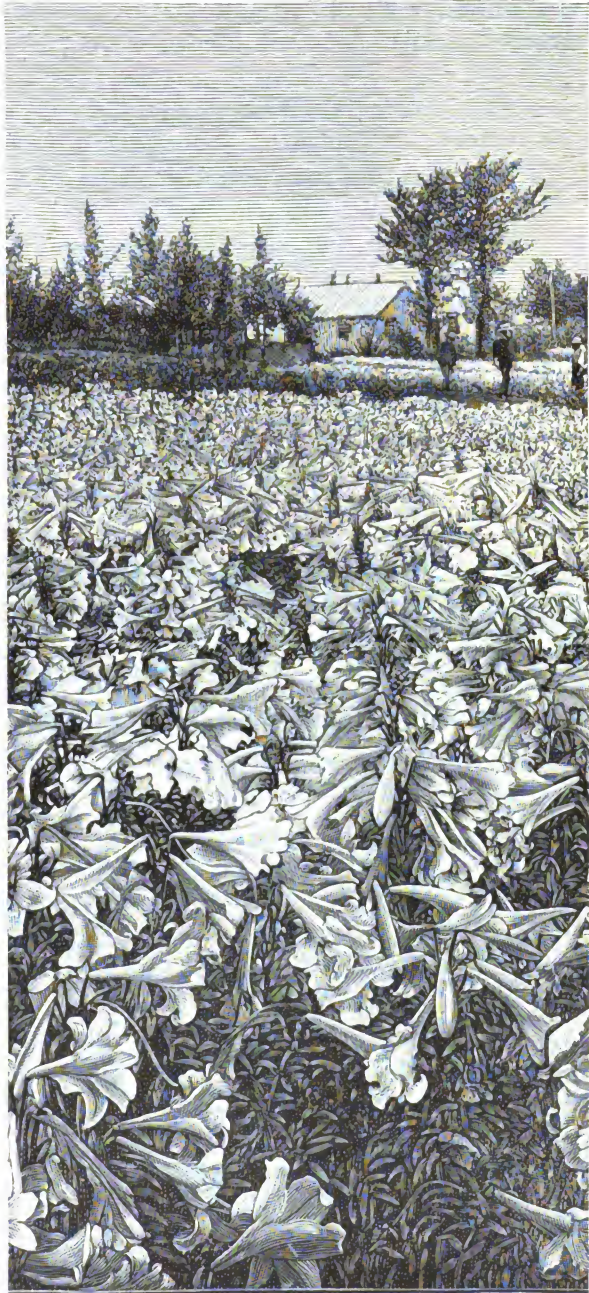
TOM MOORE'S CALABASH-TREE.

not thrive quite as they would wish and as they deserve, actual distress sometimes taking the place of prosperity. Their repeated struggles against adversities of various kinds have compelled them to gather in agricultural associations and in a Produce Exchange, which have proved to be helpful in evening up conditions and securing fair dealing with markets. A destructive parasite has visited their lily-fields and threatened destruction to that industry. This would be a sad result for the beauty of the place as well as for the fortunes of the farmer.

As a winter resort Bermuda is unique. Perpetual summer reigns. It is not so hot as summer in the United States, and in winter the cyclones and icy winds that sweep from this continent are parried by the Gulf Stream. The towns are at the water's edge. Coral-reef circles around a little way out and

break the harsher waves that roll inward, making a smoother sea for the boating so much indulged in all the year round. The water is so clear that fish can be seen at a great depth. Sailing without a boatman, however, is not attempted by many, as there are sunken reefs that might be struck. The regulars know every inch of the waters.

This resort has been visited by many noted personages, some of whom have marked endeared spots and given them renown in story and in song. The house in which Tom Moore was a guest is much sought by tourists. It is beautifully situated on lake and bay, and is known as Walsingham. It was built of stone in 1665 by a whale-fisher named Trot. The famous poet of Erin was guest



"LARGE FIELDS OF THEM, FIFTY ACRES AND MORE,
FLOWERING IN SNOWY WHITENESS."

there in 1804, and a calabash-tree, immortalized by him, bears the initial A carved upon it by the present Duke of Edinburgh. It was of this spot that Moore wrote:

“Oh! what a sea of storm we’ve passed;
But bless the little fairy isle!
How sweetly after all our ills
We saw the sunny morning smile
Serenely o’er its fragrant hills.

“Could you but view the scenery fair
That now beneath my window lies,
You’d think that nature lavished there
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in.”



CEDAR AVENUE, BERMUDA.



Near this spot are the Walsingham caves, which are famed for their beauty on account of the wonderful stalactites that hang from the roofs. Most of these caves have salt water in them, but there is one

having an earth floor from which rise stalagmites, that in some instances meet the stalactites above, giving the appearance of a pillared temple. With torches they present a beautiful effect. There are a great many caves in the various islands of the Bermudas which may be visited in boats.

A spot much visited is the "Devil's Hole." It has a subterranean connection with the sea half a mile distant, though not with the near shore, from which it is only one hundred and fifty feet. The sea water rises and sinks in it with the tide, producing the noise of inrushing water at low tide that has caused the appellation of Devil's Hole to be given to it, although, curiously enough, its water abounds with angel fish.

Hamilton is the largest town in Bermuda. It is the port of entry, the residence of the governor, the seat of government,



SLOW TRANSIT.

and contains the principal official and public buildings, a public park, and an Episcopal cathedral.

Back of this Gothic structure stands a small Catholic church—which has, of course, a small congregation. There is a large building in Ireland Island which is used for Catholic service there also, and Father Parker celebrates Mass at both places, the congregation of one frequently going to assist at the Mass of the other. Here the Catholic soldiers of the barracks attend. This journey is an hour's sail on the bay. The church in Hamilton is capable of seating about a hundred and fifty worshippers, and is well filled on Christmas Day and at Easter. It is under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Halifax. Father Parker is not only beloved by his parishioners, but is highly esteemed by all denominations there. When a Catholic fair is held it is opened with ceremony by the military governor amid martial music. The governor's initiative is the key to all success, social or otherwise, in Bermuda.

In another direction within the limits of Hamilton, on Mount St. Agnes, is the convent where sixteen Sisters of Charity have a delightful and successful school. About two-thirds of the pupils are non-Catholics. The building is open to visitors on Sunday afternoons, and many an invalid wintering in Bermuda,





A TYPICAL RESIDENCE IN BERMUDA.

Protestant as well as Catholic, receives the Benediction there, and has left thank-offerings for signal answers to prayer.

One of the favorite Sunday resorts for guests after church is a beautiful natural grove on the North Shore near the military barracks, where the band executes an excellent musical programme.

Bermuda entertained last winter many clergymen from Canada and Nova Scotia, chiefly Catholics. L'Abbé Montminy, a



A PRIMITIVE LAUNDRY.

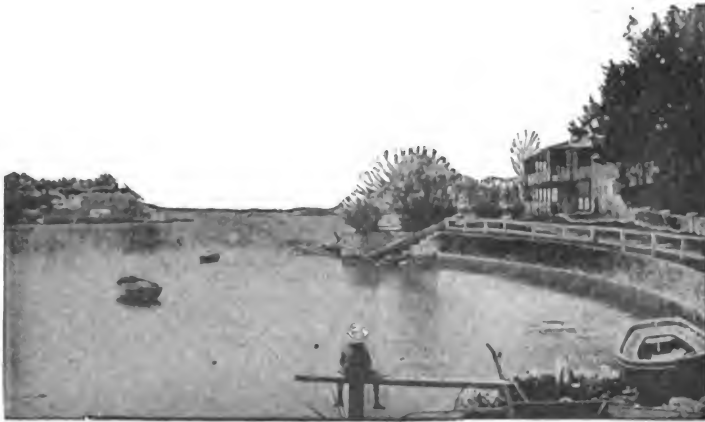
French-Canadian father in the Convent of St. George, Co. Beauce, was a guest at Dorchester Lodge, managed by Catholic ladies. The father's health was very precarious, and he probably had no great hope. He was cheerful, however, but spoke little of himself. He very much loved his convent and his pupils. By a single mail there came over sixty letters from his pupils, some of them tots, breathing prayers for his recovery. The father was deeply touched and wonderfully buoyed up by the incident.



His recovery was rapid and he returned in the spring completely restored to health and vigor.

There is a touch of pathos in the number of invalids who winter in Bermuda. It is plain to see of many of them that they are as ships passing in the night. But the greater number are seeking to escape Northern climates too severe for delicate constitutions. Generally they are happy and jovial, living out of doors, walking, riding, boating, fishing, etc., and there is not a little gaiety at times, with the presence of red coats adding a pleasant touch of color to the scene.

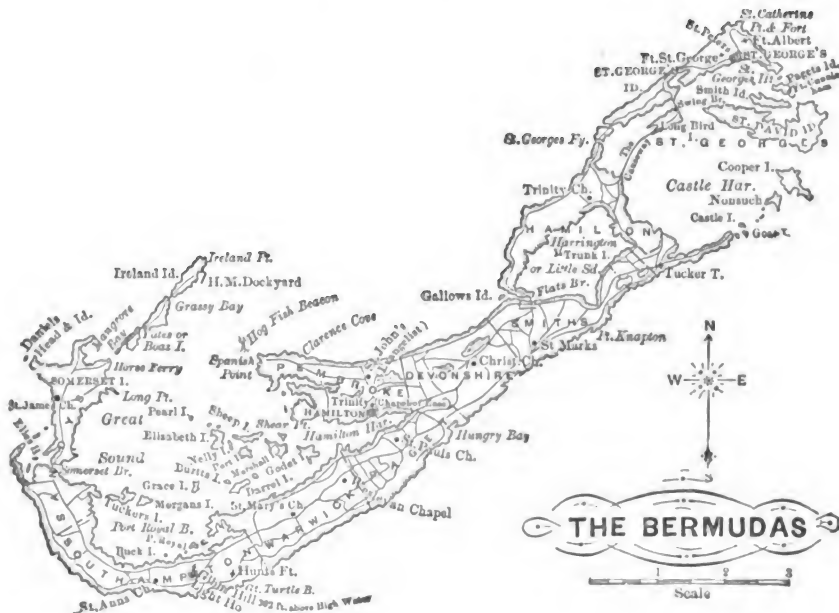
It is of interest to note also the colored people in Bermuda. They came originally from Virginia, but many also have drifted from the West Indies. There has been a tendency of late for



"THE WATER IS SO CLEAR THAT FISH CAN BE SEEN AT A GREAT DEPTH"

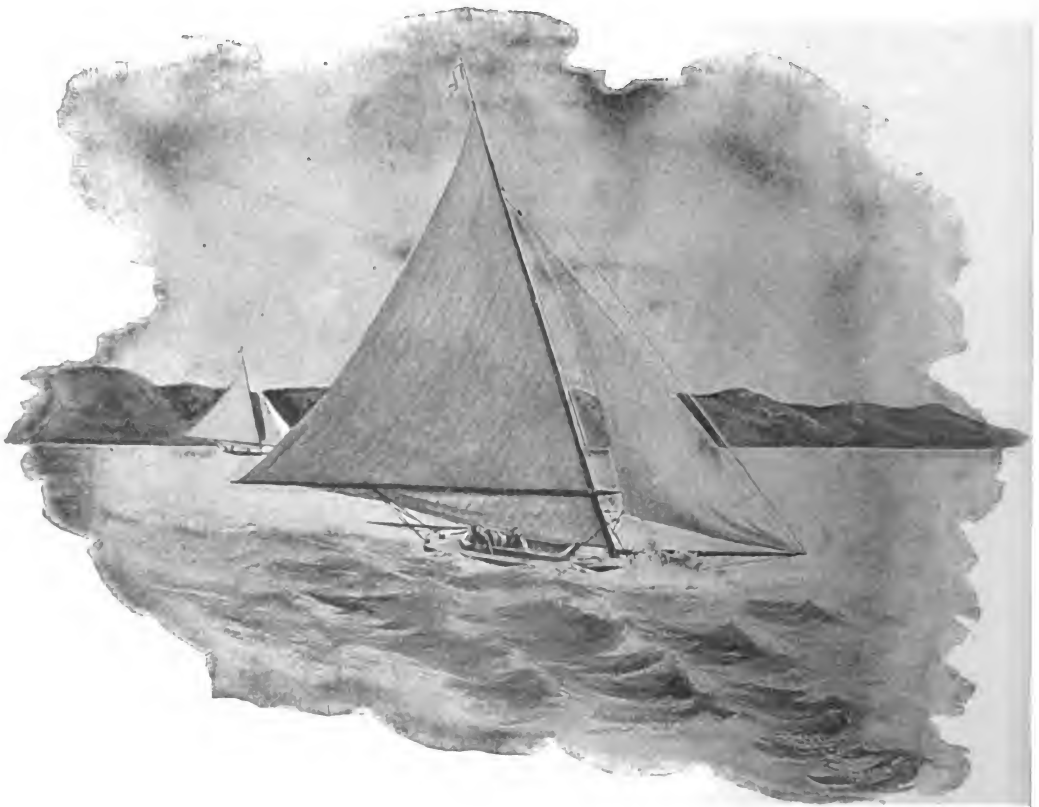
the latter islands to dump their poorest children into this lap of beauty, but property restrictions have been placed upon this movement.

It can be said of the colored people of Bermuda that they are, as a rule, wonderfully clean, tidy, and intelligent. It is claimed by some that the scholars of the colored schools rank higher than those in the white schools. The principal of the Hamilton colored school is a graduate of Cambridge, England. One theory advanced in their behalf is that the summer climate



there does not draw upon their vital resources as in the case of the white population. Bermuda was once a slave country, but slavery was abolished in 1834. It was soon after that event that the American brig *Enterprise* put into the port of Hamilton for supplies, having slaves on board. The vessel was refused clearance until the slaves were brought ashore and liberated. It is recorded that one woman with five children preferred to continue the voyage.

There is, however, one blot upon the habits of the Bermudians, if what was told was fully true. One wonders at the great quantity of barrels that are rolled out of every vessel and steamer unloading at the wharf. He is told that they contain Jamaica rum, and that nine-tenths of the money spent in Bermuda goes for that commodity. It seemed incredible, and the fact brings to mind the large British traffic in spirits and opium with India and China. From the vast demoralization wrought by their means this traffic seems more inhuman than traffic in slaves.



A CENTURY OF CIVILIZATION IN FRANCE.

BY REV. P. FARRELLY.



AMERICANS travel extensively in France, because they find much to admire in that beautiful country, and because too, perchance, there is a sympathetic feeling arising partly from the republican form of government and partly from a recollection of past favors. To us France is an intensely interesting country, because its history during the century is very largely the story of planting in not very congenial soil the tree of Republicanism. The French Republic seems to have been a hapless child from the beginning. Its life has been scarred and seared by many untoward circumstances, and there are not wanting those who predict for it a sudden and unprovided death.

AN INTERPRETER OF FRENCH CIVILIZATION.

Mr. Bodley has recently written two portly volumes, and with a very large pretence of fairness reviews the history of French civilization.

Very frequently throughout this work the author contrasts French customs and ways of acting with what the English do, or would be likely to do if placed in similar circumstances, and not once, as far as I can now recollect, to the advantage of the French people. Undoubtedly Mr. Bodley adopted the best manner of procedure to succeed in acquiring a good knowledge of his subject and in fitting himself to write unbiasedly about France and its people, if such an end were easily obtainable. He went over to France, lived there for seven years, traversing it from one end to the other, associating and commingling with all classes. At one time he lived with a duke or an earl, at another with a member of the Chamber of Deputies or a parish priest; again, we find him sojourning among the working classes or the tillers of the soil. He frequented places of amusement and public assemblies of various kinds. Indeed, his method differs very much from the course pursued by many other writers, when preparing to publish their impressions of foreign nations, who content themselves with flying trips made to a country, then return home and publish their preconceived notions, formed from what they had heard or

read years before, introducing into their narrative here and there an incident of their own observation, or an anecdote, so as to make it appear that the facts are all of their own collating and the ideas original. Mr. Bodley was broader in his views, more honest in his conceptions, even if not much more successful in his results, than such a class of flying critics.

FRANCE A HERO-WORSHIPPER.

Relying on his assurances, and judging from the breadth of the scope intended, many may take up this work of Bodley expecting to find in it a comprehensive account of the different phases of French life to-day. Any one who expects to find such knowledge in it will be sadly disappointed. With all his opportunities for study, Bodley has written his work to prove a preconceived opinion of his own; namely, that France to-day is ruled and governed by the Napoleonic code, which code, he intimates, was taken bodily from the English constitution. The whole centralized administration of France, which in its stability has survived every political crisis, was the creation of Napoleon and the keystone of his fabric (vol. i. p. 108). The day will come, he says, when no power will prevent France from hailing a hero of her choice. The republic, according to him, is a mere figment, the nation subsisting solely on the traditions of the immediate past. This is his explanation of the now well-known phenomenon, that the very frequent changes of ministry produce so very little impression, and are regarded with such complete indifference by the country at large, solely because the people consider the Chamber as little else than an assembly for assessing and collecting taxes. Hence it happens that those sudden outbursts, which in the opinion of uninformed outsiders threaten to wreck the Republic, pass off like a slight mist clearing before the noon-day sun, without leaving any traces. Mr. Bodley has partly succeeded in his undertaking, in proving that France is still the creation of Napoleon, and is living in his traditions; but we would be slow to follow him in the last part of his conclusions, that France is only waiting for the opportunity when an individual of strong character will present himself, in order to cast her present makeshift government aside and throw herself into the arms of a king, an emperor, or a dictator. This conclusion can scarcely be the result of the author's own observations among the people, where, if he had made as close investigations as he claims his opportunities afforded him a chance to do, he would have discovered that the

people are tolerably contented with their present material conditions, and are very much averse to changing them for a monarchical or imperial form of government. With these latter they associate past recollections of strifes, wars, and all the hardships and sacrifices which accompany them. This is not denying that should some strong character intoxicate the susceptible French mind by some wonderful feat, he might succeed in proclaiming himself a dictator.

SUPERFICIAL RESEARCH.

Mr. Bodley's readers soon become convinced that it was wholly unnecessary for him to spend seven years in France in order to collate the amount of knowledge which he furnishes in this work; he might have collected the same kind of information without ever quitting Paris. Had he settled down in Paris for two or three months, read the journals closely, studied the French constitution, observed the customs of the capital—this, joined to the extensive knowledge of French history which his work proves he possesses, would have supplied all the data for the volumes he has published. No one, in truth, would say his writings are so much the result of his own observations as of his researches.

Mr. Bodley has chosen an ungrateful task; France is great, not because of her government, but in spite of it. France has passed through many trying vicissitudes, and has emerged from all of them still great, still powerful, holding a foremost rank among the nations; if by chance, through perverseness, she lost for a time some of her prestige, she quickly regained it and reasserted her former title of leadership among the nations. Mr. Bodley himself, with all his pro-English prejudice, is forced to admit that France is in the forefront of the nations, in the lead with England. These two nations, he says, are the leaders of the world. He fails, however, to give sufficient recognition to the power of the inherent forces of French national life, which operate to overcome the evil results of the sudden upheavals. It is these native forces which produce that general good order, stability, and conservatism which Mr. Bodley is astonished to find everywhere throughout France. He follows too closely such men as Thiers and Michelet, seeming to ignore such authors as Balzac and Stendhal; he scarcely quotes Balzac, Stendhal not at all. The *Comédie Humaine* is a light thrown on French emotion; *Les Mémoires d'un Touriste* (to name only one work) eclipses the sputtering illuminations of a

thousand blue books. Mr. Bodley is devoid of poetry; he makes no reference to French art; his sympathies are with the harder truths.

Much of the evil influences discernible in French public and official life to-day are directly traceable to the Revolution. The words Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity are to be found engraved on the walls of most of the public buildings, as well as on many private residences, in the larger cities, relics of that insane fury which well-nigh ruined France. Everything in those days was done in the name of liberty, whereas in truth there was no liberty, the will of the party in the ascendant for the time being supreme. As Charles X. said: "In France they do not understand at all what liberty is; every one desires liberty for himself and for his own opinions, but restraint and oppression for others, especially for the clergy."

FALSE CONCEPTIONS OF LIBERTY PREVAIL.

The same erroneous ideas of liberty obtain in official life to-day, the government claims to hold the true conceptions of liberty, and whatever does not correspond with its ideas, no matter how perverse these may be, is opposed to liberty. Hence the existence of a state of affairs totally different from what prevails in most other civilized countries, a system of espionage which includes all walks of life in its ramifications. Religion is hemmed in and its sphere restricted. We wonder at the restrictions placed on religious celebrations or the refusals to allow public demonstrations of a religious nature. How is it that religion receives such treatment in a Catholic country? This is the question which so many ask when they read the account of these happenings in the papers, and to which they cannot always get a satisfactory answer. A villanous system of intolerance is systematically carried out. Much of this spirit is directly traceable to the revolutionary period, when religion was proscribed; a whole generation grew up without any ideas of religion. Napoleon saw the need of religion and re-established it with a view to suit his own purposes. The systematized intolerance of to-day emanates from the central government. The functionaries of the Republic seem to be everywhere animated by the same spirit, which in many instances is the mere subserviency of position and place. French intolerance is different from all forms of persecution known in history, in that it is not only practised in the name of liberty, but it aims at laying official disability on established religion.

THE RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE OF THE STATE.

No direct vexatious restraints are placed on the Catholic faith, but a subtle, systematized effort is made to prevent it receiving recognition of any kind. Last June General Jamont, generalissimo of the French armies in case of war, presided at the distribution of prizes at the College of Albert the Great of Arcueil, where his two sons are studying. The Guard Républicaine played as the general entered the hall; in his speech he took occasion to inveigh against the critics of the French army. Père Didon, the famous Dominican, president of the college, followed with a long and animated address on the French military spirit. The whole affair gave great offence to the free-thinkers and their sympathizers; the *République Française*, M. Melin's organ, vehemently protested against these speeches. A circular was soon afterwards forwarded to the commandants of army corps, stating in what circumstances and under what conditions military chiefs might preside at prize distributions. A town councillor heckled the prefect of the police on the presence of the band of the Republican Guard at Arcueil. Such is the much vaunted French liberty. The people's liberties are more restricted than are those of almost any other country; they are hemmed in on all sides, laws and decrees are made and enforced regulating the minutest details, matters that would be left to common sense in other countries are subjected to statute laws in France. It is true they enjoy some liberties not accorded to the natives of other countries. A species of liberty amounting almost to license is allowed them in some things; they are free to remain in the streets all night, and frequently do so, spending the time in singing or carousing in the cafés. But, on the whole, liberty in France is misunderstood; the anti-clerical is a great fanatic; always ready to accuse others of fanaticism; he himself is the bitterest and most oppressive of fanatics. Under the guise of free thought, he would willingly prevent others from thinking differently from himself; being violently and despotically narrow, he would fain stifle all thought opposed to his own. He is even more: an aggressive persecutor, a meddler in affairs which do not concern him. Should he happen to be a town councillor or other functionary of the government, he exerts all his influence to set up irreligion as the standard of citizenship. A government employee is not always free to accompany his wife to Mass on Sunday. A postmaster in a western town of La Vendée, of Catholic fame, was one day surprised by a visit from a fellow

government official, who accused him of clericalism, warned him to beware lest it might reach the government and prove injurious to his prospects. "It has been noticed," he continued, "that you accompany your wife to Mass every Sunday; furthermore that one of your daughters sings in the choir, another takes up the collection." The good postmaster was troubled; fearing for his position, he went to consult his pastor. This good priest, conscious of the narrowness of the intolerant spirit abroad, said to him: "Tell your daughters not to take any active part in church affairs; there is no need of your jeopardizing your position for such trivialities."

SERVILITY OF GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

The majority of the government officials advisedly abstain from attending church; it seems to be a sort of official etiquette. President Faure has not been to church since he was seated in the presidential chair except on a few special occasions, and then he was present more in his official capacity than because it was an expression of his religious belief. When the Czar of Russia visited Paris, a couple of years ago, he expressed a wish to visit the church representative of the belief professed by the majority of Frenchmen. This was a stinging rebuke administered to the officialdom of France. President Faure accompanied him to Notre Dame in his capacity of head official representative of the nation, but by no means because he was grateful for this act of courtesy shown to his religion, nor because he recognized in it a public acknowledgment in favor of the religion professed by most of his fellow-citizens. On the whole, in no country is liberty so frequently invoked and so wantonly outraged. Only the other day M. Jaurès, the Socialist, was derided by his followers for allowing his children to be baptized in the waters that came from the Jordan. The word God is expunged from the text-books used in the schools. In one word, every possible effort is made to rob men of their liberties under the false assumption of liberty.

EQUALITY ALSO MISUNDERSTOOD.

As narrow and illusive as we perceive the office-holding Frenchman's ideas of liberty to be, his notions of equality are even more erroneous; in fact, his claims in this regard are so exaggerated as to convey an idea that Frenchmen do not consider themselves as belonging to the human race. De Tocqueville expressed well this French idea of equality: "No one shall be in a better position than mine." Such was the cry

of the Jacobins. The same was the watchword of Camille Desmoulins and Robespierre; as some one expressed it, Liberty, Equality, or Death. The French want all to be on a level, are totally opposed in *theory* to one being placed higher or better than another. This levelling process would exclude all idea of superiority of any kind; the holders of such opinions deny, by their own admissions, the existence of variety of talent or of physical endowments. Yet we must accept humanity as we find it; we cannot refashion nor remould it, nor add one cubit to man's stature. There is a vast difference in individuals, the talents which they possess or the physical qualities with which they may be endowed.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD RÉGIME.

The strangest thing connected with the rise and spread of this false notion among the French is, that it owes its origin to that very class which suffered most from its effects—the old nobility. The French society of the old régime was immeasurably superior to its degenerate successor. That was the age destined to change the history of the world, and produce revolutions; little did the men and women who dictated the fashions of the day dream that society, and their own caste, in particular, were being wrecked by those same philosophers whom they patronized. The unbelieving philosophers were lionized by them, their sayings were treasured up and repeated at every turn. It was in the famous château of M. d'Holbach that Diderot planned his most audacious theses. Rousseau composed *Émile* for Madame d'Epinay; Voltaire held court at Ferney, whither the noblest and most refined of French society went in pilgrimage. The titled classes courted the non-believing philosophers to their own destruction. Still some of them have attained distinction in literature: De Mun, D'Haussonville, De Vogué, De Broglie, D'Hulst, and before their day Châteaubriand, Lamartine, Lamennais, Barante, Alfred de Musset, Balzac, Montalembert.

Though the levelling process of the Revolution has had direful consequences, it produced some good; to it may be traced that grace and refinement of manners observable among all classes in France. Co-education in the schools and lycées brought all classes together; this intermingling, which was afterwards continued in the army, had some good results. This assimilation of the masses has sent civilization farther down the scale in France than in any other country; hence the ease and grace of all classes, the air of comfort, the neatness of service, the excellence of cooking to be met with in the homes of ordinary

working families (vol. ii. p. 173). A man of low surroundings will astonish you by his knowledge of scientific points, and express himself much better than men of the same scale in any other country. Industry, thrift, family sentiment, artistic instinct, cultivation of the soil, cheerful performance of patriotic duty and collaboration of woman in the plan of life, constitute the secret of the grace, the charm, the prosperity of France.

Notwithstanding all this, and in spite of their vaunted love of equality, class distinctions are more sharply drawn among them than with any other people. Their system of travel, where these distinctions are so palpable, is of itself alone sufficient to prove this. Obedience, respect, social as distinct from moral abnegation, religious sentiment, discipline, self-devotion, are not in a flourishing condition in France.

THE SHIBBOLETH OF FRATERNITY.

The third member of this familiar revolutionary group has been equally abused with the others. Fraternity under different nomenclatures, as with us the brotherhood of man, is a familiar cry in many countries, meaninglessly used by fanatics of all kinds. In France it was not only used in a meaningless way, but as a cloak for barbarous cruelty. At the very time they were flaunting this war cry men were being put to death, former friends were led to the slaughter, brother was arrayed against brother. It was this anomalous state of affairs that caused Prince Metternich, who was reaching manhood at the time the French Revolution was erecting the guillotine as a symbol of brotherly love, to cry out in later life, after his visits to Paris: "Fraternity, as it is practised in France, has led me to the conclusion that if I had a brother I would call him my cousin." This conclusion must, however, be tempered somewhat. The French are an affectionate, chivalrous people; to their eternal credit be it recorded that there is no word in their language for wife-beating; rarely is a case reported to the tribunals of children leaving the charge of their parents to the parish. The Frenchman can be extreme in his hatred, and show his hatred. The discipline of war alone saved the Revolution from degenerating into an orgy of primitive barbarism. "We will make a cemetery of France," said the atrocious Carrier, "rather than not regenerate it according to our fashion." The French are at times intemperate in conversation and invective; they will descend so far as to publicly charge one another with the most heinous crimes, such as that of following a degraded occupation or other offences which, if brought into a court of

justice, would be tried behind closed doors. Much of this is an acceptance from the philosopher Rousseau, who was wont to inveigh with the keenest invective, or from Marat in the *Ami du peuple*; *Homo homini lupus*. The atrocities of the Commune bear ample evidence to their exaggerated habits in this line, to conduct so unbecoming a civilized people. The journals of France, particularly of Paris, reek with infamous epithets, which cannot be found in the dictionary; their reports of the parliamentary debates are full of such epithets.

EXAGGERATIONS OF CHARACTER.

This tendency of the French character to be intolerant, unmeasured in thought and speech, is not confined to any one class, but extends to all; we find traces of it among those very classes where we should least expect it. M. Dumont, of the *Libre Parole*, a conservative paper extensively read by the clergy, strongly anti-Semitic, wrote very bitterly about Count de Mun, who incurred the execration of the royalists because he actively espoused Pope Leo's policy. When De Mun fell sick he had this to say of him: "God has heard our complaints and has sternly smitten De Mun. He has said to him: 'I have given thee eloquence, and thou hast kept silence when men were waiting to salute thee as the champion of justice. Thou shalt never speak again.'" He did, however, and he still continues to be a conservative though fearless champion of religion and right.

The Frenchman can dance and make merry in the midst of massacres and internecine strife. This is amply illustrated by public life during the Revolution and since. When men were crying loudest for fraternity their actions revealed feelings and intentions the very opposite to this spirit. In no other country is such a cry raised for liberty, equality, and fraternity; in none are they more wantonly violated or greater abuses practised in their name. Notwithstanding all this, the rank and file of the French people are conservative, sober, industrious, and progressive.

INTEGRITY OF THE FRENCH CHARACTER.

It is gratifying and astounding to find so much goodness in a nation that has passed through such depressing periods. In a great measure it may be said this is so in spite of the government; there is an inherent force in the French character which enables it to finally overcome all difficulties and to ride triumphant over all obstacles at times when her enemies and even her friends felt that France had sunk never to rise again.

What is it that gives to France this vital power enabling it to weather all storms? This is the question that has been frequently asked and not so easily answered. Mr. Bodley, while recognizing the strong qualities in the French character, is not so much inclined to give credit to these characteristics for the supremacy of French national life as he is to attribute it to the imprint of the Napoleonic genius, and to the general stability which Napoleon's government impressed on the masses.

After passing through frightful crises, blood-stained days, France emerged from it all firmly clutched in the grasp of a powerful intellect, who made France vibrate from one end of the country to the other, from the shores of the Atlantic to the banks of the Rhine, infusing his ardor and spirit into her soldiers, carrying her banner triumphantly through all Europe. He made her laws, gave her a cohesiveness and a consistency which has enabled her to survive the rude shocks dealt to her from within and from without ever since. We cannot fully coincide with this view of the question; France was great before ever she saw Napoleon. There are innate qualities in the French character which are not of recent growth, that constitute her greatness. The French mind is very methodical; this is noticeable even in the untrained, unmatured minds of the school children, those of the primary grades giving proof of a remarkable precision and method for their years. The French are influenced by tradition, and although a general unrest is observable in the higher government circles—so much so, in fact, that all their presidents have resigned except the one who was shot—still there is a great stability of routine government throughout the country. It is not unusual to find the same man mayor of his borough for from thirty to forty years, under the varying dynasties of empires, kingdoms, and republics. The French have not completely forgotten the glories of Louis XI., Henry IV., Louis XIV., nor the importance of their nation in those days. All classes, both of the clergy and people, are outwardly very respectful to their ministers and public functionaries. This is a relic of the past, when all classes were expected, in fact obliged, to show great respect to all public functionaries and ministers.

The French have great respect for the rights of property. This is one of their cherished claims, the right of each individual to his possessions and to his belongings. This is the more agreeably surprising that they have been so long taught to look on property as robbery—*La propriété est la vol.* There are comparatively few discussions or lawsuits about property in France.

THE CHASTENING INFLUENCE OF THE PRIESTHOOD AND THE SCHOOLS.

The stability of France to-day is largely attributable to the wholesome influence of the priests, the discipline of the army, and the teachings of the professors in the higher schools of learning. Mr. Bodley draws attention to these wholesome influences, but fails to give them due recognition. The priests of France are an exemplary, devoted, self-sacrificing body of men whose energies are directed to the maintenance of law and order. The beneficial effects of their example and teaching are seen to best advantage in the towns and country districts, where they receive the most respect; for while unrest and turmoil exist in the large cities, the country districts and towns remain conservative and stable.

The discipline of the army impresses the soldiers with clear notions of order and obedience. All the young men of the country are compelled to serve a specified time in the army; at the end of their years of service they return to their homes, bringing with them strong convictions of their rule of duty as prescribed by law, which influence them during life and react on their surroundings.

The professors of schools, lycées, and colleges, a devoted set of men poorly paid, continue, with few exceptions, to instil into the minds of their scholars true notions of justice, respect for the rights of others, a love of country, and a great reverence for the laws of the land.

France is greatly indebted to the chastening influences produced by these causes for much of the stability and contentedness to be met with everywhere throughout the country.

NEGLECT OF THE BALLOT.

If, then, we find so much to admire in the French character, so many noble traits, so strong a love for stable government, how are we to explain these sudden ebullitions which cast the country into a ferment and endanger its national life? Or what explanation is to be given for the notorious fact that, although the country is overwhelmingly Catholic, the Catholic religion is studiously ignored and despised? Various reasons might be advanced in answer to these questions, but at present the principal one seems to be the indifference of the people in things political. The government is well aware of this indifference and treats the masses in consequence, insulting them at will, who, if they would only unite for the common good, could overturn it at will. The abstention of the better class of

Frenchmen from politics, combined with the growing materialism of the ruling classes, cannot be viewed with indifference. Frenchmen seem not to know the power or value of the ballot, nor to prize the privileges of their franchise; many of them would not miss an excursion for the sake of voting. The government alone is politically active. This activity is as pernicious as it ever was at any time during the empire; all its functionaries, judges, collectors, schoolmasters, road inspectors, etc., do campaign work for the government candidate. Most infamous means are adopted to increase the vote of their candidate; dead men vote in battalions. In 1893 at Toulouse, for instance, the register contained three thousand fictitious names; these dead-heads voted as one man. There was no cry raised against this infamous proceeding. There is no bustle at the approach of, or on the day of an election, except among the candidates and their immediate partisans, and the party press. Men do not stop one another in the streets to discuss the issues nor to express their preferences for one or other of the candidates. The elections are very corrupt, money is freely used. The contesting deputies publish all they know about one another; nay, even at times more than they do know. They will even go so far as to encroach on the private life of their opponent, telling whether he pays his bills, whether his domestic life is happy or not.

POLITICS IN UNWORTHY HANDS.

Politics have driven most of the able men out of public life. We no longer find in the French Chamber the class of able men who formerly trod its halls; the Chamber is not representative enough of the manufacturing and professional classes; there are too many small men in it of the low professional type. The priests scarcely meddle in politics, although we occasionally hear of a deputy being dispossessed on the plea of undue influence; while in truth if elections were to be challenged in other countries for the same amount of clerical influence, very few would go unchallenged into the house of representatives of any country.

Politics are controlled by groups; they are in nowise directed by party lines, as in America. A man may be and frequently is replaced by his own group, and not by the opposition; Gambetta was dethroned by his own followers, so were also Jules Ferry and many others. This condition of affairs in France fully exemplifies the saying of Montesquieu: the tyranny of a prince is not more ruinous for a state than public indifference to the common weal in a republic.

THE GREGARIOUS FRENCHMAN.

This indifference on the one hand and excessive activity on the other explain the abnormal state of affairs existing in France to-day: a government of the few making laws for the many, laws which deprive the majority of the people of their most cherished liberties, in many instances robbing them of their most sacred treasures. Yet the people appear to suffer on, contenting themselves with an occasional growl. French patriotism is very exclusive; the Frenchman is contented nowhere but in France—there he is industrious and saving. Frenchmen are loyal in their nationality, have almost a blind confidence in their government and army, which they are led to believe makes a nation respected or ignored. Because of these characteristics they are not successful colonizers. Consequently, to meet the needs of the increase in population, patrimonies have been divided and subdivided until there is no longer any room for division; the holdings are very small, hence the general unwillingness observable to have large families and the consequent non-increase of population. The smallness of the possessions, in many cases, increases the appetite of the male portion of the population for government employment. The government caters to this taste by the multiplication of positions, in order to increase its own clientage. The absence of a colonizing spirit, which would furnish an outlet for the surplus population, is hampering France in its progressive movements. The government is only too anxious to foster a spirit of colonization; whether its object be to increase its possessions, and with them the opportunities for the inhabitants to secure a livelihood, or to distract the attention of the nation from its own misdoings, it is not for us to say. The fact is, the government gives all the encouragement possible to those who show a disposition to colonize. The Duc d'Uzes, who developed a taste for foreign travel and colonization, was lauded by the government; a representative of the government was in attendance at his funeral, although he belonged to that hated loyalist party, and notwithstanding the fact that it was his mother who gave \$600,000 to Boulanger, the scheming enemy of the Republic. But all to no purpose; the French cling to their beloved France.

All in all, it is difficult to speculate on, or attempt to account for, the sudden changes which have been succeeding each other with lightning rapidity in that much

abused country. Nothing, in truth, explains them unless it be the very suddenness of these changes, the unpreparedness of the people for these changes, and the volatile character of the inhabitants. After being buffeted by the stormy winds of trial governments, the French finally cast themselves into the arms of one of their own making, whose personality was such that it has left it difficult for ordinary mortals to succeed him. They look for various qualities in their ruler; some want him to be of the bourgeois class, others that he be of noble extraction, others again that he be a mixture of both, *capax imperii nisi imperasset*. They make fun of their rulers in a light-hearted, thoughtless manner; in places of public amusement the vanities of Félix Premier are held up to ridicule night after night without a word of protest or a shudder of resentment. A popular singer has only to call Mlle. Faure the Dauphine to be greeted with roars of appreciative laughter. When the Czar visited France, his meeting with President Faure was styled the meeting of the two emperors, Félix and Nicholas. The French are a diplomatic race, trained in its traditions; their language is the diplomatic language; all this tends to increase the difficulty of pleasing them with a ruler. The discussions and bitter recriminations of the Seize May have left embittered feelings, both among the ultra-republicans and clericals or conservatives, which it will take time to heal. These recriminations would, it seems, have disrupted France long since were it not for the cohesiveness given to it by the family life of the country, which is strong and sacred. The French have a great family love; this family feeling is the root and foundation of their national life.

The policy of Leo XIII. towards France has been to consecrate and solidify the legitimate aspirations of the people for freedom and nationality. Catholic France has too long been identified with the monarchy, and of a necessity placed in opposition to the Republic. This attitude has prevailed very much to the detriment of religion. Leo says, "Accept the Republic and better it." In this lies the secret of the regeneration of France. The French people are Catholic to the heart's core, and can be nothing else. A large element of this Catholic spirit must be infused into the official circles. The best flowering of the Leonine policy in France will be peace for the Church, freedom for religious teaching, higher standards of public morality, and a perpetuation of the prestige of France into the century that is coming.



The Catechism of Rodez, explained in the form of sermons by the Abbé Luche,* is translated in the book before us by the Rev. John Thein. The Bishop of Cleveland recommends this work in very distinct terms, and we take his approval as proof of the correctness of the translation. The original work has been for the last forty years a standard source of reference for the clergy and laity of France. It has gone through fourteen editions, and in Europe the word "edition" means a good deal more than the word "issue." The author's object was to sum up the points of doctrine condensed in such a manner from the Catechism of Rodez that the preacher might be able to go over them all in the course of four years. He has availed himself of the assistance of the most accredited catechists and supported himself by the contemporary theology of Gousset and Gury. The book can be relied upon for its soundness, since it received in manuscript the favorable judgment of the "Committee on Books" of the diocese of Rodez, and in further confirmation the approbation of Monsieigneur Delalle, the Bishop.

The Catechism is divided into four parts: 1st, Faith and the Creed; 2d, Hope and Prayer; 3d, Charity and the Commandments; 4th, Grace and the Sacraments. As a specimen of the excellence of the treatment of his subjects we take at the very first Abbé Luche's method of handling the matter of faith. The reader will see at once what a resemblance it bears to the clear and luminous presentation of the subject in Cardinal Manning's *Interior Mission of the Holy Ghost*. It is, indeed, in some respects more condensed than in the last-named work; but so far from losing attractiveness by that, this quality is enhanced for Abbé Luche's purpose by a system of sub-headings. These headings state a point of doctrine, a quality, or a use in a manner to fix them in the preacher's memory, and so to serve as a centre for the others to revolve around. However, he does

* *The Catechism of Rodez*. By Rev. John Thein. St. Louis, Mo. : B. Herder.

not always follow this system throughout the work. Where paragraphs and divisions of these are the natural aids to reflection and memory, he employs them; and finally, every instruction is almost interwoven with texts of Scripture. It is, we think, impossible to speak too highly of the work, and of the debt due by American priests and laymen to Father Thein for translating it. To priests particularly, who have not much time for the preparation of sermons and catechetical instructions, the volume is of very great value. Every address is cast in such a way that it may be made either a sermon or a catechetical instruction, as the reader pleases. He has this in his power from the form of the address, which by the unity of the subject, the connection of the ideas, and the uniformity of the style enable him to widen out the scope of the ideas expressed by combining them with others suggested in a very direct way from themselves, or by some of the one thousand links of association which unite all the ideas of a particular subject into one group.

We are not going beyond the bounds of just praise when we say that the hard-working parish priest possesses in this book a little library under his eye and hand. No doubt, for the use we refer to, a certain amount of reflection is necessary, but not anything like the time which would be spent in committing to memory the substance of the very sermon a man himself had written. We shall conclude this notice by saying we are again reminded of Cardinal Manning's book above mentioned by the treatment of Grace and the Sacraments, and this is about the highest praise we can give the explanation of Christian Doctrine before us.

Impressions and Opinions, by Walter Lecky.*—The papers called by the title of this notice need very little commendation. The versatility of the writer is recognized in this country and in England, and we have evidence of that quality in this little book. Though there is a sort of unity in the subjects which may be said to refer them to one leading literary principle, namely, the art of criticism, they are still independent enough of each other to give variety of entertainment. The style is sometimes homely with a characteristic sharpness which reminds one of Crabbe, but not unfrequently, when the theme has stirred the subtler springs within the writer, it becomes eloquent, dignified, or pathetic. We have instances both of the

* Boston: Angel Guardian Press.

Crabbe-like rough sagacity and of the acuteness of criticism and exactness of diction in the essays entitled "A New Poet," "A Second Book," "Just a Little Book," and "An Irish Singer." He is very Crabbe-like in "Amiel and Pessimism"; and that means he has good sound sense and a knack of making people see that shams are to be honestly despised and put down, instead of being treated with indulgence or possibly looked upon as chivalries. The paper entitled "M. Zola and his Art" is trenchant and that on "Catholic Literature" admirable. By the way, he makes an observation in it which is, of course, as true as anything can be, namely, that in England "a prohibition was placed on Catholic books." . . . "Yet our Catholic forefathers fought strenuously against intellectual death." The first proposition says quite enough of the policy of English-speaking Protestantism, the second is a vindication of that love of learning which seems an inheritance of the Catholic. We have heard Catholics in this country who happened to possess the little education symbolized by a degree in arts attribute the backwardness of Catholics to ignorance of the new philosophy, just as if there were such a thing as new philosophy at all. Philosophy is the science of causes, and not the classification of instances or the report of experimental results. The modern man of science makes the mistake of confounding philosophy with theory, and so his half-taught disciples wipe away the Greek and Latin schools with the unknown systems of Egypt and the East inherited by them, wipe away the almost inspired application of the teaching of those schools by means of which the Fathers of the church and the Schoolmen anticipated and solved every question that now disturbs society. We are obliged to Walter Lecky for the two remarks we have quoted, if only because they have given the opportunity to express our scorn and contempt of the half-taught Catholic of the public school and the degree-conferring body of a lecture institute called a college, who believes that "culture" is non-Catholic, but fears that wisdom is Catholic.

The Cup of the Tregarvans, by Frances I. Kershaw.*—The writer is Sister Isabelle, author of *Mrs. Markham's Two Nieces* and other works; and she gives us in this story a vivid picture of the evils of intemperance. By the command of an admirable style and the possession of much knowledge of old family

* *The Cup of the Tregarvans*. By Frances I. Kershaw. London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York: Benziger Bros.

history and old usages she lifts her "novel with a purpose" out of the dry leaves of that species of composition. We were refreshed by the writer's modesty as much as we were pleased by the easy grace with which she flung an interest on incidents commonplace enough, and the exercise of habits degrading and disgusting to the last degree. The tale is written in the hope it will do good. We ask for it a hearing. It deserves one for the success with which the writer triumphs over the difficulty of an uninviting subject, and for the benevolence which opened to the wretched drunkard a life of repentance without impairing the value of the lesson inculcated in the shame and violence of his early days.

Let no Man put Asunder, by Josephine Marié,* is a very clever story by the author of *Love Stronger than Death*, and one that can be safely recommended for its sound knowledge and moral elevation. It would hardly be fair to indicate the points of the story—we prefer that our readers should go to the book itself for these, but there are some of the circumstances—what in illustrative painting is called the decorative side—which we shall notice because they afford tokens of the ability of the author. The first chapter, what might in a play be called the first scene of the first act, opens in a hospital, where a young girl is found in attendance on her dying mother. She is a clever and accomplished girl of good birth, but only seventeen, and when the mother dies there is no protector. The physician who attended the mother, Dr. Thorndale, takes a great and compassionate interest in the orphan. Esperance is her name. He takes her to his home—he is in leading practice—and Mrs. Thorndale, the doctor's wife, and his two sons, Donaldson and Anselm, receive her, and she becomes one of the family. The Thorndales are Episcopalians; Esperance is a Catholic, with but one friend in New York who had known her in childhood in England, the Jesuit now of Sixteenth Street, Father Searlington. Dr. Thorndale, suspecting his *protégée* is pining, calls on Father Searlington, and carries him off to dinner to meet Esperance.

From this time life moves in Dr. Thorndale's family in a round of quiet, well-bred repose; the doctor at his practice, the boys at their studies, and the guest now to all intents and purposes an adopted child, and the gracious wife and mother shedding around the influence of a gentle and noble character.

* *Let no Man put Asunder*. By Josephine Marié. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The respective dispositions of the boys, or rather of the young men, are drawn with remarkable force and precision. Donaldson falls in love with Esperance, who returns his affection, but he goes to Paris to finish his studies for the medical profession without making known his sentiments. He prosecutes them with distinguished success. A curious complication arises—it seems a little far-fetched, to be sure—but as a result of it an advertisement and a paragraph appear in the *New York Herald*, the first announcing, the second giving details, of a rather peculiar kind, of the marriage of Donaldson Thurston Thorndale and Marienette L'Estrange, at the English chapel in the Rue d'Alma. It was known from Donaldson's letters that his intimate friend was a student of great promise named Pierre L'Estrange. It is well to bear in mind that the old doctor had died before Donaldson's departure for Europe, and both Anselm and Esperance were anxious to keep from the mother the intelligence which appeared in the paper.

Believing that Donaldson was married, though she found it difficult to think him capable of disloyalty, Esperance agrees to marry Anselm. There was deep treachery towards his brother in the conduct of Anselm. A slight but suggestive study of the descent of a weak and attractive character from selfishness to dishonor marks this stage of Anselm's wooing. The marriage takes place, Donaldson returns home. At his unexpected entrance Anselm becomes deadly pale. The former notices this, but for the time passes it by as without significance. Other circumstances point to a mystery, which is finally revealed by the determination of Donaldson, doubtless inspired by the instinct of affection, to find out the truth. Then comes the silent tragedy of a life which, under the influence of religion and suffering, becomes refined and elevated in the young wife. Her example, the sweetness of her patience, and her conscientious regard for duty redeem the husband. With this meagre outline we dismiss the reader to find out for himself the art with which the points are woven into a story consistent enough, notwithstanding the rather unusual, if not wholly improbable, coincidences upon which the plot turns. The mere fact that certain occurrences are possible are not legitimate forces to be employed in the conduct of a work of imagination, unless they spring from, or are directed in some way by, one of the characters endowed with power to produce the catastrophe. The paltry incidents, the slight circumstances, which wreck the name, fame, and life of Othello, are not only ren-

dered probable in the effect aimed at, but are an irresistible influence when employed by the profound insight into character which Iago possessed.

The subjects treated in this volume of historical papers * belong to the past in their interest, and in a secondary sense only to the present. That is, they have a value as side-lights showing certain conditions under which the struggle between the church and the forces against her has been carried on since the Reformation in England. One paper, called the *Hungarian Confession*, would at first sound appear to be outside this area, but as political misrepresentation abroad has been a considerable factor in influencing English opinion on the church as a social fact, it is very far from being irrelevant.

The other articles are, one on the "English Coronation Oath," in accordance with which the sovereign enters upon his office over his Catholic subjects by swearing that their religion is superstitious and idolatrous. This, which is a learned article by Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R., may open a way to new historical appreciations on the part of our non-Catholic friends. The paper entitled "Blessed Thomas Percy, Martyr, Earl of Northumberland," by Father Phillips, is a chapter in the struggle of the church with the masterful policy of Elizabeth and her ministers. One value, at least, in papers of this kind, when they can be relied upon—and these can be fully trusted—is that they help to fix the memory of the general historical events of a period and at the same time enable one to judge of their relation to each other; but possibly better still, to the formation of a sound habit of thought with respect to great movements which they are sure to foster in minds of some capacity.

The other papers are, the "Landing of St. Augustine," by the learned editor, and the "Reformation at St. Martin's, Leicester," by Dudley Baxter, B.A. The "Landing of St. Augustine" is a well-reasoned essay, the point of which may be well gathered from the form in which he puts certain questions formulated by the Bishop of Stepney. This prelate in the form of his questions implied and assumed so much that was not merely controversial, but what any historian except a mere churchman would decide against him, that it was necessary to cast the matter at issue into this form, in which it could be fully and at the same time conveniently discussed. "Did he

* *Historical Papers*. Edited by Rev. Sydney T. Smith, J.P. London: Catholic Truth Society.

(St. Augustine) come to found a church which should be independent of the See of Peter? or one which should look up to it as the necessary centre of unity and the necessary source of all ecclesiastical authority?" Whether the Anglicans are departing from or merely returning to the "Reformation settlement," one has an excellent means of judging from the parish and other entries in day books and account books given in Mr. Baxter's essay named above.

Concerning the utility of discussions on the comparative number of the saved and the lost for the general reader there may be a good deal of difference of opinion, but there can be none as to the interest with which speculations on such deep and absorbing topics are regarded by the vast majority of people. The profound and vital problems springing from the Creation of man, the Fall and the Redemption, in all their aspects and bearings on the human race, were fought over in the Scotch churches from the reign of Mary until the Revolution, and outside the churches were fought over by country gentlemen at the head of their tenants on the one side, and wild fanatics and well-paid mercenaries under the Reforming nobles on the other for awhile; and for awhile by the forces of the crown on one side and the fanatics without the mercenaries on the other. Then their interest departed. In what way it can become a question of practical utility—this one of the relative number of the saved and lost—we fail to see, unless a very considerable tract is employed in defining the meaning of terms. What are the respective numbers required? What are the claims of God's justice? What are the materials for judgment in estimating the proportions of good and bad men in any age, and again in every age? Father Walsh offers* an interesting examination of Massillon's two sermons entitled "On the Small Number of the Elect"; and with respect to these we cordially agree with our author that the great preacher is to be admired for the apostolic spirit which alone could have inspired him to address sermons of the kind to a king like Louis XIV., and a court such as that which turned with each "vary" of his like the "halcyon beaks" Kent describes with such force and spirit.

Under another title much of what Father Walsh presents to us would be invaluable in correcting erroneous notions of

* *The Comparative Number of the Saved and the Lost..* By Nicholas Walsh, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

the church's teaching with regard to God's dealing with mankind. At the same time we do not mean to say that the purely speculative form of the title impairs the value of what he says about the church's teaching on this matter. In this he states the doctrine of the church; but if we take, for instance, the question of what she holds concerning those outside the fold, apart from the comparative number of the saved and lost of the whole human race, a practical question of vital interest to those persons is immediately raised. He presents this point himself with great felicity, but who would expect to find it in a "study" into which as an element of computation the number of baptized infants must largely enter? "We Catholics," he says and says well, "are no doubt singularly privileged, the petted children of God, but we must not do an injustice to him by imagining that we have so absorbed his privileges and love that he has not much left for our poor pagan brothers and sisters."

A Harp of Many Chords, by Mary F. Nixon,* is a brightly told account of experiences in foreign countries by an American heiress and her aunt. They wander from one country to another and have had the advantage of mixing with really good society, which is a very different thing from fashionable society. The first visit is paid to a country family in the North of Ireland, and the elements of a romance arise there between the heiress and an "English-Irishman." We are informed he has the merit of combining the "staying power of the Anglo-Saxon" with the "passionate purity inherited from his Irish ancestors." Some way or another outside people with the best feelings—we mean people not brought up in Ireland and not racy of the soil, but with kindly sentiments towards that race—are invariably blundering in their estimates of its character and disposition.

The American ladies meet a very polite and somewhat melodramatic Austrian baron in the Tyrol. Pages of lively description of scene and incident make the stay there pleasant for the reader. Curiously the English-Irishman turns up while the heiress is spending some heart-sick moments in the cathedral of Innsbruck. She says she is "awfully" glad to see him. However, in a confession for advice—she had no intention of putting her sins on another's shoulders, which it seems Catholics do when they confess in the Sacrament of Penance—

* *A Harp of Many Chords*. By Mary F. Nixon. St. Louis: B. Herder.

she informs him that the baron saved their lives when a pair of horses ran away, but he made her uncomfortable. There was a mistake in the matter of identification which, though not quite new in works of fiction, is very amusingly wrought out, much more so than the similar one in *Quentin Durward*. Let us be understood: "more amusingly" we say, but there are circumstances in the adventures of the Ladies of Croye not often approached in interest. A very unusual thing in a book of this kind, a difficulty is solved by overhearing a conversation; the eavesdropping is accidental at first, but for the honor of listening to the conversation we have not even Edgar's excuse for opening his brother's letter. There was no necessity to dig secrets out of hearts. There is talk of a duel and the baron says to the "English-Irishman": "Otto von Diesko does not fire twice." Unless we are greatly mistaken no Austrian gentleman would make this boast, though it is the kind of thing that draws down the gallery in a transpontine theatre. The next incident, and the whole company would be called before the curtain, as the detective, like an amiable *deus ex machina*, solves a difficulty complicated as a problem in sociology proposed by a Chicago professor.

The book is entertaining. It appears you do not escape advertisements in North Africa; no one would suppose you escaped them in the South—that is, at the Cape—or wherever British commerce, equivalent for religion, has found its way; but in Tangier, unless we are mistaken, Sozodont is painted on the walls. Dr. Hunt, whose acquaintance is made in Africa, impresses the heiress. She reviews the men whom she met in the short period since she left the convent in Paris and who were an "interest" to her. The number, though respectable, is not appalling, and we beg our readers to remember our word "interest" is not a word of very restricted signification. However, a romance springs out of this acquaintance, with a shadow or two of sadness, but somewhat melodramatic. Miss Nixon is best at descriptions of scenery, and she sometimes works out her conversations with naturalness and piquancy, but she suffers from the mania of the time, a desire to be brilliant, when instead she is, like Mr. Marion Crawford, only smart or flip-pant, with the flippancy of the oyster-bar or the music-hall. This may seem severe, but it simply demonstrates that this author has taken her impressions of men and women and of their ways from poor novels; mainly from shallow and vulgar books like Balzac's, Mr. Allen's, and that crowd of money-

seekers who have not only destroyed the literary taste of our time, but have introduced an epidemic of coarse thought and an infection of bad manners into what those persons represent as good society. The result is that it is almost impossible to expect a good book for purposes of relaxation. It will portray a society which never existed except in the fancy of the writer. If the men and women of such a book are shown in illustrations, these are no more like the author's drawing than Rosinante resembled the war-steed for which he stood in the imagination of the immortal Knight of La Mancha. You could worship the image of every man or woman in the pages of Balzac, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Grant Allen, or of some others, without being guilty of idolatry, because that man or woman would be like nothing in heaven, or on earth, or under the earth. We could say no less for certain reasons, but we can very fairly add that Miss Nixon's book is a pleasant one; and an enjoyable hour or two may be derived from it by any reader whatever.

The title of the 39-page pamphlet before us* naturally leads one to expect patriotic songs, such as might be supposed to spring into life within the brain of one who rejoices over the German, Austrian, and Italian league, but the author had in mind a sweeter, holier, and more enduring union—the triple alliance mentioned in a text of St. Paul's, "Now abideth Faith, Hope, and Love, these three." It is not to be thought, however, that these are sacred songs. Their character is, indeed, ennobling and distinctly religious, but their themes are more earthly than divine. It is the love—noble and pure—of man for woman, of parent for child, of a strong, true soul for its country, for the beauty of created things, for the hero, the poet, and the benefactors of human kind, that fills the author's heart and is embalmed in his words, though ever and anon the sublimer strains of faith and trust in God and of love for him break on the ear.

There are in all twenty-two poems, and not one lacks in either thought or expression the clear impress of a true and skilful poet's care, while some have high worth, displaying as they do elevated thought and a rich, chaste imagination, as well as an excellent choice of words and rhythm. One will not meet in the whole book a single stiff or limping verse, nor more than a few imperfect rhymes. There is in this work,

* *Staves of the Triple Alliance*. By St. James Cummings. Published by the Author, Charleston, S. C.

however, one jarring note. Though, to our own thinking, some of these poems may not unfittingly win a long life in the memories and affections of men, still it would have been better had the author not told us that they will be treasured through the ages to come—

“ If one good listener’s heart continue warm
Towards lives kept pure and beauty that is fraught
With cheer for those who struggle through the storm.”

In the race for lasting fame these songs may be outstripped by rivals of late birth, as they are by many a sweet and wholesome predecessor, and yet men’s hearts will thrill with love for the beautiful and pure.

A bit of Yankee enterprise is illustrated in the making of the book *Jack Curzon*,* by Archibald Claverling Gunter, just at this time. Mr. Gunter might, indeed, be reasonably suspected of being a shrewd advertising agent employed by various steamship companies, hemp manufacturers, and various other commercial affairs, besides killing another bird with the same stone for himself. The best word that can be said for *Jack Curzon* is that it is just vulgar. It is an up-to-date story of our late brush with the Spaniards, and it has all the “extras” of the newest burlesque. Mr. Gunter’s eye to stage-setting might rival Irving’s own. Nothing has been overlooked in the way of “properties.” The very latest thing in the way of Philippine friar villany (and the very oldest too in the way of slander) has been “brought on” in the panorama which he spreads before us. His manipulation of names which are now household words, Hobson, Dewey, Aguinaldo, Weyler, *et al.*, and the way they serve to dress up his little tale, would, it seems to us, make the profession of the yellow journalist a far more profitable business to this enterprising author than either novel writing or advertising. Yet it is a pity that such remarkable talent and facility with the pen should be employed in no more ambitious way than he has used it, even though it may pay. And a book like *Jack Curzon* will undoubtedly pay, since the same enterprise which dictated the writing of it is employed in getting it before the public, as we understand that Mr. Gunter publishes his own books.

**Jack Curzon*, (being a portion of the Records of the Managing Clerk of Martin Thompson & Co., English merchants doing business in Hong Kong, Manila, Cebu, and Straits Settlements). A novel. By Archibald Claverling Gunter, author of *Mr. Barnes of New York*. New York: The Home Publishing Company.

What a pity that man rarely is aware of the arrival of that auspicious moment in his life when the tide of his affairs is at its flood and *might* lead on to fortune. If this book had been written without the trail of the serpent that winds in and out through the fair scenes and the glowing pictures of love and war, romance and chivalry, which he has depicted in its pages, Mr. Gunter might have proven the American Cervantes of the coming century. Perhaps he may have aspired to this when he selected his theme. He could not have reached out more boldly than he has for something startling and extraordinary and altogether fascinating. His principal creation of an American Spanish beauty, or beauties, for there are two of them, daughters of an old New England pirate who has abrogated his rights of American citizenship in his greed for Spanish gold obtained by trading in her colonies, is a masterpiece of imagination and a decided "hit," in stage parlance. He might easily charm two continents with such a creature, for he has kept intact in her every Spanish charm and grace inherited from her Castilian mother while blending with it the quintessence of fin-de-siècle American girlism, sending her to Vassar College, and from thence to "Miss Browne's fashionable academy on Fifth Avenue, and from thence to Kansas to vote" and become a full-fledged "citizeness" of the United States! so that even the far-away twentieth century triumphs yet in store for the American girl may be anticipated for this beautiful creature. But there is some absurd anti-climax in the author's attempts at tragedy and pathos, which are very much like the serio comic touches of genuine burlesque. He can neither be wholly tragic nor wholly pathetic even after he has created the most sublime situations. Neither can he resist spoiling some of his most delicate touches with a smudge of coarseness. His love-making is vulgar, though apparently intended to be worthy of Bayard himself in *sans peur et sans reproche*.

His ideas and opinions of the native Filipino are original, to say the least, but quite what might be expected from one who knows nothing about them while pretending to know it all. "Dear, fascinating, brave, merry little Filipinos; a race with man's muscle, but woman's nature; brave as women, impulsive as women, vindictive as women, fickle as women, who love like women, hate like women, and fight like men—who are sometimes fierce as devils, and at other times tender as nursery rhymes." Concerning their religion, he thus sums up the

only part of it which was in evidence to *him*: "Though whatever their former creeds have been, Buddha or Vishnu or Mohammed, or worshippers of that mysterious being that strikes them down by lightning thunderbolts that they call Cambunian, they all, men and women, girls and boys, carry candles and march in religious *festins*, and cross themselves and go to confession and salaam to their *padres*, as members of the Church of Rome; all these hating Spain, yet bowing to the flag that floats over the citadel of Santiago."

Perhaps the one pure human touch in the whole book is the dog-like faithfulness of a Tagal boy to his imperious American mistress, or perhaps it is the gentle old Philippine friar, Mazie's confessor, whose invariable advice as to the vexing question of her marriage with the English officer is to "marry the man she loves." It is one admission, though a questionable one from Mr. Gunter, that these greedy friars can listen to other promptings of human nature besides the baser ones.

On the day of Newman's conversion to the church, and thenceforward, Dr. Pusey was acknowledged leader of the Tractarian movement in the English Church. It is owing to his prominence in that position that his name is known all the world over, that Puseyite and Puseyism were coined into the English language, and that a Greek newspaper even spoke of Pouzeismós. But there was another side to the man and less well known, forming the chief matter of interest in the present volume.

The lofty plane on which his private life was pitched, and the recognized earnestness and self-denying virtue of the great divine, made him a man apart. He cultivated to the end of his life that craving for spiritual development and growth in holiness which had been the inspiring note of the original Tractarianism, and spent his days in consistent practice of those high ideals he had preached, living simply and piously, as far as he could in seclusion, working early and late for friend and stranger, rich and poor alike, interesting himself in all who applied for his assistance, and giving them of what he had. Famous for deep scholarship, literary activity, and leadership in ecclesiastical politics, it must not be forgotten that Dr. Pusey was likewise a comforter of souls, the standby and support of thousands, to whom no clear light had come in their religious difficulties, and for whom he, unassisted, must do duty as friend, guide, confessor, bishop, and *church*. Throughout

his life such perplexing questions as sisterhoods, confessions, ritual, and ceremonial were constantly coming forward to be submitted to his ultimatum, and even more personal questions, as personal beliefs, pious or penitential exercises, were placed before him, with a readiness and hope born of earnestness and unselfishness recognized as proper to a man who sold his horses that he might give more generously, and whose wife parted with her jewels as an offering to the London churches.

The private, inner sentiments of such a life naturally find freest and truest expression in personal letters. Hence, the editors of the great volumes recently published expressed their intention of publishing Dr. Pusey's Letters to supply the gap necessarily left by the biographer in the record of that busy life. And so here* we have collected a considerable portion of that immense correspondence carried on by him, in dealing with the difficulties of individual souls. The portion of most interest, and most properly the one to which largest space is given, we think to be that dealing with trials in the spiritual life of those who sought his counsel, partly because advice on such matters is of universal and undying interest, partly because it so clearly portrays the writer's personality and strongest traits, and partly, too, because his theological position and arguments are well enough known and sufficiently available elsewhere.

Those of the letters dealing with affliction and death are most characteristic, perhaps doubly impressive, when we remember the touching and romantic attachment which Dr. Pusey bore for ten long years towards her who finally became his wife, only to be separated a few years after, leaving a sting in her husband's heart that attested at once the purity of his affection and the strength of his religious submission. Letters of advice to unbelievers, and to those trembling on the verge of the Roman tide, likewise outline clearly the characteristic bent of the writer's mind, and give us an idea at once of that unshaken, never-hesitating confidence of position mentioned by Newman, and again of the immense difficulties that had to be faced in doing duty as the sole channel of orthodox belief to a whole church's doctrinal and spiritual aspirations. The book is a necessary supplement to the work on which Dr. Liddon spent so many years, and will be thoroughly appreciated by those who have followed sympathizingly the details of a great man's life.

* *Spiritual Letters of Edward Bouverie Pusey*. Edited by the Rev. J. O. Johnston, M.A., and the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The translation of another of Father Grou's works * will be welcomed by every one who can appreciate spiritual writings. This volume is but a portion of the author's *L'École de Jésus Christ*, but makes up quite a complete treatise, sure by its title to win a large number of persons carefully to scrutinize it. For we have yet to meet the earnest Christian who is not ready and eager to be instructed on how to improve in the practice of that essential of spiritual life and progress, prayer.

Our most extravagant admiration could lend no further value to a work of Father Grou's than what it possesses as a birthright, for the author is of unquestioned excellence as a pious, deep-thinking, sensible, clear, and impressive expositor of Christ's teaching and the science of the saints. We dare only note, for our readers' sake, how strongly this master of the spiritual life insists on the fact that "spirituality" and piety and great growth in God's service are not rare, exceptional gifts closely monopolized by the few; but that to every one of us God is calling to approach him more nearly, to make of our souls the great, glorious, beautiful things their Creator planned them to be. A further comment we cannot refrain from is, that a sifting of the Lord's Prayer—the prayer *par excellence* for all time in heaven and on earth—supplies Father Grou, concise and brief as is his style, with matter for *nearly a hundred pages*. We commend the memory of this fact to those persons who measure progress by the *number* of times they can race through this or other vocal prayers, thinking that one hundred and eighty-six Our Fathers will certainly do twice as much good as ninety-three.

The Christ, by O. C. Auringer and J. Oliver Smith.†—We have in the work just named what the authors call on their title-page a poetical study of the life of the Lord. They are not Catholics, but they are largely imbued with the Catholic spirit; and this may be saying that they are poets too. It is not remarkable to us, who know the reason, that the highest and sweetest thought by which soul communicates with soul comes from the sentiment and emotion informed by the Catholic intellect. Poets whose doctrinal or speculative opinions were as hostile to the church as those of her declared enemies have said their finest things when for a moment they stood in

**How to Pray*. From the French of Abbé Grou, S.J., by Teresa Fitzgerald. Edited, with preface, by Father Clarke, S.J. London: Thomas Baker; New York: Benziger Bros.

† New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the penumbra of her teaching. Her mind alone realizes the nature and dignity of man, and her heart the pathos of his weakness and the power of temptation. She loves man in a sense profounder and more far-reaching than the Greek love of his intellect and shape; she loves him as her Spouse did, despite the leprosy of his sin and the loathsomeness of physical disease. So, when a pure and elevated sympathy found expression here and there in the tumult of Byron's passion, we were reminded of the Catholic heart; when a truth concerning the brotherhood of man and its relation to the common Father comes out in Faust, we think that Goethe's meditations led him towards the light; the same with Wordsworth and with Tennyson; the same with the authors of the poems before us.

They have not, indeed, the varied power and intensity of "the lords of song," but they possess the power which belongs to purity of thought and loyalty to conscience; the power which brings men of high ideals, and earnestness in pursuing them, to the mountain tops where prophets breathe as their true atmosphere an air too difficult for men of selfish aims.

There are speculative errors in these poems, and in these we invariably see that the singers lose the magic of their touch, a something of subtle discord as though another spirit leant upon the strings. In such differences we perceive their inferiority to the great poets to whom the high frenzy of intellect or the passion of genius revealed a truth amid the whirlwinds of human feeling, or the results of powers trained merely in speculative thought and the imitation of the most perfect models. It is such heights to which genius alone can rise that show how much greater one man may be than another. That the writers before us could pursue a thought through windings of the awful and mysterious, we have evidence in the faulty poem "Gethsemane"; that in language and the music of words they possess the skill of imitative art in a degree scarcely excelled by Tennyson, is apparent in "The Journey of Mary to the Hill-Country." Yet in the latter, admirable though its execution is, we do not find one instance of that perfect relation between thought and word which can be found scattered through the poems of Tennyson, of Shelley, and of Byron.

Heroes of the Middle West, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood,* is a small volume, but it deserves more than a brief notice and

* Boston : Ginn & Co. ; The Athenæum Press.

we are sorry we can spare only a paragraph or two in noticing it. The starting of Father Marquette's expedition to the Upper Mississippi from the missionary station of St. Ignace, in 1673, is described with animation. The party consisted of seven: the priest himself, Louis Joliet, and five trained woodsmen. The governor of Canada, Count de Frontenac, thought the enterprise sufficiently important to send Joliet and the woodsmen with Father Marquette. There are some allusions to the family of the latter which ought to possess interest for Americans. One is that three Marquettes fought for Independence under Lafayette. We learn that at the time the confederacy known as the Five Nations only counted twenty-two hundred fighting men; and yet these were the most formidable savages on the continent to European settlers. It may be readily enough inferred that almost as many millions of people as there were then hundreds now derive subsistence from the region over which those savages fished and hunted for precarious support.

The first meeting with Indians was at a village not far from the great river. They were a branch "of the great Algonquin family." Marquette and Joliet being led to the principal lodge, found outside the door an old Indian awaiting them in full court dress arranged for the occasion, as in Paradise before the Fall. His gestures are described as graceful and dignified as he welcomed them with the words, "How bright is the sun when you come to see us, O Frenchmen! Our lodges are all open to you." Within the wigwam the visitors were offered the pipe of peace—what Artemus Ward calls the "calumel" of that relation between high contracting parties. Marquette took the pipe, though that part of the ceremony seemed a hard penance to him. Well, in diplomatic intercourse, from the earliest days, much smoke has been blown and some swallowed against the will. Joliet did his part in this branch of the ambassadorial functions with the zest and energy of a veteran cloud-compeller.

The interview with the chief, who resided in "a town" some distance from the village, is a picture of rare value as a sociological study, and given with much grace and animation of style. It suggests some speculation of a kind in direct conflict with the theories of that highly amiable school of social philosophy represented by Spencer. The lodges of the savages possessed evidences of comfort which could not be found in laborers' dwellings in England at the close of the last and the

beginning of the present century. After presenting cloth and beads, the missionary stated they were voyaging in peace to visit nations on the river. With more presents he declared he came to announce that God their Creator had taken pity on them, and sent them to make Him known to them. With more presents he informed them that the French had established peace by overcoming the Iroquois, and with more presents he concluded the address by requesting all the knowledge they could give about the sea and intervening nations.

The compliments paid by the chief to the Blackgown were high flown enough in all conscience, but in incomparably better taste than her own courtiers and foreign ambassadors used to offer Elizabeth. The earth had never been so beautiful, he said, the sun so bright, as on that day; but he put it rather strongly when he attributed the even flow of the river to the retirement of the rocks at the approach of their canoes; however, he could speak from experience when he added that his tobacco had never had so fine a flavor as on that occasion.

The banquet was a hospitable affair. We shall give a portion of the menu: First course, sagamity, or corn-meal, boiled in water and grease; the second, fish; the third, dog; the fourth, buffalo; but we infer this would not have appeared only that the missionaries shrank from the preceding course. Manners are, like usages, dependent on surroundings and so on. The chief spoon-fed his guests with the corn-meal, like children. Three or four spoonfuls to Marquette, then as many to Joliet. Nothing could be more distinguished than the politeness with which he dispensed the fish. He picked out the bones with his own fingers, blew on the fish to cool it, and—we give the rest in our author's own words, for which we cannot just now think of any at all so expressive—"stuffed the explorers with all he could make them accept." The chief made a present of a boy to Marquette, and begged of him to stay with them as an intermediary with the Great Spirit. A calumet dance was held in honor of the visitors, a very remarkable ceremony, and on the following day, after promising to return to instruct their hosts, they were accompanied by several hundreds of the friendly tribe to their canoes. An interesting memento was that of their seeing the two painted dragons high up on the rocks above the water before they came to the place where the turbid rush of the Missouri sweeps in like a storm on the clearer stream. They only escaped being massacred when they came to the wide expanse near the mouth of the Arkansas River by the coolness

of Marquette and his holding up the Illinois calumet during the rain of missiles until it was observed by the assailants.

Now we come to Marquette's illness, and soon after his death; and we close this notice of a book which the reader will find an excellent chapter in that history of daring and adventure, of fortitude and fidelity to high purposes, which serves to purify men's spirits amid the selfish pursuits and the petty routine of ordinary life, with the word that there are other heroes told of later on.

A Cruise under the Crescent, by Charles Warren Stoddard.*—The sketches accompanying the letter-press of Mr. Stoddard are very suitable to the matter in which they are framed, and help to illustrate it in a pleasant, easy way. The ground traversed is familiar to us in every kind of composition. It has been regarded from every point of view and by every order of ability. Vanity desiring to see itself on a title-page has written its inanities, or employed other hands to put in shape its impressions. Norway has not yet been overdone, but it is so fearfully suggestive of novelties to the yachtsman or the Cockney that it cannot remain longer safe from the fate of the South and East. Mr. Stoddard's style is something of a luxury. It puts one at his ease. There is a kind of charm like that of good conversation on everything he tells about, whether it be about the Bethlehem shop-keepers who pull your skirts that you may buy, or the man who offers to tattoo your arm in memory of Jerusalem.

One might almost cry out in despair on the first glance at Jerusalem, seeing the mercenary spirit of its inhabitants, which penetrates even the most secret and sacred of shrines. "Ye have made it a den of thieves," he adds in a quiet, convincing way. A quiet word or two about a Moslem cemetery—a tiny garden-plot in the Via Dolorosa—puts its flowers and thistles fat and thriving before you—nay, you rest in its serene and secret loveliness as if you were reading a little poem on death which is not altogether sad. The impression produced by this picture, painted with such mysterious power over tranquillizing thoughts, makes us look upon Gray's "Elegy" as a blatant profanation of man's last resting place, which should be always held sacred to soft and solemn memories.

He conducts us to the most singular and solemn spectacle which could have been witnessed anywhere since the daughters of Sion wept by the waters of Babylon. It was at the Jews'

* Chicago and New York : Rand, McNally & Co.

wailing-place. It was a wail raised at the foundations of the Temple, where men and women and young lads poured out their souls in agonies of grief and prayer over the place that is desolate, destroyed; over the walls no longer there, the departed majesty of the people, their glorious dead, their priests who had stumbled before God, and the kings who had despised him. We can almost fancy we hear, as our author thought he heard, the name of Jerusalem said over and over a thousand times, as the antiphon praying for mercy on Sion, for the calling together the children of Jerusalem—Sion and Jerusalem ending the alternate lines was chanted by each in turn. We confess to have been deeply touched by this memorial of the despair of an outcast people, even though the mingled sounds of the hopeless sorrow and the fierce energy of the prayer of long desolated hearts were no more than a fancy wrought in us by words.

Beirut has a word or two from him which reminds one of the effect of a cameo of many colors; but he is disillusioning when he comes to the fertile Troad, the wind-swept Ilium, the Hellespont. Curtius' *History of Greece* is quite poetic amid its philosophy in treating of these scenes where the homicide Mars bellowed and the wise Ulysses and the other well-greaved Greeks left to all generations such a record in policy and arms as will not be surpassed by the perfected race which Positivism is to produce. Fancy! when he comes to the Hellespont, Mr. Stoddard says Leander swam it; "so did Byron, so did we—in a ship." We can only add, in sorrow, so did "Mr. Ekenhead," but not in a ship. He seems grateful to Homer for burning Troy because the fertile Troad is a bleak plain.

When he gets cruising between the Pontus and Propontis he is a very pleasant companion, as indeed everywhere. What memories are associated with these shores! Going hither and thither through the book, as the author swings in his ship from the European to the Asiatic side and back again, we enjoy the scenes he opens, the curious notes on men—never caustic, though sometimes droll with the very slightest flavor of malice—a suspicion of Attic salt—and we give him our thanks for a delightful time.

How to Enjoy Pictures is a tasteful little volume,* excepting the color of covers. Its distinct purpose is to help the uninitiated properly to appreciate pictures and photographs. All the workmanship, writing, illustration, and binding is well

* *How to Enjoy Pictures*. By M. S. Emery. The Prang Educational Co.

and gracefully done, each serving its end admirably. The limitation of aim forbids our criticising the plan as defective. Still, one must realize that a personal study of great masterpieces is apt to be arbitrary; and the writer here, necessarily, reads her own ideas into the subjects passed under review. This, of course, will scarcely educate the reader in the art of critical appreciation; whether it may or may not result in successful attempts at criticism on similar lines depends on the student's ambition and energy. On the whole the book is very welcome, as being another effort to develop good taste and lofty thought among the many. A foundation in the principles governing successful composition is pretty sure to be the gain of any intelligent reader of Miss Emery's work. Nothing striking or original is ventured; and, of course, nothing but the ordinary views proclaimed. The illustrations are a well-chosen series of reproductions from the great masters, ancient and modern, the most familiar and popular pieces being selected, as is very wise. The series, too, is fairly representative of Catholic work and Catholic masters; and a novel feature is a consideration of illustrations produced in current standard magazines.

Accomplished gentleman and courteous, as M. Bourget proved himself on occasion of his visit to us, still he is capable of writing *The Disciple*.^{*} It seems wonderful to us. Perhaps we are less used to such anomalies on this side of the water; but certainly a man among us who attains to M. Bourget's station would carry something better to the publishers than the manuscript of a work like this.

If the lessons of the book are needed by the typical young Frenchman of the day, then well may the men of letters "tremble at their own responsibility." Poor, shallow, spiritless *canaille* is the youth of France, if such volumes are its gospel. How different from the generous spirits that thronged the universities a half-century ago!

Psychology amateurish, characters undeveloped save in one instance; plot, plan, aim not discernible. Heaven forgive the writer of a book so thoroughly lacking in justification of existence! Situations of dramatic possibility are uncultivated, wild traits and abnormal dispositions are multiplied, the *dénouement* is laughably, grotesquely flat. We give the author *carte blanche* to depict the passionate—for M. Bourget does not feed

^{*} *The Disciple*. By Paul Bourget. (Translated.) London and New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

upon filth and gloat over coarseness—and he produces so dismally powerless a picture that we are fain to cry out: Was it for this I waded through weary pages of analysis and minute study?

Nay, M. Bourget, give us some clever little sketches of men and things and do not pose as the leader and teacher of a rising generation, and never again write so grand a preface to a similarly disappointing work.

Let us add that the person who translated this book should never again be entrusted with a task of that sort; not even the poverty of the subject matter can justify such atrocious slaughter.

NEW BOOKS.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

German Higher Schools. By James E. Russell, Ph.D.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., New York:

Laurel Winners, Portraits, and Silhouettes of American Composers.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., New York:

Through the Year. Book I., September to January. By Anna M. Clyde and Lillian Wallace. *Through the Year.* Book II., February to June.

Poetry of the Seasons. Compiled by Mary I. Lovejoy. *Braided Straws.* By Elizabeth E. Foulke.

SWEDENBORG PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, Germantown, Pa.:

God Winning Us. By Rev. Clarence Lathbury.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLISHING CO., New York:

Symbolism of Early Christianity from the Catacombs of Rome. Three Lectures by Right Rev. F. S. Chatard, Bishop of Indianapolis.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

A Harp of Many Chords. By Mary F. Nixon. *The Ideal New Woman.* From the French of the Countess Ernestine De Trémaudan.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., New York:

The Message of Christ to Manhood; being the William Beldon Noble Lectures for 1898.

THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Ind.:

The Tales Tim Told Us. By Mary E. Mannix.

MACMILLAN CO., New York:

Three Studies in Literature. By Lewis E. Gates, Professor of English in Harvard.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., New York:

The Story of the Thirteen Colonies. By H. A. Guerber. *Selections from the Correspondence of Cicero.* By J. C. Kirtland, Jr., Phillips Exeter Academy. *Ten Orations of Cicero.* Edited by William R. Harper, Ph.D., President University of Chicago, and Frank A. Gallup, A.B., Professor of Latin, Colgate Academy.

AZARIAS LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, Syracuse, N. Y.:

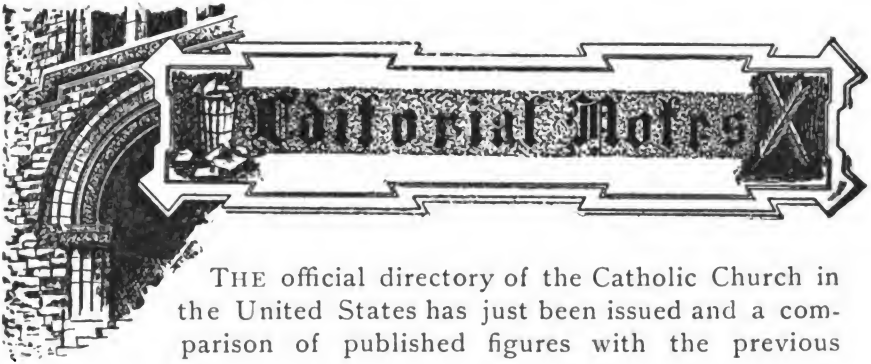
Culture of the Spiritual Sense. By Brother Azarias.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:

Bible Stories in Bible Language. By Edward T. Potter.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Ceremonial for Servers. Part I., Low Mass. *Christianity or Agnosticism.* By Abbé Louis Picard. Authorized translation revised by Rev. J. G. Macleod, S.J. *Historic Nuns.* By Bessie R. Belloc. *Life of St. Edmund of Abbingdon, Bishop of Canterbury.* By Frances De Paravicini. *The Saved and Lost.* By Rev. Nicholas Walsh, S.J.



THE official directory of the Catholic Church in the United States has just been issued and a comparison of published figures with the previous years indicates a growth to be sure, but still only a meagre growth. The total Catholic population on January 1, 1899, is but 50,790 in excess of the figures published for 1898. From a total Catholic population of 10,000,000 there ought to be a natural increase of 500,000 instead of the 50,000 above reported, and then besides it is estimated that a half of 50,000 comes by conversions to the faith. What is the matter? Are we at a standstill or is the difficulty to be found in the inaccuracy of the published figures?

The figures show 4,512 fewer children in the parochial schools and 2,000 more orphans cared for, making the number of children under Catholic tutelage this year 956,784 as against 958,959 for the previous year. The normal growth however asserts itself again in the increase of the clergy—11,119 this year as against 10,901 for last year—a net increase of 108, while 432 new churches have been built. It is not without its value to call attention to these figures, for if one would judge by the way some people talk and act they consider the church is quite large enough.

The "Americanization" of the new possessions is going on merrily. Now and then a little bit of friction appears. This latter to some extent may be expected and one can readily overlook it, if the main work goes along in a sympathetic way. When we see army officers using their official position to play into the hands of Protestant missionary societies, or what is worse insulting the religious convictions of the people over whom they are placed in command, we are inclined to cry out, and cry out loudly, that apart from the imprudence shown in such a policy, conduct like this places the government in a false light and may result in strained relations and the expenditure of no end of money.

A catechism of united English nonconformity has been published. It is an effort to put into definite form the many teachings held in common by all the Evangelical churches in England. By yielding to a vagueness in terms, and a diffuseness in thought, some success has been attained in securing a common platform of religious belief. It remains to be seen how far this platform will be accepted. It has no binding authority now.

The more this doctrinal accuracy is indulged in, the more will bright and enquiring minds among the nonconformists be alienated from religious standards. The principle of private judgment is essentially centrifugal in its movements. It tends to disintegration. It has been stated that what keeps people out of the non-Catholic churches is the insisting on the finality of theological teaching. The only way to keep them in is to talk vaguely of taking on Christ. "Less of churchianity and more of Christianity," is what is wanted—they say. This movement excludes the making of catechisms or defining anything dogmatic.

The Samoan trouble simmers down to just this: The people by an overwhelming majority want Mataafa for king. By a mere fiction of the law the Chief-Justice, who is an American, sets aside a great man, as men go among the native Samoans, for a mere boy. The legal fiction is, when the Berlin Treaty was made Bismarck had it tacitly understood (it was not incorporated into the treaty) that Mataafa, because of some disregard of German interests, should never be recognized as king. The German consul is just now the one who supports him. It seems very evident that the religious question has entered into the decision. Mataafa is a good Catholic, while the boy who is *de jure* king is a scholar in a missionary school. The great American principle of permitting the people to rule through their duly chosen representative is violated, and the support of the American and English government is given to a child who is practically under the thumb of the Bible societies.



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER WILLIAM B. BARRY, U.S.N.

CATHOLIC OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER WILLIAM B. BARRY,
U.S.N.

Lieutenant-Commander William B. Barry, was born October 20, 1849, in New York City. His father Garret V. Barry, late Pay-Director in the U. S. Navy, was the son of the rightful Earl of Barrymore, his mother the daughter of the late Thomas Glover.

In 1862 he was sent to the Jesuit College of St. Francis Xavier in Fifteenth Street, New York City, where he remained three years completing the grammar course. He entered the Naval Academy in July, 1865, at Newport and completed the then four years course in June, 1869.

In September, 1883, he was ordered to the Naval Academy as instructor, and in 1886 he was detached and ordered to the *Alliance* in the South Atlantic Squadron. In 1888 he made a cruise through the Straits of Magellan, and in November, 1889, he was ordered to the Bureau of Navigation where he served under Francis M. Ramsay.

In 1891 he again joined the Asiatic Squadron and after a cruise of two years was attached to the office of Naval Intelligence at Washington. In August, 1897, the *Cincinnati* was repairing at New York, and Lieutenant-Commander Barry was ordered to her as Executive officer. The revolution in Brazil necessarily demanded the presence of a U. S. ship and thither he was sent. When the excitement died away a cable despatch indicated serious difficulties with regard to Cuban affairs, and the *Cincinnati* was ordered to the northern limit of the station. Upon receipt of the news of the "blowing up" of the *Maine* the *Cincinnati* received permission to return north and arrived at Key West, where was assembled the most powerful fleet ever under the U. S. flag. The *Cincinnati* sailed for Cuba and established the blockade off Havana, then she was sent to the eastward to blockade Matanzas and Cardenas. About this time, the whole nation was disturbed by the report that the *Cincinnati* was wrecked. The report was caused by the debris marked *Cincinnati* which had been found after she had cleared for action. On April 27 the *Cincinnati*, with the *New York*, opened fire on the batteries at Merrillo Point. May 1, with crippled boilers, the *Cincinnati* was ordered to Key West—word having been received that Admiral Cervera's fleet was at Curacoa. In spite of orders the *Cincinnati* left Key West to scout off the western end of Cuba and to prevent the Spaniards doubling up the weak blockade along the northern coast.

The *Cincinnati* again returned to Key West, and was ordered south. In the meantime Cervera's Squadron had been destroyed and Santiago had fallen. The war was over. Later the *Cincinnati* aided in the landing at Ponce, and during an attack made by the Spaniards on the lighthouse occupied by U. S. soldiers the *Cincinnati* swept the neck of land with her fire,

connecting it with the main island. The attack was unsuccessful. On August 14 the town informed the ships of the armistice and Lieutenant-Commander Barry, the first American to visit the town after war was declared, went to call on Captain-General Marcias to learn the situation. The *Cincinnati* remained in the vicinity of Cuba until after January 1 of this year, and participated in the flag raising at Havana.

In due time she reported at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where she is now being overhauled. The regard with which the crew hold Lieutenant-Commander Barry can not be better shown than by an occurrence that took place during one of his foreign cruises. He was given command of the boats for practice, to keep the men away from the town. The tropical sun was beating upon the poor men, and he, touched by their suffering, gave them permission to leave the boats. All but one returned, and of course when they returned to the ship the young lieutenant was placed under arrest until the man should be found. That night every man who had his liberty asked permission to go ashore, and arranging themselves into several scouting parties did not return until they had found the deserter and freed their beloved Lieutenant. "Barry," said a Navy Officer, "is one of the best informed men in the Navy, a faithful officer, a devoted student, a practical sailor. Of his daily life the following tribute was paid by an observant comrade." "He is a magnificent Catholic, a conscientious Christian." His characteristic love of study was manifested in a statement he was heard to make a short time back: "I am glad the war is ended, I can now get back to my books, I have not read anything for months." In the hands of such men we need not fear to trust our nation's honor or the peoples interest.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

IN this department of the CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE the claims of Catholic authors to recognition by the reading public have been stated in various ways since the year 1889. The members of Catholic Reading Circles became active in disseminating the opinions put forth in these pages, so that now it is gratifying to observe a general tendency to encourage the circulation of books representing the culture and learning of Catholic writers. Every Reading Circle formed among Catholics should endeavor to assist in this good work of cultivating a feeling of loyalty to their own representatives in the world of letters. From one of the most devoted friends of this movement, to give honor to whom honor is due, we have received the following notice of an author, Mrs. Miriam Coles Harris, who entered the one true church about two years ago:

Rutledge, the first and best known novel written by Mrs. Harris, was published in 1860 and its appearance was considered a literary event. It had a wider circulation than any novel except *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the mystery surrounding the author piqued the public curiosity; but it was not until her two succeeding novels, *The Sutherlands* and *Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's*, were given to the public that Mrs. Harris became known as the author of *Rutledge*. Her novels show that she has been a keen observer of people and things. The characters are flesh and blood creations possessing all the virtues and yet the weaknesses too of human nature. Although a woman of deep religious feeling she does not intrude this upon her readers by any forced attempt at the pietistic. She knows how to tell an interesting story without attempting either a purpose novel, with its figures working out a moral pattern, or an analytical novel with its scientific dissection of mind and heart. Her books are both wholesome and palatable, and can be safely recommended to the attention of Reading Circles, through which medium it is to be hoped that they may obtain an entry into many Catholic households.

Unlike most American authors Mrs. Harris has not been a contributor to magazines, having done no writing outside of her novels with the exception of two devotional books written while she was a member of the Anglican Church. Her most recent publication, *A Corner of Spain*, is therefore somewhat of a departure, but gives unmistakable evidence of her ability to succeed in lines other than fiction. Appearing as it does at a time when everything Spanish is invested with a peculiar interest, it should be very widely read. When Mrs. Harris made the visit to Spain which furnished the experiences she has recorded in these pages, she was not a Catholic. The people and things described she viewed as an intelligent observer, devoid of partial bias. Her opinions ought, therefore, to carry much weight to the minds of thinking people who are anxious to know Spain and her people as they really are.

Here is a complete list of her books, published by Houghton, Mifflin Co.:

Rutledge, The Sutherlands, Frank Warrington, St. Philip's, Richard Vandermark, A Perfect Adonis, Happy-Go-Lucky, Phoebe, Missy, Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's, A Corner of Spain.

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The Hecker Study Circle of Memphis, Tenn., was founded by Miss Clara Conway. It has for officers, Mrs. M. Gavin, president; Mrs. W. Floyd, first

vice-president; Mrs. G. Garvey, second vice-president; Mrs. C. H. Russell, secretary and treasurer; and Miss A. Rice, corresponding secretary. As a motto these words have been chosen: "The responsibility of tolerance lies with those who have the wider vision." In the attractive pamphlet containing the constitution and by-laws it is stated that the objects of the association shall be the study of Catholic truth, and the promotion of Christian unity and fellowship. No written papers shall be required, as the work is to be conducted chiefly by conversation and discussion. Among the religious leaders selected for study are Pope Leo XIII., Cardinal Newman, Father Damien, and Father Hecker.

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We are informed that the eloquent address of Bishop Spaulding, recently delivered at Washington in behalf of the new Trinity College for women, will be published in pamphlet form. It will be welcomed by Reading Circles as a powerful statement of the advantages to be gained by women who have the time, inclination, and ability to pursue higher studies under the patronage of the Catholic University. Some extracts are here given to suggest topics for discussion:

"The Christian ideal is moral rather than intellectual. The followers of Christ find themselves in a school of religion and virtue, not in a school of philosophy. A pure and loving heart yearning for peace and righteousness is to be preferred to a mind curious for knowledge and busy with speculation about what is beyond man's reach. . . . It is but natural, then, that the Christian world should have turned its first thought and devoted its prime energy to moral culture. Nay, it is forever true that knowledge without conduct is worthless, that the science which does not make man better is as though it were nescience. . . . Let us therefore be patient as we watch the slow progress of the world in things of the mind. . . . Nevertheless reason is man's highest attribute. . . . The more we learn to live in the serene air of delightful studies, the longer do we retain the fresher arts and charm of youth; the more adaptable also do we become, the more capable of high and ennobling companionship. In marriage as in friendship, or in whatever sphere of life, human relations are chiefly spiritual; the more thoroughly educated a woman is the more able is she to fulfil in a noble way the duties of wife and mother. The primary aim, however, is not to make a good wife and mother any more than it is to make a good husband and father. The educational ideal is human perfection—perfect manhood and perfect womanhood. Given the right kind of man and woman and whatever functions are to be fulfilled, will be well performed and well fulfilled. Woman's sphere lies wherever she can live nobly and do useful work."

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A very notable event was the celebration of its thirtieth anniversary, by the Woman's Club of Brooklyn in the Pouch Mansion. The club's development along social, literary, and educational lines was a topic for discussion, and the principal speakers were the Rev. Dr. White Chadwick, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbot, Dr. Truman J. Backus, and Dr. St. Clair McKelway.

Dr. McKelway's speech was received with great appreciation and applause. He said in part:

There are men's clubs with collateral arrangements for the admission of women to their privileges. I know of no women's clubs with like arrangements for men. The best we can do is to accept your invitations to annual or semi-annual occasions, and we must pay for the honor with speeches. Those of you who know law, and those of you who are studying law, can say whether such

speeches are a valuable consideration or not. If you think they are easy to make, try the experiment under circumstances which would put you in our places.

I am not sure as to whether your clubs are better than our clubs. I am sure that as the mind and the heart—though within the body—are superior to it, that what appeals to them should be rated above what appeals to it, and what appeals to them—through literature, through narrative, through music, through reasoning, through opinions, and through the polite arts generally—is constantly in evidence at your meetings. This is the case, if reports are to be believed, if narrative is accurate, if impression is correct, or if intimation is suggestive. Such appeals are rare among clubs of men. They occur monthly or only now and then. And the attraction must be especially strong to make them acceptable or popular, even when they occur.

Men go to clubs to meet other men, to exchange views, plans, and news with them; sometimes also to break bread with them. You thus see that what purposes men carry out through clubs with men, women carry out with women through luncheons, five o'clock teas, an exchange of calls and the like. The occasional man who shows up at a five o'clock tea has to plead guilty, though he is generally able to submit extenuating circumstances.

There is nothing in Brooklyn which can do for men what the Woman's Club does for women—except the lecture course of the Institute, and there the proportion of the sexes is about as three to one in your favor. It follows, therefore, that the intellectual and æsthetic fields open to women in these times and in this borough exceed those available to men. Men have only such occasions of that sort, as a rule, in which women join them and do largely outnumber them, while women have those very occasions to start with and the secret meetings of their clubs into the bargain.

The natural inference would be that the women of this generation are far ahead of the men in knowledge, alertness, perspicacity, and the like. I wish to be polite, but I wish to be just, and I do not believe that I can pay to you such a compliment. The percentage of activity along intellectual lines among women is larger than among men of the same social classes in the world. But that fact is a feature of recent times, and has not been a feature of all times. The fact that it is a feature of recent times is due to the desire and determination of the women of this generation to make up for lost time, and to put their sex further forward on the path of knowledge in this century than it went in any preceding century. Indeed, this is the century of the awakening of woman. I have lived long enough, from the middle into the latter half of that century, to know and to test that fact. Within my own time, I think, the first woman to earn daily pay by daily work with the pen on newspapers began to do so. Within that time the first woman to learn to set type began to do so—so far as I can affirm—in America.

If you will let me say that your sex had considerable lost distance to make up, I will do it. But I shall say it with the consciousness of its reflection upon my own sex, which did not throw open the doors of culture and of education in the past to both halves of humanity. Yet my sex may take the credit of having opened the doors or of having let your sex break them in. I have no doubt that this organization, while subdivided into many parts, each with its specific function, yet all converging upon the purposes of a common benefit and a common welfare, is consciously or unconsciously doing just what organizations rightly inspired and rightly employed are doing for men.

M. C. M.

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